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# MEN OF TURMOIL

# MEN OF TURMOIL

*Biographies* BY
LEADING AUTHORITIES OF
THE DOMINATING PERSONALITIES
OF OUR DAY

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

SOME *of the great men chosen as subjects for this book have passed away since it was first planned and work begun. The biographies of them —altered, regretfully, into the past tense wherever possible—are included in homage, because these men were figures whose reputations cannot feel the pinch of time.*

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# MEN OF TURMOIL

# STALIN

Ralph Fox

THE world today is full of "Leaders," men of all-too-fluent speech and heroic attitudes, men who claim to represent nations, and men who demand the respect paid by the ignorant or superstitious to demi-gods. History has always been prolific of such "Leaders" and her pages are strewn with their forgotten and neglected tombs. That the advanced States of twentieth-century Europe should seek their political ideals in the semi-feudal barbarism of the South American republics is historically significant, but it is hardly likely to enrich the life of man with a new type of heroic personality.

A comparison of Stalin with such "dictators" is absurd. We can apply to him a phrase he himself coined for Lenin, such men are but a drop in the sea—Stalin is a whole ocean. Apart from the mere question of scale, their very qualities are different, the difference of two different worlds. Stalin's speeches are few and may be searched in vain from end to end for fine phrases or heroic gestures. They are business-like reports of work done and battle-orders of campaigns to be undertaken, but drawn up with all the careful attention to detail of actual battle-orders, with the same painstaking survey of the ground to be fought over and the positions to be occupied.

Stalin is not the representative of a nation, but of a class. The leader of one of the delegations of collective farmers which visited him reported his embarrassment when, after he had begun his little speech of greeting with "Great and beloved leader," Stalin dryly interrupted him: "Let's try to manage without the 'great' and the 'leader,' comrade."

It would be impossible for Stalin to forget that he is a son of the working people, for to put a gap between himself and them would be to hew away his own life from under him. Lenin, like Marx and Engels, left his own class to join his lot with the workers', but Stalin, unlike those great revolutionaries, has risen up from the very depths of the working class, and from one of its most harshly oppressed sections.

He was born in a village of the Tsar's colony of Georgia, in

1879, where his father, a former worker in a Tiflis boot factory, was the cobbler. In Georgia, won from its people by fire and sword during the first half of the nineteenth century, Tsarism maintained the native feudal class, the haughty "princes" who helped the Russian magistrates and officials to exploit the country. The peasantry, in servitude to the landlords and tax-collectors, was oppressed under an intolerable burden. Some of them, like Stalin's father, found work under wretched conditions in the towns, others, unable to live in any other way, took to the life of bandits in the mountains.

The country was picturesque, with its beautiful women, its graceful men, its lavish princes, and its ancient churches. But beneath the picturesque was unbearable misery and a bitter hatred of the Russian oppressor, with which was soon linked an equal hatred of the native feudal class that had joined its lot with the Russians.

Stalin—his real name was Joseph Djugashvili and the Christian name of his father Visarion—was sent by his parents to an ecclesiastical seminary to be trained for a village priest. As in Ireland, the seminary was the only outlet for a village boy who showed signs of energy and intelligence, and, as in Ireland also, it sometimes drove its victims into strange paths. In his interview with Emil Ludwig, Stalin has described the hateful, Jesuit atmosphere of the seminary, the constant spying, the little tricks and meannesses.

Two generations before, Georgia had fought for its freedom under the romantic leadership of feudal chieftains like Shamil, but in the 'nineties the princes had become the hard-drinking, swaggering parasites of the Russian viceroy and his officials. In Georgia the tradition of freedom lingered on only in the villages, and among the increasing number of workmen who in Tiflis, Baku, Batum, and other large towns met revolutionary workers from Russia or came into contact with the little groups of exiled intellectuals who did so much to spread the seeds of Marxism in the outskirts of the Empire.

At the age of fifteen Stalin came into contact with such illegal Marxist discussion groups, read eagerly the literature they gave him and helped in the formation of a group inside the seminary. The inevitable result, of course, was expulsion. He earned a living somehow in Tiflis and when a Tiflis Committee of the Russian Social Democratic Party was formed in 1900 he became one of its members. Very soon, like most other revolutionaries in Russia, police persecution compelled him to take out a false passport and to enter on an underground existence.

He went from Tiflis to the port of Batum, where he soon became known to the workers for his activity among the dockers. Here he was first arrested, spent a year and a half in prison, and was afterwards exiled to Eastern Siberia, whence, however, he escaped almost

at once and returned to his work in Batum. While he was in prison the newly-formed party had split at its Second Congress in London. Stalin declared his adherence to the revolutionary majority led by Lenin, won over by "the simple but very profound" letter which he had received at his place of exile in Siberia from Lenin.

In the Caucasus he was acknowledged on his return as the leader of the party, and in the storms of 1905 he proved his qualities. The revolution, unsuccessful though it was, taught him the art of war. In the Caucasus it assumed the form of an armed guerrilla struggle against Tsarism, a war that lasted longer than in the rest of Russia. The Caucasian Bolsheviks entered wholeheartedly into the struggle, managing in many places to secure its leadership. They financed themselves by raids on the Government treasury and on Russian banks, and they secured arms by bold smuggling or equally bold disarming of their enemies.

The revolution was defeated, but it was not destroyed, and its lessons were learned by the Bolsheviks under Lenin's guidance. It was in 1905 that Stalin for the first time met the leader of his party and of the Russian workers—"the mountain eagle" as he called him. In 1907 he went to Baku, the largest industrial center in the Caucasus, where the workers were chiefly under Menshevik influence. His work here, interrupted twice by arrest and exile, turned the great oil center into a fortress of Bolshevism.

His life in Baku was of immense importance in the development of Stalin. Baku is a city of many nationalities—Russian, Turkish, Armenian, Persian, Georgian—and in the years before the revolution its great resources were chiefly developed with the help of foreign capital. It was a city of millionaires and of unspeakable Asiatic poverty. It was a city of European industrial technique and Asiatic squalor. In a word, it was a typical colony of world finance capitalism, of Imperialism.

Baku taught Stalin in practice what Lenin was then working out in theory, the character of capitalist Imperialism and above all the immense importance to the working class of the national question. He began to study the latter question passionately, reading every scrap of Marxist literature upon it and becoming very soon the foremost authority in the party on this question. His studies, practical and theoretical, enabled him in 1912 to write a work on "Socialism and the National Question" in which he fiercely attacked the whole prevailing conception of the Second International, particularly as it was presented by the Socialists of that prison-house of nations known as the Austro-Hungarian Empire, who were led by Otto Bauer.

After 1905 many of the older Bolshevik leaders had become discouraged and fallen away. In the dark days of reaction it was men

like Stalin and Molotov and the late Jacob Sverdlov, who, under Lenin's guidance, held the party together in Russia. They had to fight not only against the Tsar's police, with its elaborate system of spies and traitors, but also against those Socialists who were for giving up the fight until a better day and confining themselves to whatever legal possibilities were allowed in the Duma or elsewhere.

From abroad, Trotsky, with his genius for disruption and with the full backing of most of the European Socialists, was trying hard to unite all the forces available against the Bolsheviks and Lenin. It was at this period of crisis that the party called Stalin to St. Petersburg, straight from his last exile in Siberia. He had little peace from persecution and his life from 1910 to 1912 was a constant series of evasions of the police broken by fresh arrests and exiles.

In 1912, on Lenin's proposal, he was coöpted on to the Central Committee of the party. The two years before the war were decisive ones in the history of the Russian Revolution. The working class had recovered from 1905 and was entering once more into the battle against Tsarism and capitalism. More and more in the fight the Bolsheviks were winning the support of the majority of the industrial workers, as they had also the support of the small but militant trade-union movement. Industrial expansion was taking place at a rapid rate and the working class was growing in numbers and authority.

In this period the Bolsheviks, with their six members of the Duma and their daily newspaper *Pravda,* increased their influence by leaps and bounds. The leader of the party inside Russia was now Stalin, who had the difficult task, under Lenin's guidance, of inspiring and directing from hiding in St. Petersburg the work of the Duma members and of the *Pravda.* With Sverdlov and the Duma members he made also many trips into the provinces to strengthen the party organization.

In 1913 he was betrayed to the police by the provocator Malinovsky, one of the Bolshevik Duma members, and this time they decided to make no mistake. He was exiled to the Turukhansk region in the Arctic north of Siberia, whence escape was well-nigh impossible and where only the most dangerous and implacable of the political prisoners were sent. From this desolate prison only the revolution of 1917 released him.

In Petrograd, where he at once returned at the end of March, all was in confusion. Lenin's policy, communicated from Switzerland, whence he was trying desperately to return, was to oppose the Provisional Government at all costs and struggle for power to pass into the hands of the Soviets. Against the war, bread for the workers, the land for the peasants, this policy of the Bolsheviks must be fought

for and could only be realized if power were in the hands of the Soviets, the organizations of the workers and peasants.

There was strong opposition to Lenin's line, and much wavering among the Bolshevik leaders in Russia. Stalin's return from exile made an immediate difference and *Pravda,* which reappeared with the revolution, now began to direct the attack upon the war and the Provisional Government which supported it. When Lenin returned in April, Stalin rallied the majority of the party to his side and his policy for the further development of the revolution was accepted with enthusiasm.

The Bolsheviks, numerically weak in February, rapidly gained mass support for their policy among the workers and soldiers, the peasants in uniform. In July a spontaneous demonstration against Kerensky's Government, which had undertaken the criminal offensive on the Austrian front, and for transfer of power to the Soviets, took place among the Petrograd garrison and workers. The outbreak was premature and the Bolsheviks, finding they could not restrain it, took the lead in order that the retreat might be made in good order.

As a result of the July days Kerensky, allied with all the forces of reaction, temporarily forced the party into illegality and Lenin, on whose head a price was put, was compelled to go into hiding in Finland. Lenin wished to take his trial in order to refute the charges made by the Government against the party, but his comrades insisted that he would be giving himself up to murder. The conference of the little band of Bolshevik leaders at which Lenin's flight was decided upon took place at dead of night in the flat of the worker Alleluyev, whose daughter, whom he met here for the first time, Stalin was afterwards to marry.

In Lenin's absence the leadership of the party fell upon Stalin. It was already clear that with the failure of Kerensky's Government to settle any single question of the revolution, the war, the land question, the demands of the workers, and its open flirting with reaction, that the masses were swinging over to the Bolsheviks in great numbers, not only in the towns but in the villages also. The Bolshevik congress in August, under Stalin's direction, was already preparing for revolt in order to seize power for the Soviets. The defeat of Kornilov made this possible, for the effort of the counter-revolutionary general to overthrow the young republic rallied millions to the side of the Bolsheviks and finally undermined the authority of Kerensky and the Provisional Government whom the masses rightly blamed for having allowed reaction to organize its forces unhindered, while the Bolshevik leaders were driven into hiding.

More and more it was felt that real democracy, real popular power, lay in the Soviets and that the feeble government of capitalists and

Socialist doctrinaires led by Kerensky was simply trying to impose a new servitude in the name of Anglo-French imperialism. The majority in the Soviets went over to the Bolsheviks, the party of the working class, and the month of October passed in active preparation for insurrection. Lenin left his hiding-place in Finland for a flat in Petrograd, while Stalin was given the task of directing the little group of party leaders who actually planned the details of the uprising.

Politics are very like war, but there is one essential difference, a difference of which the Bolshevik leaders were very much aware in this period from February to October. "The military chief," Stalin points out, "goes to the wars with ready-made troops; but the party has to recruit its men during the struggle, in the course of the clashes between class and class, slowly, while the masses become aware by their own experience of the truth of the slogans and the correctness of the policy launched by the party."

The Russian revolution was a movement of millions struggling for bread and life. Before everything else it was a great uprising of exploited and bitterly suffering humanity. The Bolsheviks were able to lead this movement only because they convinced these masses that their policy alone of radical break with the servitude of the past could bring them relief. "Politics begin where there are millions," Lenin liked to emphasize.

Stalin, who had given his life to building up a party which should not only be flesh and blood of the millions, but also their leader and their organizer, had lived through the whole experience of the growth and victory of working-class revolution. He had been born in the poor hut of a factory worker in a colonial country, he had known poverty and hunger most of his life, he had been hunted from street to street and town to town, and passed many of the best years of his life in filthy prisons and grim exile. The experience of this life, of three revolutions, meant more to him than anything else in the world. It inspired in him perhaps the only piece of pure eloquence which he has ever delivered, the speech he made at the Congress of Soviets, five days after Lenin's death.

"There is nothing higher," he said, "than the title of member of the party founded and led by Comrade Lenin. It is not given to all to be members of such a party. It is not given to all to withstand the storm and stress that accompany membership in such a party. Sons of the working class, sons of poverty and struggle, sons of incredible deprivation and heroic effort—these are the ones who must first of all be members of such a party."

Stalin is such a son of the working class, and the victory of November 7, 1917, found him to be a sword truly forged in the fire of revolution. His concern must be that in the coming years the party

which had forged him and which he in turn had helped to forge should continue to lead the millions who had surged up in the revolution. The slogans of the party must become, as a result of their own experience, also the slogans of the masses. "Only then does the revolution become, in very truth, the people's revolution."

The most difficult period was still to come. First the revolution had to defeat the internal enemy and the invasion of fourteen States. A new army had to be created and supplied out of a country in ruins. Military victory once secured, there was still the even more difficult problem to be faced of building a Socialist society in a country where the overwhelming majority of the population were small peasant farmers.

November 7 had placed power in the hands of the working class and the Bolshevik party, but the great question of whether Socialism was to be or not to be had still to be decided. In the course of deciding that question the leaders of the revolution must face terrible risks, including the danger of splitting their own party, and for the achieving of the greatest task which any human beings had ever undertaken, the creation of a society without exploitation and without classes, they had no material resources on which to rely. In a country in ruins only the heroism of the rank and file of their party and a firm belief in the creative ability of the masses whom they had led to overcome all dangers and difficulties could help them.

This belief and that heroism were no blind instinct. They were themselves the result of profound searching into the roots of human history and human relationships. Marxism, the science of the working class in its struggle for liberation, has proved itself not a mere abstract doctrine of a few leaders, but the actual weapon of millions in their fight for life. The basis of Marxism is that the transition from capitalist society to Socialism can only be accomplished by the dictatorship of the proletariat, and Lenin, applying Marxism with genius to Russian conditions, saw that such a dictatorship could only succeed on the basis of an alliance between the workers and the peasants.

Stalin's work in the first years of revolution lay mainly at the front. The party knew him as a man of iron determination whom no situation, however desperate, could affect with panic. In the worst days of 1919, when the ring of flame and steel again began to close round the Soviets, the Communists organized the Red Army, gave it a firm core of disciplined workingmen, created a force of cavalry able to strike hard and unexpectedly on the flanks and rear of the enemy. At Tsaritsyn, when the Southern front began to crack, Voroshilov the foundry worker, Budienny the cavalry N.C.O., and Stalin the party leader, organized the first decisive check to the enemy's advance. Tsaritsyn was later renamed Stalingrad and became the center of another great struggle for Socialism as important as its defense against

the White armies, the struggle for the mastery of modern industrial technique in the great tractor factory, the first giant of the Five Year Plan, a struggle also waged around the name of Stalin.

But Stalin in this period had other work no less important than organizing victory out of defeat at the front, where, as he wrote humorously to Lenin, he was being turned "into a specialist for cleaning the stables of the war department." He was the first commissar for Nationalities and his was the decree which gave freedom and equality to the many subject peoples of the old Empire, thereby winning invaluable allies for the working class in their struggle against counter-revolution, as well as laying a true foundation for the Socialist society of the future, since "only if the national cultures develop will it be possible really to draw the backward nationalities into the cause of Socialist construction." He was the founder also of the Commissariat of Workers' and Peasants' Inspection, that great organ of checking and control which has proved one of the most powerful weapons for uprooting bureaucratic abuses and for drawing the masses into the real work of administering the new State.

On Lenin's initiative Stalin in 1922 was made General Secretary of the Communist Party, and at Lenin's death two years later the rank and file of the party turned naturally to him as Lenin's successor. Whenever the fate of the revolution had been in question Stalin had been in the front to fight by Lenin's side; during the reaction after 1905, in April of 1917, on the eve of November 7, when a section of the party were against the uprising, during the discussions on the Brest peace when the party had almost split.

Stalin understood clearly that the future of the revolution, of world Socialism, depended upon preserving the unity of the party. In a struggle of classes unity cannot be preserved by compromises, for such a struggle knows no compromise. In the years that followed Lenin's death Stalin fought to preserve the unity of the party with a bitter hatred and contempt for all those who sought its destruction, and in his fight he has succeeded in carrying with him the vast majority of the party membership.

His success is not due to the fact that he held "power" while his opponents had to fight underground. In 1924 and 1925 when Trotsky organized his first opposition, and again in 1927, from 1928 to 1933 when the right wing, alarmed at the dangers in the drive for the rapid construction of the foundations of Socialism, also organized an opposition, it was men whose names were well known to every worker who came out against his leadership. They filled the party Press with their views, expressed them in the party meetings and congresses. They failed, not because they had no chance to express themselves, but because their policy did not convince the party and therefore the masses.

They failed because their proposals, Trotsky's plan for "super-industrialism" by taxing the middle-class peasantry, Bukharin's proposal to allow the peasantry to "enrich themselves," that is to support the kulak, capitalist farmer, in order that the kulak should "grow peacefully into Socialism," would have destroyed the basis of the Soviet State, the alliance between the workers and the main masses of the peasantry. They failed above all because of Stalin's rock-like leadership of the party.

A country which remained mainly agricultural, in which industry and transport were weak and backward, could never hope to abolish poverty and unemployment, to advance to a full Socialist society without classes or exploitation of labor. Such a country, as Stalin frankly declared, was "in mortal danger," danger of economic dependence on the outside world and therefore of eventual military defeat, danger of being forced back to capitalism on all fronts by the elemental growth of capitalism in the countryside. Against these dangers the First Five Year Plan was directed, with the aim of industrializing the country and laying the foundations of Socialism in agriculture.

The capitalist world laughed at the idea of transforming this immense land in such a space of time. In the same way they had once laughed at the little group of revolutionaries whom they ignorantly called "nihilists." In the same way, as Stalin remembered well enough, even his own comrades had been inclined to be impatient with Lenin when in 1919, amid the ruin of civil war, he gave himself up with enthusiasm to the working out of a great plan for the electrification of Russia. At that time only a small group in the party leadership, Stalin the first of them, had at once grasped the essential reality of the idea, which was founded precisely in the backwardness of Russia and the country's desperate position. Lenin's plan was now to be put into operation.

When the first great factory built under the new plan, the tractor works at Stalingrad, failed for nearly a year and a half to turn out satisfactory production, the world laughed again and the weak-hearted in the party began to waver. It became fashionable to talk about the unreality of the plan not only in the editorial rooms of the newspapers of the European and American capitals, but also among certain small sections of the Communist party. Stalin, whose experience had taught him that defeat comes only when it is no longer possible to fight, instead of flinching, examined with infinite patience and care the actual situation.

All the possibilities for success were present, therefore the fault could lie only in the leadership, in the management. If the factory directors and heads of departments did not understand their jobs, then it was not surprising that the complicated mechanism of modern mass

production refused to work. "The backward are always beaten. But we do not want to be beaten." Therefore, "the main point is to have the passionate Bolshevik desire to master technique, to master the science of production. If a thing is desired passionately everything can be achieved, everything can be overcome." The jungle law of capitalism is to beat the backward and the weak. "We are fifty to a hundred years behind the advanced countries. We must cover this distance in ten years. Either we do this or they will crush us."

The new tasks implied new ways of working and with simple directness he sums up in six points the new method of leadership, and concludes with words of burning import to those who wish to understand the difference between the Socialist society which is being built in Russia and the capitalism of the West. "The reality of our plan consists in live people, you and me, our will and our labor, our readiness to work in the new way, our determination to carry out the plan." It is in that consciousness of the living relationship between what is to be done and the human beings who are to do it, that the contrast is sharpest between the principle of leadership embodied in Stalin and the feudal organization of mass misery represented by the Fascist "Leader."

The greatest difficulties of leadership in the Soviet Union have occurred not on the industrial, but the agricultural front. It was no light task to undertake to destroy the traditional village life of centuries and replace it by collective coöperative organization based on mechanization. True, the old village was the center of poverty, ignorance, peasant narrow-mindedness, of usury, oppression and downright brutality in everyday life. But its traditions seemed as old and lasting as the earth. Those who thought so had of course forgotten or never known the revolution which took place in English village life during the eighteenth century or the history of American agriculture.

In the Russian village the center of capitalist influence and political reaction was the kulak, the peasant who employed labor, who loaned money or stock to the poorer peasants, who possessed a mill. Until he was rooted out, as the capitalist had been rooted out of the factories and the landlord from the big estates, the middle-class peasant would never join hands with the poor and landless in building the new agriculture.

At the same time as extensive credits and immunity from taxation made the entry into the collective farms attractive to the peasants, war was declared on the kulak. Unfortunately, many Communists considered any peasants who did not at once accept the idea of collective farming as enemies, ranking them with the kulaks. It is always easier to command than to persuade. The principle of voluntary coöperation began to be overlooked and the middle-class peasant, hustled and bul-

lied, began to turn a ready ear to the kulak. Cattle were slaughtered on a mass scale, farms were wrecked and their organizers murdered. The fate of the new movement hung in the balance. Once again the clear word and swift action of Stalin rallied the party. His article "Dizzy with Success" mercilessly chastised the over-eager bureaucrats who preferred force to persuasion, brought them back with a start to clear-mindedness and sobriety by checking the abuses which had arisen.

The majority of the peasants accepted the new form of farming. But it is only the beginning when a hundred families combine their land and implements into a large enterprise. They have to learn the art of organizing labor, of large-scale agriculture, of the use and care of machinery, of management. Quite naturally, in many cases the result was signal failure, and in such circumstances the idea that the whole conception of coöperative effort was unworkable spread apace, with consequent disastrous results.

The experience of the civil war came to the help of the Communists. The army had been given coherence and aim by the political departments of the Communist party who brought to the hastily formed battalions and batteries the workers' experience of organization; the revolutionaries' ability to lead and infuse with a new determination, brought, above all, enlightenment.

Stalin's suggestion that similar departments be organized in the Machine-Tractor Stations which serve the farms has proved a triumphant success. Order quickly emerged out of chaos. The peasant now feels by his side the firm leadership of the worker able to help him in every difficulty, in surmounting every new problem. It is not the peasants who are to blame for the defects of the new system, Stalin emphasizes, but the Communists who did not quickly enough react to the immense new changes. The future now lies in the hands of the farmers themselves, and what that future is Stalin again summed up quite simply: "to make every collective farmer prosperous."

Stalin, in the ten years since Lenin's death, has led the working class and peasantry of the Soviet Union from the position of a weak and backward country to that of a strong and industrially advanced country. Unemployment and village poverty have disappeared, the condition of the masses of the people is rapidly improving and is the main concern of the second Five Year Plan. He has fully earned the title of the great architect of Socialist society.

The sturdy, masculine figure in the Russian boots and plain khaki tunic, the strong, slightly pitted face and the calm, watching eyes are known the world over. He does not often speak or write, but the historian of the future will be unable to overlook the speeches and articles of Lenin and Stalin, for they are historical documents of the first importance and from them it might be possible to write the story of Russia

since 1917. There is no other statesman of whom this could be said, for the simple reason that in other countries the chief task of the statesman is not to expose difficulties and mistakes to the people and call for their help in overcoming them, but to conceal the real situation and as far as possible to cover up the ugly truth with fair-sounding words.

Stalin enters history not merely as the continuer of the work of Lenin. He has added much to what was achieved by his leader and teacher. To bring forward only one example, the care and enthusiasm which he has given to the question of the part to be played by women in Socialist society is likely to have effects which it is still too early to estimate. The liberation of millions of peasant women from the slavery of village life in particular is certain to have most revolutionary consequences. No delegation of farmers ever visits Stalin but that he questions them eagerly on this point, particularly the women members. This is not mere feminism, it is a burning eagerness to see the cause of Socialism and of the working class strengthened by the release of the creative energies of a half of humanity which has hitherto been utterly suppressed and abused.

Sparing of words, direct of phrase, merciless in attack, he is far from being the gloomy giant of legend. The spirit of Stalin is best seen in such enterprises as the episode of the rescue of the Chelyuskin castaways, a combination of heroism, patience, and skill unsurpassed by man, the embodiment of his own definition of style in work as being "the combination of Russian revolutionary fervor with American practicality."

His life, like Lenin's, is a challenge and a rallying flag not only in his own country, but wherever the battle for humanity's future is being fought.

# FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Ernest K. Lindley

THE most important fact about Franklin Delano Roosevelt to keep in mind is that he is a prewar product. Public discontent resulting from three years of severe depression elected him to the Presidency; in his first year as President he became a Messiah to many of his fellow citizens. But he was not a Messiah before he took office; he obtained the Democratic nomination for the Presidency not as a Messiah, but as a successful statesman and skillful politician who advocated measures of a type that were reminiscent of 1912. The great popular vote by which he defeated Mr. Hoover in 1932 was an expression of lack of confidence in Mr. Hoover, not of confidence in Mr. Roosevelt. It was plain to see that the electorate regarded Mr. Roosevelt with more hope than assurance.

Therefore at the outset there is a great gulf between Mr. Roosevelt, on one side, and Lenin, Stalin, Mussolini and all of the other exponents of new methods who were thrust into power during the disruption of Western capitalism that began during the war—although his contributions to statecraft may prove to be as important as any of theirs. His career prior to his inauguration as President was unusual in several respects, and extraordinary in one respect, but he rose to power by orthodox methods through the established channels of American democracy and the American party system. The orthodoxy of his attainment of the Presidency may be emphasized by recalling that a victory by a third party under Theodore Roosevelt in 1912 or under Robert M. LaFollette, Sr., in 1924 would have been, by comparison, a profound departure from the normal American political procedure. Far from being a fresh face, Franklin D. Roosevelt had been elected to his first public office—a member of the Upper House in the New York Legislature—in 1910, had served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the two Wilson Administrations, had toured the country as the Democratic nominee for Vice-President in 1920, had been one of the inner circle of managers of the Democratic party during the ensuing twelve years, and had served two terms as Governor of the most populous State in the Union. In all this period he never left his party. Within

the party he espoused mildly liberal polities, but his natural bent was for compromise and conciliation rather than militant advocacy, and when the Democratic party nominated conservatives he supported them as a matter of course.

Every eligible citizen of the United States who achieves a moderate degree of success in getting elected to office naturally begins to make plans for getting himself elected to the Presidency. The formula chosen by Franklin D. Roosevelt had its origin, not in the post-war crises, but in the 1912 schism in the Republican party. It was to attach the Progressive Republicans to the Democratic party. Woodrow Wilson, who was elected in 1912 by virtue of the fact that the Republican vote was split between Theodore Roosevelt and Taft, was reëlected in 1916 with the aid of the Progressive Republican voters. Wilson's international policies wrecked what gave promise of being a realignment between an all-conservative Republican party and an all-liberal Democratic party. In the post-war reaction both parties went conservative. The Progressive Republicans reverted to a semi-independent status within the framework of nominal Republicanism. After their abortive effort to reëlect LaFollette on a third ticket in 1924, they were ripe for annexation by a liberal President of either major party. Years before his election to the Presidency, Franklin D. Roosevelt set out to make himself the instrument for achieving the realignment that Wilson had brought about only partially and temporarily. He proposed to make the Democratic party the majority party in the nation—which it had not been since the Civil War except under the leadership of Cleveland and Wilson—by annexing the Progressive Republicans. The Republican party could not become permanently liberal because of its anchorage in the financial and manufacturing interests of the nation. The Democratic party could be converted into a liberal majority party because its own conservative block—in the old South—was agrarian, suspicious of Wall Street, and too stoutly lashed to the Democratic party by tradition and the race problem to escape from a liberal Democrat into the arms of conservative Republican leadership.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was preëminently fitted to effect this realignment simply because he was a Roosevelt. His distant cousin, rising through the Republican party, had created a great political and personal tradition. Here was a Democratic Roosevelt. He was also a Protestant, a disciple of Wilson, and a rural Democrat, which endeared him to the South. Yet he came from a State that was not only the most populous, but in which the majority of Democrats were Catholic city dwellers. He was one of the principal backers of the first Catholic candidate for the Presidency, Alfred E. Smith, and he was twice elected to office in his State, the second time by an unprecedented plurality. Thus his hold on the urban democracy of the North was

shown. But, in addition, he was the proponent of such policies as public development of water-power resources, old age pensions, agrarian relief and State-aid to the unemployed (while Mr. Hoover was still fighting the "dole" tooth and nail), which attracted the favorable attention of the Progressive Republicans and discontented agrarians of the West. Franklin D. Roosevelt had adopted and applied a formula that was complete without a calamitous depression. With his formula he would have had a reasonable chance of attaining the Presidency in the due course of events, except perhaps in such a flush year as 1928. In 1932, the third year of the depression, he sought the Presidency, not as the inventor of a new panacea, but as the political heir of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Even his slogan, "a new deal," was a happy union of the New Freedom of Wilson and the Square Deal of Theodore Roosevelt.

But, in reality, Franklin D. Roosevelt is the heir of political and social traditions that go back much farther. He is a product of the American social aristocracy, that small and not sharply separated group of families who came to the New World early, accumulated comfortable wealth and kept it, developed the amenities of life, and constituted themselves as Society. Back of him, for three centuries, stretch American seafaring men, merchants, and landed gentlemen. Both the Dutch Roosevelt family and the Flemish Delano family came to the New World in the middle of the seventeenth century, and the English family names which are by far the most numerous in Franklin D. Roosevelt's family tree are chiefly those of old New England and New York families. This kind of tradition in the United States has produced a host of snobbish parasites. It has produced also a modicum of people with a highly developed sense of public responsibility and a moral code of a sort—people who thought that the financier should enjoy a handsome return for his part in the exploitation of the continent, but should not take too much, who were dismayed by the great speculative boom of the nineteen-twenties, who could hardly believe their ears when they learned that the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., which they regarded as a symbol of the conservatism and rectitude of their own type, had strayed into practices which they thought were characteristic only of upstart financiers.

This tradition has given the United States any number of financiers and business men, but, in the period since the Civil War, very few political leaders who have neared the top of the pyramid or who stood for anything more than the preservation of the narrow economic interests of their class. Theodore Roosevelt was one exception, and Franklin D. Roosevelt is another. The career of the first Roosevelt profoundly influenced the career of the second, but the second Roosevelt achieved what was even more important: a sense of identification

with the early years of the Republic. From boyhood, his heroes were such men as John Paul Jones, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, and their contemporaries, among whom were many of his own ancestors. By the time they became of age, most youths of his generation found that their real heroes were the big bankers, the big industrialists, the men who exploited the continent. Roosevelt never lost his boyhood enthusiasms. His heroes are still John Paul Jones, Thomas Jefferson and George Washington. He is intimately acquainted with the history of the late colonial and early Republican periods of the United States. He knows American naval history, the Federalist papers, and the work of the Constitutional Convention far better than he knows the history of the industrial revolution. And as President he is a throwback to that early line of American Presidents that began with Washington and ended with John Quincy Adams. That is, he is a member of the so-called upper class, who has all the easy confidence, realism, daring, and sense of trusteeship which that class, at its best, can create, and a sense of national unity that belittles the conception of class cleavages. Great Britain has had a host of statesmen of corresponding background and viewpoint. The United States have had few.

Because he has been loyal to the best ideals of his class rather than to its narrow economic interests, Franklin D. Roosevelt has been regarded as a renegade by most of the people with whom he grew up and went to school and college. In 1931 and 1932, when he was seeking the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, the moneyed people, old and new, of the country were arrayed solidly against him. Of the four men who made more than nominal contributions to his poorly financed campaign, only one—Colonel Edward Mandell House, one time intimate adviser of Woodrow Wilson—had known him more than a few years. After his nomination, when it was seen that he probably would be elected, the money came more freely, but of the men of his social background only Vincent Astor and two or three others gave him their support. Within a few weeks after his assumption of the Presidency, most of the moneyed people in the country were shouting with grief or rage against his "radicalism," accusing him of indulging in dangerous theories and rattle-brained experiments, and of undermining "the American system." He has never been radical in the European sense of the term; he has never been a theorist. And he is well enough educated to know that the United States grew out of a revolution, that the American Republic was itself a bold experiment, and that Jefferson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt are truer symbols of the American ideal than are the Morgans, the Rockefellers, the Mellons, and the flocks of post-war millionaires.

Much that Roosevelt has undertaken to do as President was begun by Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson, but was interrupted by the

participation of the United States in the World War and by the ensuing conservative reaction. But, by an extraordinary coincidence, he was inaugurated President on the very day that the nation was experiencing the final convulsion of the worst depression in its history. The big banks of New York and Chicago were imperiled by a series of runs that had spread all over the country. The methods by which Roosevelt reopened the banks and launched a series of measures for reviving the whole economic system were not those of a theorist or of a muddler. They were the methods of a realist of great self-confidence who knew that in time of crisis a bold stroke is often safer than a timid one. He is perhaps better as a tactician than as a strategist. He has not hesitated to launch inconsistent policies simultaneously, with the knowledge that they were inconsistent, but with the confidence that the inconsistency in fact would prove to be somewhat different from the inconsistency in theory. When the clash in policies is clear, he attempts modifications. In spite of all the publicity given the "brain trust," he has not had a real board of economic strategy since the beginning of his Administration. But he has had a succession of lieutenants whom he calls "coördinators," whose task is to make the different parts of his program fit.

A light and effortless self-confidence is one of Franklin D. Roosevelt's most conspicuous qualities. It originates partly in his impeccable social background, but there are other reasons for it. First, he had an extraordinary physical endowment. He is tall and robust, with a beautifully chiseled head, and a smile which makes friends for him at first sight. Even as a youth he presented an unusually prepossessing figure. When he entered the New York legislature in 1911, seasoned newspaper correspondents broke away from their ordinarily prosaic political articles to speak of the newcomer as "an Apollo" and as one who "could make a fortune on the stage and set the matinée girl's heart throbbing with subtle and happy emotion." Second, he enjoyed an instantaneous success in public life. As a candidate for the legislature for the first time, he carried a district which had not been carried by any member of his party in fifty years. Within forty-eight hours after taking his seat he had organized an insurgency within his own party that challenged the most powerful political machine in the country: Tammany Hall. The issue was the election of a United States Senator. Roosevelt, the "baby" of the State Senate, held his insurgent bloc and the balance of power for three full months in the face of terrific pressure, until Tammany capitulated and an agreement was reached on another candidate.

On a smaller stage, his entrance into politics was as dramatic as his assumption of the Presidency twenty years later. He was a minor national political figure before he was thirty, and at the age

of thirty-one he entered the Wilson Administration as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. There he added to his reputation so rapidly that the Democrats in New York tried to persuade him to be their candidate for Governor of the State. The offer came during the war, and he rejected it. But as the Wilson Administration drew near its end he was generally regarded as the most promising of the younger members of the Democratic party, and he was nominated for the Vice-Presidency at the age of thirty-eight, four years younger than Theodore Roosevelt was at the time of his nomination for the same office in 1900. He went down to defeat in the landslide that elected Harding and Coolidge. That is the only defeat at the polls he has experienced in twenty-four years of public life, and the defeat was in no sense personal, since he held the minor position on the national ticket.

At thirty-eight Franklin D. Roosevelt had climbed higher on the long ladder of politics than the most successful men in American public life usually hope to attain before they are in their fifties. It is not improbable that he would have been nominated for the Presidency itself in 1924, at the age of forty-two, if he had not, meanwhile, met with a physical disaster. In 1921, he was stricken with poliomyelitis, more popularly known as infantile paralysis, and was left paralyzed from the waist down. For three years he fought doggedly to recover the use of his limbs, but did not get beyond a wheel-chair and short stretches of hobbling on crutches. Then he discovered that he was aided by exercises taken in the warm waters of an obscure and run-down summer resort in Georgia. In four tedious years he finally recovered to the point that he could walk with his legs strapped in long steel braces and with the aid of a cane and the arm of an escort. His ambition—probably unattainable—was to keep on improving until he could walk again without artificial aids of any sort. But in 1928 he was recalled to active politics by an urgent plea from his old friend, Alfred E. Smith, who was then in the midst of his campaign for the Presidency, to take the nomination for Governor of New York.

Roosevelt's resolute conquest of a handicap which even the members of his family thought had shattered his career is the final, and perhaps the greatest, source of his supreme self-confidence. The experience ripened him without impairing his natural gayety of spirit. Infantile paralysis is not a recurrent disease and it ordinarily leaves no painful after-effects. By swimming and other exercises Roosevelt keeps himself fit. From the waist up he is built like a prize fighter and his general health is such that he carries life insurance at the normal rate for a man of his age. The comparative immobility which is forced upon him seems to have concentrated his energy, and, with the aid of a never-failing sense of humor, he can work from early morning until the small hours of the next morning without visible symptoms of

fatigue. In capacity to sustain the extraordinary physical and nervous burdens of the Presidency, he has probably had no peer—certainly not in recent years. His effervescent sense of humor—joyous, sometimes prankish, and occasionally sardonic—is bewildering to those who do not know him. He laughs more frequently than any other man in American public life. He is a delightful raconteur and he derives particular joy from mimicking, with the proper satirical exaggeration, his more affected or more ponderous contemporaries, whether they be society people or politicians. Among his intimates his humor has its barbs, but to the public at large he is ordinarily a benign, genial man, who exudes good-will. Charm is perhaps his greatest political asset. With little more than a smile and a cheerful word he can captivate an audience, revitalize a haggard subordinate, or patch up, temporarily, a schism in his Cabinet.

These light, more obvious, characteristics of Roosevelt are to some extent misleading. Before he became President many thought he was lacking in depth of mentality and character. One of the best known American commentators wrote of him as a charming gentleman who wanted to be President, but had no particular qualification for the office. He and others forgot the indomitable will which Roosevelt showed in surmounting his physical handicap, the daring and resourcefulness that he repeatedly had displayed in his political career. Moreover, they were misled by his capacity for simplification, which goes hand in hand with his light-hearted manner. The normal political practice is to clothe a very small quantity of meaning in a trunkful of high-sounding words and to boast about quite unimportant accomplishments. Roosevelt's method is to reduce rather complicated problems to simple explanations and to pass off rather important actions as of little consequence. Most politicians say, in effect, to the electorate: "This is a momentous problem which has baffled the best minds for years, but I have a solution." Roosevelt leaves the contrary impression: "I hadn't really thought about that matter until you brought it up. But it was easily handled. It was really nothing." Of course, he had thought about it. But the chances are, in most cases, that the problem did not seem particularly difficult to him. For he has a gift of shearing away the non-essentials, going immediately to the heart of the difficulties and analyzing them in simple terms.

This ability is reflected in his public utterances. He is neither an orator nor a gifted writer. He has delivered several memorable speeches and messages that must be put down with the finest of State papers, but they have been carefully prepared documents edited by several advisers as well as by Roosevelt himself. His normal method of speaking and writing is nothing more than informal conversation. His radio speeches to the nation are carefully prepared, but with sedulous eye

to preserving the same atmosphere of fireside discussion. His audience feels no consciousness of hearing a speech. He talks as if he were sitting in a chair at one's side. He talks with perfect diction and well-modulated tenor voice, but in a vocabulary of words of one and two syllables, with frequent colloquialisms and homely illustrations. He reduces volumes of profound writings on the function of the modern State to a paragraph about one's responsibilities to one's neighbors. An expert in any field can complain correctly that Roosevelt oversimplifies. In his public utterances he does not address himself to experts or even to a parliamentary body. His avowed objective is to speak in terms which the agricultural laborer in a Southern shack and a truck driver on the East Side of New York can understand. They listen—and they do understand—at least in part. For that reason Roosevelt is probably the most successful political educator the United States has had since Lincoln—perhaps the most successful in the history of the Republic. For in the radio he has an instrument that none of his important predecessors had and that none of his contemporaries in the United States, some of whom are far more eloquent, knows how to use so well. The sense of direct contact with him that the masses of the people feel is shown by the unending flow of letters into the White House. On an average day he receives three thousand letters from ordinary citizens who are in difficulty or who have suggestions to make for the improvement of his policies.

The same atmosphere of informality and democracy marks his relations with the representatives of the Press. Twice a week he receives them—often as many as ninety or one hundred at a time—and responds to all questions as they are flung at him. If he doesn't know the answer, he says so; and he does not hesitate to refer technical questions to his subordinates with the frank assertion that they know more about these subjects than he does. The same type of conference is held regularly by every important member of the Government. Prior to Roosevelt, two or three Presidents had tried to establish the same kind of press conference with smaller groups of men, but sooner or later each of them stumbled into an embarrassment and retreated to a more formal relationship. All accredited correspondents at the capital are admitted to Roosevelt's conferences. To the best of my knowledge, Washington is the only capital in the world in which representatives of foreign newspapers are regularly admitted to the press conferences of the head of a government and of his principal lieutenants on a basis of equality with the domestic Press.

Roosevelt calls most of the correspondents by their first names. For that matter, he addresses most people he knows by their first names. That is not unusual in everyday America, but most Presidents have felt the practice did not comport with the dignity of the office.

Permanent members of the White House staff who had served as many as eight Presidents were startled when Roosevelt addressed them by their first names. But they quickly grew to like it, and it is easy to see that they have for Roosevelt an intense personal loyalty which no other President has won from them.

With these Jeffersonian and Jacksonian qualities that endear him to the average citizen, Roosevelt combines unusual political adroitness. His bitterest critics have called him the cleverest politician who has sat in the Presidency in recent times. Roosevelt has several certain qualities that suggest Lloyd George in his best days. But underneath he has a steel rib of tenacity and common sense. His political astuteness is composed of extremely alert observation, an active mind, an extraordinary personal knowledge of the varied types of people in the United States, and long experience in public life. But he is by no means infallible. His career is studded with errors in political judgment into which he was led by impetuosity or simple good-will. He dislikes hurting his friends' feelings to the point of being unable to rid himself of incompetent subordinates as long as they are honest and loyal to him. He has also a coating of vague and almost religious idealism which made him respond with genuine warmth to Woodrow Wilson and Ramsay MacDonald. But at bottom he is much more of a realist than either of them. He would have enjoyed matching his wits with Clemenceau at Versailles.

Franklin D. Roosevelt may go down in history as one of the greatest Presidents of the United States. He may become known as the man who not only rescued his country from its worst depression, but reshaped its economic life in this industrial age into forms more stable and more compatible with the ideals of social justice. It is too early to say. But one thing can be said with assurance: he revitalized the institutions of democracy in the United States and restored common faith in them at a moment when faith had all but disappeared.

# MUSSOLINI

Sir Charles Petrie

BENITO MUSSOLINI was born a little over fifty years ago, on Sunday, July 29, 1883, at Varano di Costa, a small hamlet not far from Forlí in the Romagna. His father was the village blacksmith, and a man of strong Radical opinions, while his mother was a teacher in the local school. The new arrival was named Benito, after Benito Juarez, the Mexican revolutionary who had caused the Emperor Maximilian to be shot, and this choice of name was significant of the atmosphere in which young Mussolini spent his early years. His parents were very poor, and the Romagna was a stronghold of Radicalism, so it was only natural that those with whom he was from the beginning brought into contact should be in revolt against established authority both in Church and State. Benito's father, Alessandro, had been to prison for his political views, and so had more than one of his immediate neighbors.

The Mussolini family had not always been so lowly, for far back in the thirteenth century one of them had been *podesta* of Bologna, where there is a street called after him to this day. With the passage of time, and the continuous civil wars, the family dispersed and decayed, and a Mussolini actually found his way to London, where he achieved some reputation as a composer. In spite, then, of the poverty into which he had been born, young Benito grew up to feel that his forefathers had played their part in the great drama of Italian history, and however much he may look forward he never forgets the influence of the past. His life at home was supremely happy, and the memory of it undoubtedly lies at the back of his present insistence upon the importance of the family. There were three children in all, two boys and a girl, of whom Benito was the eldest, and straitened circumstances did not prevent them from getting on very well together, or from having the greatest respect and affection for their parents.

After receiving the rudiments of education from his mother, and attending school for a short time in the neighboring village of Predappio, young Mussolini was sent as a boarder to the Salesian Convent at Faenza, where the worthy Fathers found him by no means an

exemplary pupil. He worked hard enough in form, but out of the classroom his conduct left much to be desired. He avoided going to Mass on every possible occasion; he declared that he could not stand the smell of the wax candles; he said that his eyes were hurt by the brilliance of the holy vessels; and he complained that the sound of the organ disturbed his devotions. Twice he would have been expelled save for the intervention of his mother; but there can be no doubt that the iron discipline of the school at Faenza left its mark. There are men upon whom their early education has made no lasting impression, but Mussolini is not one of them. The importance of country, family, and discipline was instilled into him in early youth, and they are the watchwords of Fascism. At fifteen Mussolini left Faenza for Forlimpopoli, where he entered a training-school for teachers, and where he gained his diploma.

When he tried to find work, he discovered that the Radical opinions which he held were a definite handicap, and on this account he had already been refused a municipal clerkship at Predappio. Finally he was appointed as assistant teacher at Gualtieri, a small town near Reggio nell' Emilia, at the salary of fifty-six lire a month. Mussolini held this post for a year, and in his spare time he read the works of Marx, Lassalle, Baboeuf, and Georges Sorel. These writers converted him from Radicalism to Socialism, but it is to be noted that he still remained a patriotic Italian. Indeed, one of his first public speeches was made at this time, and the theme was Garibaldi. The incident was significant, for the young Socialist speaking in praise of the national hero foreshadowed the foundation of Fascism.

Mussolini remained a schoolmaster for only one short year, and then he determined to seek his fortune elsewhere. He arrived in Switzerland with exactly two lire and ten centesimi in his pocket, and worked for a time as a mason. After that, his life became an extraordinarily varied one. He was employed on the staff of a Socialist paper at Lausanne, he lived with the Russian exiles at Zürich, and he was finally expelled from Switzerland on account of his revolutionary activities: he did not revisit that country until he came to Lausanne, as Prime Minister of Italy, to meet Lord Curzon in 1922. He also went to Marseilles, where he played the part of an agitator in a strike, and that caused his expulsion from France. On his return to Italy he did his military service with the 11th Regiment of Bersaglieri at Verona, and it was while he was there that his mother died, a loss which all her children felt very deeply. For a brief interval Mussolini took up teaching again, but his heart was not in it, so he went to Trent, then part of *Italia irredenta* under Austrian rule, where he collaborated with Cesare Battisti in the publication of an extremist journal. This occupation lasted until he wrote an article maintaining that the Austro-

Italian frontier could not remain where the war of 1866 had left it, when the Imperial and Royal Government ordered his expulsion.

These years were by no means wasted, for they brought Mussolini into touch with men and conditions in a way that was to prove invaluable. During them he also acquired his perfect knowledge of the French and German languages. Moreover, he read deeply, and became acquainted with the philosophy of Nietzsche, which made a very decided impression on his mind. While he was at Trent he even found time to write two books himself; one was a biography of John Huss, and the other was nothing less than a novel, which has since been translated into English under the title of "The Cardinal's Mistress." He actually projected writing a History of Philosophy, but it never got beyond the stage of notes; it is said because the latter came into the possession of a female admirer of their owner, who, mistaking the philosophical terms in which they abounded for the names of her rivals in Mussolini's affections, consigned them to the flames.

The Italy to which Mussolini returned on his expulsion from Austria was in a very disturbed condition. The parliamentary system, borrowed from England, had not taken root, and was already breaking down. Indeed, it was only kept alive by the denial, in practice, of the principles upon which it was based, for the Government was a compromise between the warring groups of the Chamber, while the elections were invariably gerrymandered by the local "bosses." Meanwhile, social and economic problems were coming to the fore with the growing industrialization, particularly in the north, and with them the existing machinery of administration was quite incapable of dealing. The result was widespread unrest, the rapid growth of Socialism, and repeated strikes, often of a revolutionary nature.

Such was the situation when Mussolini obtained the editorship of *La Lotta di Classe*, a Socialist paper published at Forlì. This appointment, insignificant as it was in itself, marked the turning-point in his career, for it provided him with a pulpit. By 1912 he had made so great a name for himself that he was chosen editor of *Avanti!*, the leading Socialist newspaper in Italy, which was published at Milan. During these years, both on the platform and in the Press, Mussolini was continually urging on the Italian Socialists to direct action, and at the time of the war with Turkey he was one of its chief opponents. He attacked the complacency of the party leaders, and opposed any compromise with other groups. Nevertheless, throughout this period he never ceased to regard Socialism as a means to an end, namely the regeneration of Italy, rather than an end in itself. Above all, the international aspect of his creed made no sort of appeal to him.

The coming of the war meant the parting of the ways for Mussolini. He realized that his country would lose its soul if it remained

neutral, while his experiences at Trent had made him very sympathetic towards his fellow-countrymen who still lived under Austrian rule. Official Socialism was for neutrality, and so Mussolini had to leave the editorial chair of *Avanti!*, only, however, immediately afterwards to found a new paper of his own, *Il Popolo d'Italia.* In November, 1914, he was formally expelled from the Socialist Party at a meeting where his appearance was the signal for a storm of hisses and catcalls. Mussolini replied to his antagonists with the prophetic words, "You are going to strike at me tonight with ostracism and banishment from the public squares and streets of Italy. Very well; I solemnly wager that I shall continue to speak, and that in a few years the masses of Italy will follow and applaud me, when you will no longer speak or have a following." The words of Sorel, spoken two years earlier, were coming true, "Our Mussolini is no ordinary Socialist. You may expect to see him some day saluting the Italian flag, sword in hand, at the head of some Holy Brigade."

In May, 1915, Italy, thanks in no small measure to the campaign in favor of intervention which had been conducted in the columns of *Il Popolo d'Italia,* entered the war on the side of the Allies, and Mussolini was called to the colors. He served on different parts of the front, but in February, 1917, he was severely injured owing to the explosion of a faulty grenade, and, after some months in hospital, was invalided out of the army. Thereafter he returned to his newspaper. The conclusion of the war, and the general dissatisfaction felt in Italy with the terms of peace, raised problems which the ever-changing governments, dependent upon a temporary grouping in the Chamber, were quite incapable of solving. Communism spread with lightning rapidity, revolutionary strikes became the rule rather than the exception, and the workmen began to seize the factories. In the face of this anarchy the authorities showed themselves helpless, and it was generally believed both at home and abroad that Italy was about to follow the example of Russia.

Mussolini early realized that the force of the Reds could only be broken by force, and that if the Government would not apply the latter then private individuals must take the initiative. Accordingly, on March 23, 1919, the first *Fascio* was formed by him at the offices of *Il Popolo d'Italia* in Milan, and from that date relentless war was waged against the Communists and Socialists. At first it was uphill work, for at the local elections in the autumn of 1920 no less than a quarter of the communes went Red. Everywhere violence was met with violence, and gradually the Fascists began to win over to their side the vast mass of the population, which only asked to be allowed to live in peace. In this Mussolini was aided by the authorities, who took no steps to intervene, in the hope that the Fascists and Communists would

exterminate one another, but they only gained the contempt of every Italian for their pains. Finally, in October, 1922, the Fascists decided that the time had come to take the administration into their own hands, and at the end of the month there took place the march on Rome before which the old order, once King Victor Emmanuel had refused to allow the proclamation of martial law, collapsed like a house of cards. Mussolini's first act was to regularize what he had done by securing a vote of confidence from the Chamber.

The fundamental principles of the régime which now came into power have been very well defined by Mussolini in his article on Fascism in the Italian Encyclopædia. "For the Fascist," he tells us, "everything is in the State, and nothing whether of the mind or body exists, and still less has value, outside the State." This is the doctrine of the totalitarian State in a sentence, but it must not be interpreted in the Marxian sense of State control of every activity; rather does it mean, to quote a phrase of the late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, "not every man for himself, but each for all." Soviet Russia declares that only one class of labor, the manual, is entitled to consideration, while Fascist Italy regards every citizen as a producer whose work is of value to the community, and, in the words of its founder, "denies the class war as the principal agent in effecting social transformations." Mussolini also rejects the old Liberal view that the interests of a nation are the sum of the interests of the individuals that compose it, and he pours scorn upon the political and economic doctrines of the nineteenth century, which "after having accumulated an infinite number of Gordian Knots, sought to cut them with the hecatomb of the world war."

Without Mussolini it is possible that the fabric of Italian civilization might have proved strong enough to resist the attempts of the revolutionaries to destroy it, but no one else could have captured the imagination of the Italian people sufficiently to have built up a new social, political, and economic system. The real greatness of the man is best shown by the way in which he has risen to the height of all his opportunities. He came into power as a good Fascist; he soon showed himself a good Italian; the enunciation of the Four Power Pact proved him to be a good European; and now, in 1934, he comes forward as the good citizen of the world. Without ever abating any of the fiery energy which carried Fascism to power, Mussolini is always able to wait in patience, when the necessity arises, and he is as indefatigable in the dull routine of administration as he was in the days when his work lay in the market-place and at the street-corner. Above all, he is not only the founder of Fascism, but its philosopher.

It is difficult to state in the case of a living man what is likely to be his chief claim to remembrance by posterity, but it seems likely that Mussolini will be associated for ever with the Corporate State. It

is true that he is not alone responsible for it, for the inspiration came from Sorel, and men like Rossoni and Bottai have done much to make it work, but without Mussolini it would never have existed at all. Fascism is above all else Italian, and in practice is not suited for export, though many of its principles are of universal application. The Corporate State, on the other hand, is everywhere the subject of serious study, and it may well prove to be the solution of the great problem of the day, namely, the relations between Capital and Labor.

Mussolini holds that the old strife between these two forces can benefit neither, and must harm society as a whole. Starting from this premise he has built up an organization in which employers and employed play an equal part, and where the rights and duties of both are very clearly defined. Strikes and lock-outs are forbidden on the ground that they are as great an anachronism as duelling, and in their place there is recourse to the Courts of Law in the event of industrial dispute. Industry in all its branches has been organized, from the bottom upwards it is most important to note, in syndicates, federations, and confederations, and there have recently been called into existence the *corporazioni di categoria,* which resemble the Guilds of the Middle Ages. Those concerned are consulted before the conclusion of any fresh treaty, or the inception of new legislation. All this machinery, which even now is far from complete, is due to the initiative and driving-force of Mussolini, and will probably constitute in years to come his chief claim to fame.

The difference between Fascism and Socialism is as marked in practice as in theory. Mussolini is no believer in State-management save in the last resort, and he has approved of the reversion to private enterprise of more than one undertaking which had been nationalized by previous administrations. Although he holds that the State must of necessity embrace all the activities of the citizens, he prefers that it should, as it were, remain in reserve, and that its control should only become effective when other means fail. It should always have a right to the last word, but should only pronounce that word in an emergency.

Second only to the establishment of the Corporate State is the reconciliation with the Vatican, as a result of the Lateran Treaty in 1929. Ever since the overthrow of the Temporal Power of the Papacy in 1870 the Italian kingdom had been divided and weakened by the quarrel between Church and State, and the enemies of both had gained enormously thereby. However, as in the case of his economic and social reforms, Mussolini held his hand at first, and whereas it was not until he had been in office for over three years that he began to tackle the former, so he allowed over six years to go by before the agreement with the Papacy was concluded. There were many reasons for this, quite apart from the natural desire of the Pope to be assured of the stability

of the Fascist régime before he came to a permanent arrangement with it. Men of the most opposite views, many of them anti-clerical, followed Mussolini, and the latter had to consolidate his position before he could be sure of having a united country behind him in the settlement of the religious question. In this connection it may be mentioned that no small part was played in the reconciliation by the King of Italy, who, far from being the nonentity that he is universally portrayed abroad, is always consulted by Mussolini, and exercises very considerable influence indeed behind the scenes. The hereditary genius of the House of Savoy in working with ministers has never been better shown than by King Victor Emmanuel III.

"Free and sovereign Fascist Italy," Mussolini declared, "has loyally recognized the Catholic Church, voluntarily granting it certain privileges, but at the same time every other religion has its complete recognition." On the whole, it is difficult for the impartial observer to resist the conclusion that the State has had the better of the bargain, for although there is religious education in the schools it is given by lay teachers, while the Pope has agreed that the Catholic associations will not engage in any sporting activities, and control over education and sport means control over youth in the twentieth century. Mussolini's own views are significant: "The family education desired by the Church no longer corresponds with the spirit of modern times. At present the education of the younger generation can only be carried on by the State. The Fascist Government of Italy is firmly resolved to supplement the religious education by the furthering of strength and manly courage."

The field of foreign policy Mussolini has made peculiarly his own, and it is for his work there that he is now best known outside Italy. In particular, the conclusion of the Four Power Pact has focused the attention of the world upon his conception of international relations. Although this agreement appeared somewhat novel to the layman, the idea behind it had been in Mussolini's mind for some years. It is his view that the machinery of peace, established on the morrow of the war, has proved insufficient for its purpose, and that the only way to prevent another outbreak of hostilities is to overhaul it drastically. The Great Powers have larger commitments than the others, and this must be taken into account by allowing them more freedom of action than at present. If once Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany can agree upon any problem, the latter is as good as solved, but such agreement is far more likely if the representatives of these four meet quietly together than if their deliberations are to be attended by the delegates of a host of smaller States, all with their own particular axes to grind. This is the argument behind the Four Power Pact, and it was one that

Mussolini was using in private long before he put it officially to the foreign statesmen concerned.

Implicit in this policy is the reform of the League of Nations in order to bring that organization into harmony with the new conception of the international structure. Eighteen months ago Mussolini referred to the League as a sick person by whose bedside the Powers were standing, and he added that in such circumstances one does not go away: now he has carried the simile a stage further, and has begun to prescribe for the patient. To understand Mussolini's attitude towards Geneva it is necessary to realize that he, like all Italians, regards the League as neither more nor less than a piece of diplomatic machinery, and not as a potential super-State. In his opinion there are two things which have hitherto prevented this machinery from functioning properly, the association of the League with the Peace Treaties and the general *status quo,* and the theoretical equality of the Powers at Geneva. He is quite willing to see the Four Power Pact fitted into the framework of the League, but he believes that the essential preliminary is the dissociation of the latter from the Peace settlement, against which the vanquished countries have never ceased to protest. "Treaties," he said in his first speech to the Chamber as Prime Minister, "are not eternal, and they are not unalterable; they are the chapters of history, not its epilogue." His view is thus essentially realist in its nature.

It is often asked what would happen if Mussolini were to die suddenly. Until a year or two ago this would certainly have meant that most of his work would have perished with him, but today this is no longer the case. He is deliberately preparing to leave as his heir, not a man, but a system, the Corporate State. He fully realizes that no successor will be able to bear the burden that he has carried (statesmen of his ability only occur once in a century), and so he is bringing about a state of affairs in which there will be no need for a superman. A strong executive there must be, to safeguard the national interest, but this will automatically be provided by the Constitution. Innumerable able men in the course of history have founded régimes which came to grief because their existence depended upon a regular series of successors of their own preëminence: Mussolini has realized the futility of any such policy, and therein lies not the least of his numerous claims to greatness.

Among the many achievements of Mussolini there is one for which he has not received the recognition that is his due, and it is the new spirit of optimism and confidence which he has breathed into his fellow-countrymen. Before his accession to office Italy was a Great Power in name only, and to the outside world she was little more than a museum and an art gallery: the Italians themselves were only too

conscious of their own shortcomings. In a few years all this has been changed, and men look to Italy for guidance as the land where the latest theories in government and industry are being tested. Her people, too, now feel themselves to be the equals of their neighbors, and the heirs of Imperial Rome. Many a dictator has improved out of all recognition the material condition of those over whom he has borne sway, but it has been reserved for very few to transform the whole spiritual outlook of the latter. Mussolini has done so, and for this alone he deserves to rank among the greatest leaders in history.

# ADOLF HITLER

*Dictator of Germany*

G. Ward Price

VIENNA, in the summer of 1910, was one of the pleasantest cities in the world. So, at least, it appeared to a young English journalist arriving there to take up his first post as foreign correspondent of the *Daily Mail.*

The glamour of an Imperial court invested it; the social life of the wealthiest aristocracy in Europe engendered there an atmosphere of opulence. Officers in elegant uniforms of pastel shades lent color to its busy streets; the population was friendly and light-hearted; its resources in music, art, and entertainment were unsurpassed.

By right of political authority, cultural influence, and geographical position, the Vienna of those days had undisputed standing as the capital of Central Europe. It was imposing without being pompous, cosmopolitan yet conservative of picturesque tradition. Like most historic institutions, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, of which it was the keystone, contained many and manifold structural defects, yet one could not imagine the world without it.

For any young man, whatever his position, it might have seemed that life could scarcely have a more agreeable background than this ancient, romantic, and cultured city. Yet there was a certain Austrian in Vienna that summer, of about my own age, who found the Imperial glories of his national capital detestable and its cosmopolitan character nauseating.

It is quite possible that, without my knowing it, I saw that other young man during my daily walks about the city. He would be working on a scaffolding, mixing mortar for the house-builders or carrying bricks up a ladder—not even a workman, only a workman's helper.

If some reader of the future had drawn my attention to this mortar-splashed and brickdust-stained day-laborer, and said to me: "Take a good look at that young Austrian. Less than twenty-five years from now you will meet him in Berlin, not as German Chancellor only, but as the undisputed despot of Germany, wielding a personal

power far greater than that of the present Kaiser," I should have considered the prophet mad.

What are the qualities in Adolf Hitler that have accomplished this miracle, and secured for him a place in world-history overshadowing even Bismarck and Frederick the Great?

He is a sentimentalist, a philosopher, and a fatalist. By instinct—not by foresight or to serve a political ambition—his attitude of mind was exactly attuned to that renewal of national confidence which developed in Germany as the German people gradually recovered from the shock of overwhelming defeat and internal collapse at the end of the Great War. He emerged as the prophet of their reviving hopes. Through the wilderness of despair he has led them to the Promised Land of national rehabilitation.

The profound sentimentality of Hitler's nature was the indispensable basis of the success of his mission. He believes in the German race with a Pauline fervor. As a convert to *Deutschtum* from the ultramontane nationality of Austria, he shared none of the doubts or misgivings which native-born Germans may secretly nurture about themselves. At a time when reaction from frustrated hopes of world-primacy and from the gigantic efforts and sufferings of the greatest war in history had reduced the land of his adoption to cynicism and despair, he began to preach to it the gospel of national resurrection and ultimate triumph.

The cosmopolitan character of the old Austria, which to an Anglo-Saxon constituted its interest and charm, outraged, even in earliest youth, the sentimental soul of Adolf Hitler. The fact that the German character ruled this fifty-two million population of many nationalities convinced him, while still a schoolboy, of the natural preëminence of Teutonic blood and soul. With the enthusiasm of youth he threw himself into the officially discouraged demonstrations of the "German National" party, sang "Deutschland über alles" instead of the Austrian Imperial Anthem, and denounced the Hapsburg dynasty, with their cosmopolitan advisers and interests, as traitors to the German ideal.

But sentimentality alone is by no means adequate as equipment for a future dictator. Young Hitler was not content to demonstrate his German sympathies; he analyzed and strove to justify them to himself. Fate brought it about that he laid the foundations of his political philosophy under personal conditions closely resembling those national conditions under which in later years he was to preach that philosophy to the German people.

As a humble bricklayer's assistant in pre-war Vienna Hitler endured poverty, even persecution. The idea that he belonged to a race which in Austria was denied the recognition of its natural supremacy of character was never absent from his thoughts. The competition of

laborers from other provinces of that patchwork State—Czechs, Slovaks, Hungarians, Slavs, Croats, Italians—kept his mind filled with militant ideas of nationality. Comparison between the meager rewards of his own hard toil and the easier circumstances of the Jewish traders, money-dealers, and middlemen who swarmed around him implanted in his character a Crusader-like belief in the sanctity of his anti-Semitic prejudices.

A mind molded under these circumstances found itself in perfect harmony with the spirit of post-war Germany. There, too, dire poverty prevailed. There, too, was a profound sense of persecution and the conception that the German race had been the victim of an international conspiracy. There, too, the adaptability of the Jewish character to chaotically changing financial conditions inspired fierce and envious resentment.

But not even a popular sentimental outlook, worked up into a philosophy of special appeal to the German mind, could have carried Hitler from the depths to the apex if it had not been supported by an unfaltering belief in his own predestination. His life-story, "Mein Kampf," begins with the words: "It was a fortunate destiny for me that Fate chose as my birthplace Braunau-on-the-Inn."

The word *Schicksal* (Fate) is of constant occurrence in his speeches. The most solemn passage of his address to the Reichstag, after succeeding to the office of President on Hindenburg's death, opened with the phrase: "Fate has entrusted to us the destinies of this people."

Like Mussolini and Napoleon, Hitler is firmly convinced that he is a Man of Destiny. Surprise, doubt, misgiving, self-criticism, never embarrass his judgment or impair his resolution.

And, indeed, such is the improbability of the career of this Austrian of humble birth in rising to the unlimited personal rulership of one of the greatest European nations, where, until a few years ago, the forces of monarchy, aristocracy, feudal tradition, wealth, and military prestige seemed unshakably established, that it might well have been designed by some transcendental influence molding the course of human affairs without regard for precedent or pattern.

Neither heredity nor environment played any perceptible part in preparing Adolf Hitler for the rôle of a modern Cæsar. Not only obscurity, but stereotyped obscurity, characterized the conditions of his birth. Even among the three thousand inhabitants of the frontier-village of Braunau-am-Inn the birth of a baby boy on April 20, 1889, to one of the subordinate officials of the Customs office by the bridge across the river can hardly have been an incident of more than the mildest interest. And, in the old Austria, to be born the son of a minor *Staatsbeamter* was to have one's career ordained in advance.

The uniform coat, the petty dignity, and the small pension of that office were goals which embodied the highest ambition of the average State-employee's son.

When Adolf Hitler rejected this almost inevitable career he took the first step on the adventurous road that was to lead him to the position of the most powerful State official in all history.

Hitler's father could boast that he himself had risen in the world. His own parent had been a landless laborer, living in such poverty that at the age of thirteen his son had fled from the sordid semi-starvation of his home, with but three gulden in his pocket, to seek his own livelihood in Vienna. He, too, must have been a lad of determination and independence of character. Somehow he managed, not only to make a livelihood, but to educate himself sufficiently to qualify ten years later for Government employment. At twenty-three he entered the Customs service, and from then until his retirement twenty-four years later performed his petty duties in apparently contented uneventfulness.

Not till he was well over forty did he beget the son who was to make his name famous throughout the world.

While Adolf was still a small boy, his father was moved to Passau, and shortly afterwards to Linz, both of them towns on the Danube where life moved more briskly than in sequestered Braunau. It was in Linz that Adolf first went to school.

None of his boyhood's friends in Linz has yet come forward to record the impressions that Hitler made upon him as a child. But from his own story we learn that he was an impetuous lad, with a flow of language that made him an accepted "gang-leader" among his comrades. He was a source of anxiety to his mother by reason of his habit of frequenting the company of the biggest and roughest boys in his school.

In class he learned his lessons easily enough, but was undisciplined. Nevertheless, he became a member of the choir in the Abbey of Lambach, near to which his father, on retirement with a pension, had bought a cottage and a plot of ground. The pomp of Catholic ritual made a great impression on the boy's mind. For a time, as he relates, his highest ambition was to become an abbot.

One can imagine the retired Customs officer as not a little puzzled and disturbed at the waywardness of his headstrong son. In his eyes, the boy's future had been planned by Nature. He must follow in his father's footsteps and become a Government official too.

The head master of the local school was informed of his pupil's destiny, and Adolf was put on the modern side, to learn those subjects which would fit him for a life of examining travelers' trunks and checking bills of lading.

And now, when Hitler was only eleven years old, he came for the first time into fierce and open conflict with authority. He declared that he would never under any circumstances become a Government official. "The very idea of being shut up in an office bored me sick," he says in the first chapter of his autobiography. "I could not bear the thought of not being master of my own time, and of having to spend my whole life filling up forms."

The lectures and arguments of his indignant parent had no effect. Young Adolf played truant from school, and took no interest in any subjects but drawing, history, and geography. For the first of these he had always shown both inclination and aptitude, but the antagonism between himself and his father became even greater when he announced, at twelve years old, that he had chosen art as his future career. He wished to be a painter.

"So long as I live, *never*," was the rejoinder of his disgusted parent to this statement.

"Well, you'll see," retorted Adolf in reply.

Hardly had Hitler reached the age of thirteen, however, when his father died suddenly, embittered, as his son admits, by the thought that all his plans for insuring to the boy a life less difficult than his own were going astray. "Yet," as Hitler adds, "he had unconsciously laid the foundations of a future which neither he nor I could then have grasped."

His father's death was followed by another unexpected development. Hitler developed an affection of the lungs, which led a doctor to advise his mother strongly against an office career for her son. For twelve months even school attendance was to be given up. These circumstances led Frau Hitler to agree that as soon as Adolf was fit to study again his ambition should be gratified, and he should go to the Vienna Academy of Art.

Once again, however, Fate intervened to give a new direction to the life of this child of destiny. His mother contracted a long and painful illness, to which, within three years of her husband's death, she succumbed. The father's small savings had been exhausted in doctor's fees. To Adolf Hitler, at sixteen, there remained only the insignificant pension allotted by the State to the orphan of a minor Customs official. The time had come for him to start to earn his living.

During his mother's illness he had already been to Vienna to try for entrance to the Art Academy there. Full of self-confidence, he had set off with a portfolio packed with drawings which had won for him the praise of his schoolmasters. To his surprise and dismay they were found inadequate to secure admission. Hitler appealed in person to the Rector of the Academy, who told him that his talent was clearly that of an architectural draughtsman rather than a painter, and that the

Department of Architecture was the only branch of the Academy in which he could be received.

To enter that establishment, however, it was necessary to have first attended an architectural school, and to have passed an examination in general education which young Adolf, with years of deliberate neglect of all but the favorite subjects behind him, could not hope to face.

Yet his stubborn resolution was not shaken by this reverse. On his mother's death he made up his mind that if he could not become an architect by the academic process he would qualify by working his way up from the grade of workman.

Five years of bitterness and often of privation followed on this resolve. "While the goddess of misery held me in her arms and often threatened to crush me, the resisting power of my will grew steadily, and in the end it came out conqueror. To those days I am grateful for the fact that I grew hard and can be hard."

Books and occasional visits to the opera were the only relaxations of Hitler's penurious years from sixteen to twenty-one, and these were bought at the cost of economies on food.

Already as a boy he had fallen under the spell of Wagner. The majestic music of the great German composer expressed to his dreaming, speculative mind that glorification of the Teutonic race which had first appealed to him when he read the story of the swift German triumph in the Franco-Prussian War. Thus it was with only two pounds in his pocket, but with a sense of racial superiority in his soul, that he set foot at seventeen in the streets of Vienna to earn his living as a manual laborer.

It is not surprising that he quickly became moody and even morbid under the conditions he had to face. For the first time in his life he soon knew physical need. He had furthermore to undergo a definite social derogation. Between the petty-official class in which he had been reared and the artisans with whom he had now to compete for employment was fixed a gulf which those who, like his father, had succeeded in crossing it did their best to make unbridgeable.

Life in what he calls the "racial Babylon" of Vienna was to young Hitler a revelation of human sordidness and misery for which his restless brain was always seeking to find a cause and reason. By his own account he was a lonely soul, a bad "mixer" with his fellowmen. "My fate lay so heavily upon me," he wrote ten years ago in his mystical way, "that I could concern myself but little with my surroundings."

His first clash was with the workmen whom he served as helper on his first job. At the outset of his employment they demanded that he should join their trade union. Of the advantages or disadvantages

of such a course he admits he then knew nothing, but his stubborn will resented the tone of compulsion employed towards him.

His first answer was that he would not join till he had heard more about the organization. His workmates at once undertook his instruction in the principles of Central European Social-Democracy. The nation, he was told, was an invention of the capitalists; the fatherland, a device for bourgeois exploitation of the workers; the law, a means for oppressing the proletariat; the schools, a training-ground either for slaves or for slavemasters; religion, an anodyne for the people; morality, the refuge of the timid.

Against these negative principles young Hitler's nationalistic pride rose in hot revolt. He argued and disputed until, in his own words, his associates "employed those means by which reason can certainly be most easily overcome—the methods of terrorism and violence." He was given the choice of resigning his job immediately or being thrown off the scaffolding. "As I was alone and resistance appeared vain, I preferred, richer by the experience, to take the former course."

Living from hand to mouth, this earnest young Austrian devoted all his leisure for the next five years in Vienna to the study of human nature and its political institutions. He made regular visits to the public gallery of the Austrian Parliament. He admits that he began his observation of its working with a "certain admiration for the English Parliament," with which he had been inoculated by his constant newspaper reading. The spectacle of Austrian parliamentary life quickly replaced this sympathy by a contempt for the whole system of democratic government.

He found in it an absence of responsibility, and a degradation of statesmanship to the practice of pandering to the mob. "Majorities can never replace men," was his conclusion. "They stand for nothing but human stupidity and timidity. A hundred fools can never produce one wise man; a hundred cowards can never take a resolute decision."

The function of true democracy, he concluded, in the German sense of the term, was limited to the free choice of a "Leader," whose duty it became to assume entire responsibility. Never should a vote be taken on any other question than the choice of the individual man upon whom all decisions would thereupon devolve.

The diametrical counterpart of these conceptions Hitler found embodied in the Jewish race. "The Jewish and Marxist cult rejects the aristocratic principle of Nature," he says, "and would substitute for the eternal predominance of strength and power the mass and deadweight of numbers....

"Immortal Nature revenges bitterly the transgression of her laws. Therefore do I believe myself today to be acting in the spirit of the

Almighty Creator. In so far as I resist the Jew, I am fighting the Lord's battle."

No one can understand Adolf Hitler's amazing progress to supreme power in Germany who has not studied this formative period of his youth in Austria. All unconsciously he was there imbibing a set of ideas and prejudices which were to appeal to the post-war mood of the disillusioned and embittered German nation like the gospel of a Messiah. During those years in the wilderness of Vienna the whole basis of his future triumphs were laid—with one important exception: Hitler had not yet discovered his compelling gift of oratory.

Had the Great War not happened, would the world have ever heard of Adolf Hitler? Until it was over he had showed no signs of possessing the qualities of leadership. It is true that he has laid down the principle that, in other than quite exceptional cases, a man should take no active part in politics before his thirtieth year, on the ground that until that age his own attitude towards life is constantly liable to change.

But so far as one can judge from his record, it needed the compelling circumstances of Germany's despair and disorder to reveal to Hitler himself his possession of that great gift of eloquence with which he has ever since swayed the hearts of 67,000,000 Germans to his will.

Two years before the war broke out he had left Vienna for Munich. By this time he had acquired enough experience of the commercial side of art to be able to make a small living by painting in water-color. For trade purposes Munich, as an art center, offered greater possibilities than Vienna, and he seized with eagerness upon the opportunity of leaving the cosmopolitan Austrian capital whose character was so uncongenial and whose memories were so bitter for him.

It was in Munich that the war found him, still a poor artist preoccupied with questions of high national politics far beyond his natural sphere. When he heard the news of its outbreak, he fell on his knees and "thanked Heaven from a full heart" that it had been vouchsafed to him to live in such tremendous times.

Hitler recognized at once that here was his chance to qualify for the German nationality that he had always admired and coveted. As an Austrian subject he was liable to immediate recall to his own country for military service. This he anticipated by joining the German Army as a volunteer.

On August 3 he presented a petition at the offices of the Bavarian Cabinet, asking to be allowed to serve in a Bavarian regiment. He was immediately enrolled in the List Infantry Regiment, and was sent to the Western Front. On October 27, 1914, he came for the first time under fire.

The Great War was a time during which many people in all the countries concerned rose from obscurity to fame. Four years on the Western Front, during which it is claimed he took part in forty-seven engagements, left Hitler still a corporal, twice wounded, and with the Iron Cross of the Second and the First Class, but indistinguishable from the millions of other gray-clad, war-worn members of the rank and file of the German Army.

He had served two years with his battalion before becoming a casualty. On October 7, 1916, hit by shell-splinters, he was sent back to Germany, and spent some time in a hospital in the suburbs of Berlin.

It was there that the revelation dawned upon him that the German national spirit, in which he had always believed with the passion of a convert, was breaking down under the strain of war. Transferred as a convalescent to Munich, he found troops and civilians alike demoralized. He observed the Jews to be obtaining a financial stranglehold over the economic life of the hard-pressed German nation.

It was a troubled and discouraged Hitler that returned to the Western Front in March 1917. During the summer of 1918 he listened, with growing apprehension, to the rumors of coming upheaval in Germany which were constantly reaching the front in France. Yet, though steady demoralization was going on, he relates that in actual fighting the old German tenacity reasserted itself. "The regiment clung on to the slimy shell-holes and mine-craters without flinching" until, "looking more like ghosts than men," they were relieved.

The night of October 13 was Hitler's last experience of fighting. His battalion, lying south of Ypres, came under a British bombardment with gas-shells. At seven o'clock next morning, with burning eyes, he reported at the field dressing-station for treatment, and was sent down the line in danger of losing his sight.

In hospital at the old Prussian town of Pasewalk in Pomerania, Hitler heard the news of the German Revolution and the signing of the Armistice. "For the first time since I had stood by my mother's grave, I wept."

The whole German world seemed changed to its core when he rejoined his regiment in Munich. A Soldiers' Council had taken over the authority of its commanding officer. The men held together mainly because they had no other home to go to than their barracks.

Politics ruled the hour, and the chief interest of the agitators who had gained control of the demoralized troops was to find out which way the confused political currents of revolutionary Germany were drifting.

Hitler was given the nominal grade of an "education officer," but his main duties were to report to his superiors on the party develop-

ments going on in the Bavarian capital. He became a "political intelligence agent."

This employment took him one night to a meeting of twenty-five people gathered in a private room of the Sternecker Beer-house in Munich. It was to be addressed by Gottfried Feder, an engineer whose political specialty consisted of the denunciation of the "bondage of interest." Hitler was already familiar with his theories, and his only purpose in attending the meeting was to see what sort of people made up the "German Workers' Party," in whose name it had been called.

After two hours of the vague speechifying which was being poured out hourly at thousands of gatherings of similar ephemeral parties in the Germany of those days, Hitler was about to leave, when some unknown "professor" began a speech demanding that Bavaria should repudiate her connection with the rest of Germany and throw in her lot with Austria.

That French propaganda in this direction was then going on in Southern Germany is now an open secret. The unknown "professor" may have been an agent of it. If so, his intervention had a consequence far greater in its effects on the future relations of France and Germany than any at which it aimed, for that night it settled the destiny of Adolf Hitler.

To the Socialist vaporings of the previous speakers he had listened with indifference, but the proposal to betray that German race-ideal which had been his idol from boyhood was more than Hitler could bear. He sprang to his feet and denounced its advocate with such violence that he fled, "like a drenched poodle," from the room.

Having let off his indignation, Hitler thought no more about the meeting of the German Workers' Party. It was a surprise to him when, a few days later, he received a postcard informing him that he had been elected a member of it.

To his independent mind the assumption that he would accept this unsought-for enrollment was almost an offense. He had never felt the least inclination to join any of the countless hole-and-corner parties with which, as a political intelligence officer, he had become acquainted. Yet fermenting in his soul was the constant urge to create a party of his own for the advocacy of those jealously Germanic ideals of racial pride and authority which were so firmly rooted in his being.

It was curiosity more than interest which led him, the following Wednesday, to the "Alte Rosenbad" restaurant, a dingy, poverty-stricken place in the Herrnstrasse.

The entire strength of the "German Workers' Party" there awaited him—four members. Hitler was received with enthusiasm, and begged to consider himself as belonging to the committee. The treasurer's re-

port was next read, showing the entire financial resources of the party to stand at the figure of M. 7.50.

As Hitler says, the proceedings were "laughable." If he had ever heard of the "Seven Tailors of Tooley Street"—whose manifesto opened with the words "We, the people of England"—he might have been struck by the coincidence that his own ticket of membership was numbered "seven."

But at this fateful moment the guardian angel of Hitler's destiny opened his eyes. As he looked round that back room of a dingy beer-shop he saw, not a small group of earnest but obscure and ill-instructed men playing at political reconstruction, like countless thousands of others, in the midst of a great nation whose political structure had collapsed—but the embryo of a mighty instrument which was to change the history of Europe. From that moment his future was decided. He determined that this new-formed "German Workers' Party" should provide the platform from which he would convert Germany to fanatical enthusiasm for those ideals which had so long been germinating in his brain.

The only asset the new party had was Hitler, and even he did not yet suspect his powers. For several months the "German Workers' Party" made no headway. Its gatherings were attended by the original seven members and no more. By scraping pence together they managed to advertise a meeting. The audience numbered 111. Hitler spoke for half an hour. He electrified his hearers. Poverty-stricken as they were, they subscribed on the spot M. 300. The party was freed from debt. But something far more important had also happened. Hitler had found out he was an orator.

By February 24, 1920, he ventured to organize a mass meeting in the Munich Hofbrauhaus. Two thousand people attended, hostile when he began, enthusiastic when he finished. He explained his program of twenty-five points.

The first was: the union of all Germans.

The second was: equality of national rights for Germany and repudiation of the Treaty of Versailles.

The remainder of this program consisted of Socialist proposals which no longer have their place in Nazi policy. They included:

(1) Abolition of unearned incomes.

(2) Confiscation of war profits.

(3) Nationalization of commercial trusts.

For the next three years the party grew, but was still confined to Munich. It was Hitler's determination to make that city solid before carrying the Nazi gospel to the country. In 1922 he formed the first Storm Troops to cope with Red attacks upon his meetings. In October

he led 800 of them to Coburg, then a Communist stronghold, and asserted his right to hold a meeting on the central square at the cost of a sanguinary encounter. The railway-men refused to take them back to Munich, but Hitler forced their hand by threatening to seize two dozen of the station staff as hostages to be carried off in a train driven by the Nazis themselves, however great the risk of disaster.

By this time Hitler was the most prominent political figure in Bavaria. The South German capitalists and manufacturers, remembering the Red Terror perpetrated by Max Holz in Saxony, looked upon the Nazis with gratitude as the paladins of their defense, and subscribed generously to the funds of the party.

By 1923, Hitler's disgust for what he considered to be the craven and corrupt character of the Berlin Government led him to break out in open rebellion. In November he mobilized his Storm Troops, proclaimed himself the Chancellor of a new German Republic, appointed von Kahr, the Bavarian Conservative Premier, his deputy in Munich, and Ludendorff his Minister of War.

Von Kahr failed him at the last moment. Hitler and Ludendorff persisted. The march of the Brown Shirts through the Munich streets was fired on by the police. Fifteen of them fell in front of the Feldherrnhalle, where now two sentries of the black-uniformed *Schutzstaffel* mount guard by a commemorative tablet which every passer-by is called upon to salute with upraised arm.

Among Hitler's allies in this Munich *Putsch* were men who have since become famous with him. General Goering, then but a captain in a vanished air-force, was severely wounded but was smuggled out of the country. Frick, another member of the present German Government, was also by Hitler's side. Hitler himself, with the instinctive reflex of the front-line soldier, fell prone when the volley rang out and broke his shoulder. He was arrested two days later in a villa near Murnau in Upper Bavaria, where he had taken refuge. Yet another man who shared that Nazi baptism of fire with him was to rise to a height only less conspicuous than that of Hitler himself, and then to disappear in one of the strangest and most violent episodes of present-day political history. His name was Ernest Roehm.

Hitler was tried for treason early in 1924. His judges took the benevolent view that the motives of his *Putsch* had been patriotic and praiseworthy. They sentenced him to five years' detention in the fortress of Landsberg.

For a time it looked as though the Nazi Movement had been killed by a whiff of grapeshot. Its Leader, who was also its Orator, Prophet, and Pope, was in prison. His chief associates were dispersed. In the Reichstag elections of May 1924, the Nazis polled 1,900,000 votes and won 32 seats. In December, after Hitler's magnetic per-

sonality had disappeared into confinement, they could secure only 840,000 votes and 14 seats.

But after eight months of detention Hitler was released. He had used that time to write "Mein Kampf," the book which has become the Bible of the Nazi Movement. It is a combination of an autobiography with a political treatise, reflecting, by its lack of form, the inconvenient conditions under which it was produced. One reads it with a sense of listening to the musings of a solitary man of fierce emotions rather than with that of learning the record of a career or the reasoned statement of a policy.

On Hitler's release, at the end of 1924, he set himself to expand the Nazi Party on a national basis. For this purpose its doctrines had to be commended to different classes and interests. Hitler specialized on winning the influential and the wealthy, together with the vast German middle-class. Meanwhile, two of his ablest collaborators —an orator second only to himself named Dr. Goebbels, who had joined him from a Jesuit college in the Rhineland, and Gregor Strasser, who was a convert from Communism—presented the Nazi doctrine under its more socialistic aspect to the artisans and workers.

Progress was steady, if not at first rapid. By the end of 1926, the registered members of the party had reached 100,000. Those of that number who remain are the political patricians of Germany today.

German Communists realized that they had a formidable force to reckon with. War, literally to the knife, was proclaimed against the Brown Shirts. For five years fights, ambushes, assassinations were of frequent occurrence in all parts of the country. The Nazis record 400 dead and 48,000 wounded in these encounters.

During all this time the hypnotic oratory of Adolf Hitler was steadily obtaining a hold upon the German mind. With apostolic fervor he spoke night after night in one town after another. Nor did he rely on eloquence alone. Hitler knew by instinct the character of this people of his adoption. Argument and declamation were not enough to win them. They must have pomp and ritual, display and, above all, uniforms, to satisfy that craving for the visible signs of discipline and organization which dominates the Teuton mentality.

His political rivals could show none of the banners, the marching columns of robust, brown-shirted, booted, and belted young men, the dramatic Roman salute, the hoarse cries of "Heil Hitler!" with which the Nazi leader electrified his hearers before he had even mounted the platform. In vain did the Communists try to imitate his methods by creating a uniformed "Red Front." Its existence only served to justify the semi-military mold into which Hitler was recasting the German nation.

Yet he himself, with sure instinct, appeared as no militarist figure.

A raincoat was his invariable costume in the open air; a plain brown shirt, like that of the humblest of his followers, contented him indoors.

He needed nothing but his eloquence to galvanize his audience. Beginning slowly, sometimes rather indistinctly, he would work himself up to a frenzy of declamation, each word of which burnt itself into the minds of his hysterically cheering listeners.

It was these speeches that won Germany for the Nazi cause. In what did their magic lie? Its secret was that they revived the lost self-respect of the German nation. In the midst of the country's black despair, when so many sacrifices seemed to have been made in vain, when so much suffering had been uncomplainingly but unprofitably borne, when the German nation, with shattered nerves, was a prey to cynicism, self-pity, and despair, Hitler's ringing tones were heard proclaiming that Germans were still the racial aristocrats of civilization; that they had covered themselves with glory in four years of undefeated struggle against the world in arms; that their collapse was due to treachery hatched behind their heroic ranks, and that the entire blame for it was to be shared between the Communist and the Jew.

Never had Germans heard a speaker who understood them so thoroughly as this one. He preached no elaborate program or policy. There was a tone of righteous anger in his voice which revealed to his hearers that many of the troubles with which they had reproached themselves were really the fault of others. "You are Germans, the world's super-men," thundered Hitler. "Unite and follow me. A mighty destiny still awaits you."

By the autumn of 1930 it became clear that this campaign was raising Hitler to the heights of political power. On September 14, 6,500,000 Germans voted for his candidates in the Reichstag elections, and he found himself with 107 followers in Parliament.

The enrolled members of his party now numbered close on a million. It had become a huge organization deliberately planned to equip Germany with a new form of government. The country was divided into thirty-seven districts, each under a local Nazi leader directly responsible to Hitler. The whole nation was permeated with departments of propaganda and investigation, destined for conversion into Nazi Ministries as soon as Hitler should achieve supreme power.

This unique political party had its own army. "Conquer the streets" had been Hitler's slogan from the first, and the Storm Troopers whom he had originally enrolled to protect his meetings had grown into a force—unarmed, but formidable by reason of its physical vigor and resolution—of which detachments existed in even the smallest country towns. In additon to this widespread political militia was a *corps d'élite* known as the *Schutzstaffel,* with the special duty of providing guards for the Nazi leaders. There was a Youth Depart-

ment, a Transport Department, even an Aviation Department. Hitler was well served by the organizing ability of the determined group of men he had gathered round him.

The cost of this political machine was tremendous. It was partly met by the subscriptions of its members, but these alone would not nearly have sufficed to cover the expenses of the extensive propaganda with which Hitler was flooding the country. He himself was constantly traveling about with his attendant staff in a fleet of private aeroplanes. When he arrived in a city his secretaries and guards occupied a whole floor at one of the principal hotels.

To meet these heavy outgoings, Hitler approached the rich industrialists of the Rhineland. Franz Thyssen, head of the United Steel Works, and the most influential capitalist of them all, was already converted to the view that the success of this intensely nationalist movement would serve the interests of the great German manufacturing system. He arranged for Hitler to address the wealthiest men in Germany at the *Industrie-Club* at Düsseldorf. The result was a subvention of many millions of marks for the Nazi fighting-chest.

There can be no doubt that most of his followers expected their Movement to win success by force. But Hitler saw the advantage of reaching power through consent rather than by violence. In the spring of 1932, as a rival candidate to Hindenburg, in the Presidential Election he had polled between thirty and forty per cent of the total ballot.

The German Chancellor in this critical year was Dr. Brüning, a scholarly ascetic of clerical upbringing, who was trying to rule the fiercely fermenting nation by "emergency decrees." He incurred the hostility of the Junkers by a proposed measure for the splitting up of large estates. Von Papen combined against him not only the aristocrats and the generals, but the wealthy Nationalist Party led by Hugenberg, a newspaper proprietor and cinematograph magnate. Hindenburg was induced to dismiss Brüning. Papen succeeded him as Chancellor. For a moment it looked as though the Junkers had used the Nazis for their own ends. It was Nazi agitation that had done most to shake the fruits of office from the tree, but it was von Papen's lap into which they fell. As a consolation prize, von Papen offered Hitler the Vice-Chancellorship. Samson was to be tamed and brought within the Junker temple.

Whether or not Hitler was tempted to accept the half-loaf which Papen offered him, he did in fact refuse it.

Against the new Government, therefore, was arrayed the whole weight of the National-Socialist organization. On von Papen's side were the prestige of Hindenburg as President and the support of the Reichswehr, under its ambitious and intriguing Minister of Defense, General von Schleicher.

Before long Schleicher had torpedoed Papen and succeeded him

as Chancellor. He set himself to try to split the Nazi Movement by winning over some of its minor leaders with offers of ministerial rank.

But now Hitler had found a new and powerful ally with immediate access to the old President himself. Von Papen, furious at Schleicher's treachery, began to urge upon the President that national unity could only be obtained by making Hitler Chancellor. To win the marshal's consent to this elevation of a political leader who, as he pathetically remarked, "had not even been an officer," was difficult, but Papen reassured him by volunteering to serve as Vice-Chancellor in Hitler's Cabinet. On January 30, 1933, Schleicher in turn fell, carrying with him into retirement hatred and mistrust which less than eighteen months later were to cost him his life. Hitler at last had reached the coveted position of head of the German Government.

Nazi Germany gave itself up that evening to a frantic orgy of enthusiasm. In Berlin hundreds of thousands marched in a torchlight procession through the Brandenburg Gate and past the palaces of the President and Chancellor in the Wilhelmstrasse, cheering frenziedly for Hindenburg and Hitler.

It was not in the strength of his own party alone, however, that Hitler had won power. This was a defect to be immediately remedied. He insisted upon his succession to office being confirmed by a general election. There is no doubt that at this critical moment there was intense apprehension throughout Germany of a Communist uprising. It was raised to fever heat by the burning of the Reichstag on February 27, which was attributed to Communist action. In the subsequent election, a week later, Hitler polled over seventeen million votes. From that time he has held office by the will of the immense majority of German people. His will is the nation's law. The Reichstag still exists, but only to register his decrees, and Adolf Hitler, born the son of a subordinate Austrian Customs official, is today the despot of Germany.

He holds this position with the enthusiastic approval and consent of the great majority of the German nation. Visitors to Germany from countries where democratic ideals are still cherished may find this inexplicable, but it is true. The German temperament respects and admires authority. It is happiest under discipline, even when ruthlessly enforced. That there is still a large body of Communist and Liberal opinion which accepts the present régime only under compulsion is doubtless true. Its more defiant representatives are in the concentration camps; its less vigorous exponents are quiescent; while the more timid or time-serving Germans who hold those views render at least lip-service to the national cult of unquestioning obedience to the Leader's will.

During the twenty-one months that he has been in power, Hitler has twice immensely strengthened his position. The first occasion was

when, on June 30, 1934, he executed out of hand Ernest Roehm and a number of Storm Troop leaders accused of plotting to alter the composition of his régime, and at the same time shot General von Schleicher on the charge of intriguing with a foreign power. In his statement to the Reichstag about this sanguinary purge, Hitler declared that for twenty-four hours he himself had acted as the "Supreme Court" of Germany, and that he would not hesitate to repeat his measures if ever he believed that treason to his Government was brewing.

That claim to unlimited power of life and death has been accepted by his followers. In many conversations with Germans of all classes, some of whom have been intimate friends for many years, I have never heard any expression of disapproval of the death sentences which their leader imposed. "Terrible but necessary" appears to be their judgment upon the grim events of June 30. The German mind does not hold human life in such high sanctity as other nations.

I do not think that Hitler himself is to be held responsible for all the violent deaths—whose victims are still mostly unknown—which occurred during that week-end. There can be no doubt that the Nazi struggle for power had left deadly hatreds and vendettas in the minds of many of the party's adherents. The more violent characters in the Movement had hoped for a "St. Bartholomew's Eve" as soon as the Party came to power. When the news of the summary executions of some of the highest-placed members of the organization and of adversaries of the régime, like von Schleicher, reached these people, it is more than likely that they assumed the coveted day of reckoning to have come and that, without any authority from above, many of them settled their accounts with local and personal enemies.

The second augmentation of Hitler's authority consisted of the amalgamation of the authority of the President with those powers that he already wielded as Chancellor and party Leader. In law, as well as in fact, he is now the sole ruler of Germany. A position of such supreme and unchallenged might is unprecedented in modern history, and it is based upon a belief in his character and ability such as no great nation has ever before reposed in a single individual.

What manner of man is this who has created for himself a position unique among existing political institutions? The German people is right in crediting him with intense earnestness, a passionate single-minded devotion to the aim of making Germany the greatest nation in the world, and the conviction that he is a divinely appointed instrument for this purpose. His life is rigidly ascetic. He is a vegetarian, and neither smokes nor drinks. He takes no exercise. His only relaxation is music. He is restlessly active, disliking desk-work and the routine of conference with departmental chiefs, always ready to proceed by aeroplane to address one of those huge mass meetings which

are the constant reassertion of his hold upon the nation, and eager to seize an opportunity of flying down to the mountainside villa at Berchtesgaden where his sister keeps the house that is his only real home.

In Berlin his residence is the Chancellor's Palace, which has been redecorated for him. A member of the party, who was formerly a restaurant-proprietor in Berlin, there manages his simple household. The same man's wife presides over the kitchens. He has two A.D.C.s and a Director of Transport living on the premises. He goes out to no social engagements, and entertains only his intimate colleagues in the most informal way.

I have three times had long interviews with Herr Hitler—twice as Chancellor and once since he succeeded to the Presidency, or, as he prefers to call it, the Leadership of the Reich. Each time he has received me he has been wearing the khaki uniform of the Storm Troops, with the Iron Cross on his breast as its only ornament. It is one of his great recommendations to the mass of his followers that he assumes no pomp or dignity of rank, but refers to himself as "Storm Trooper No. 1."

In his manner he is formal almost to frigidity at first, but becomes animated as he talks. There is a stiffness in his bearing as he shakes hands with closed heels and a curt inclination of the head. The deadly earnestness of the man makes itself felt throughout his conversation, which is fluent and unhesitating even when he has no previous knowledge of the questions that will be put to him. Never in public or private have I seen him smile, excepting at a child presenting him with flowers. Young children alone can thaw the rigid dignity of the Dictator of Germany.

What will be his future? As I see it, it depends upon the issue of a contest between enthusiasm and economic facts. Hitler has assumed not only supreme personal power but supreme personal responsibility for the rehabilitation of Germany in every sphere, political, moral, and economic. The nation has given its destinies into his hands. His alone will be the credit of success; his alone the responsibility of failure.

Autocratic authority, backed by the enthusiastic support of his subordinates and a majority of the nation as a whole, has brought Germany through one difficult winter under his leadership. Immense difficulties still lie ahead. He has engendered a national self-confidence which is a powerful asset in coping with them. His own personality is the foundation on which that confidence is built. If death or illness removed him, the consequences for Germany would be incalculable.

Both in his conversations with me and in his public speeches, Hitler has emphatically asserted his desire to avoid war except in the case of foreign attack on Germany. At the same time, it is his avowed

intention to make Germany once more a powerful nation, and there can be no doubt that the National-Socialist policy still aims at incorporating with the Reich certain German populations outside its present frontiers—if not by violence, certainly by negotiation and consent.

Nothing can alter the inevitable fact that when this nation of over 65,000,000, with its gigantic resources of industry, intellect, and patriotic spirit, has once more achieved the unity and strength which have from the first been Hitler's aim, its profound sense of having been in the past a victim of persecution and oppression will make it a source of uneasy apprehension to its neighbors in Europe.

That this process of national recuperation and development is already so far advanced must be accepted as the greatest individual achievement of the post-war world, and the credit for it lies with Adolf Hitler alone.

# MARSHAL LYAUTEY

André Maurois

(Translated by John Marks)

MARSHAL LYAUTEY is the representative in our day of a type of man that has become scarce: the empire-builder. He has often been compared to the proconsuls of Rome. But Roman proconsuls kept the peace, somewhat disdainfully, among barbarian tribes. Lyautey sought to administrate a conquered country in accordance with its traditions, its needs, and its destiny. He was not only the proconsul of France, but a great ruler of Morocco. For this rôle he was fitted by a strange career, at which first of all we shall do well to glance.

I

Hubert Lyautey was born at Nancy in 1854. He descended on his father's side from a long line of generals and civil servants; on his mother's, from noble gentlemen of Lorraine and Normandy: the Grimoults de Villemotte. He himself has pointed out what it is he owes to these two families: to the Lyauteys, a love of order, of method, loyalty to the State and, in politics, a liberal outlook; to the Grimoults, a love of elegance, monarchist principles, and the conviction that he was intended, whatever the circumstances, for leadership.

An incident occurred in his childhood which is important because it contributed to the formation of his character. One day at Nancy, as the troops of the garrison marched past his grandmother's windows, his nurse dropped the child from a balcony on the first floor. He was not killed, but for several years remained an invalid and had to wear a steel corset. This infirmity brought to birth in him a strong will and firm ambition. As he watched other children running about at play, he thought to himself: 'I am weaker than they, but one day I shall do whatever they can do, and I shall be the one to order them about." As soon as he was cured, he longed to become an officer, and this wish was strengthened when in 1870 he witnessed, sorrowfully and helplessly—he was little more than an adolescent at the time—the crushing defeat of the French. On entering Saint-Cyr Academy, the training

ground for infantry and cavalry officers, various emotions may be said to have held equal sway over his ardent, restless nature: religious fervor (he was a convinced Catholic), political enthusiasm (he was a keen Royalist), patriotic fervor (he longed to aid his country's revenge), and personal ambition (he hoped for a splendid career).

We can then imagine what painful disappointments the next twenty years had in store for this young man who had set his hopes so high. His life as a soldier, far from offering him any prospect of seeing his country revenged or of personally distinguishing himself, merely subjected him to the monotony of life in barracks and the lengthy process of gradual promotions. Between 1875 and 1890 the Republican régime appeared to have taken such a firm root in France as to crush the political ambitions of a young officer of monarchist sympathies. The Pope himself distressed him by advising French Catholics to rally in support of a hateful government. At the age of forty, Lyautey was a major in a Chasseur regiment, a distinguished gentleman enjoying a brilliant position in society, but cruelly discontented with himself and with the army—convinced indeed that his life was a profitless failure. It was then that fate, suddenly veering, chose to transform his life entirely. As always, it was a minutely insignificant event that occasioned this change. Lyautey published an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the social functions of the officer. The article displeased certain of his superiors. Wishing to put him temporarily out of the way, they sent him to Indo-China; he went unwillingly, utterly dispirited. Yet this, although he could not know it, was a first step toward the end he had had in view as a growing boy.

He found, on arrival at Tonkin, a country only half subdued and himself appointed second in command to the man encharged with completing its conquest: Colonel Galliéni. There he became acquainted with the life of the overlord, the true leader of men. Galliéni reigned supreme over vast tracts of land; he was at one and the same time Military Governor, civil administrator, town-planner, and Lord Chief Justice. An officer's life, so wearisome in a provincial garrison, was here metamorphosed, Lyautey found, into an inspiring career. Galliéni instructed him in that French system of colonization which he himself had learned from Bugeaud: "Show strength so that you may not need to use it. Your best defense lies in movement; extensive maneuvers, marching columns are better than small outposts which will always be open to attack. Whenever you take a village, remember that tomorrow it will have to be your market." These axioms Lyautey was to put into practice throughout his life in the colonies.

Galliéni very soon recognized in this young major a disciple who would soon grow to be himself a master; when he was charged with the pacification of Madagascar he entrusted to Lyautey a wide zone

of influence. There followed several years of perseverance, of setbacks and success. Lyautey had chosen for his motto Shelley's words: "The soul's joy lies in doing." He was busy doing—and he was happy.

But it was not long before Madagascar was pacified in its turn. Lyautey, promoted to the rank of colonel, returned home to take command of a regiment. He was forced to renew his acquaintanceship with life in a garrison-town, with the touchiness of army staffs and the distrust of politicians. How was he to endure such bondage after intoxicating years of freedom? He had already half a mind to hand in his resignation when Fate shuffled the cards anew.

France was at that time encountering serious difficulties on the frontier between Algeria and Morocco. In Morocco, a country still uncivilized, a prey to anarchy, lived marauding tribes who raided the territory south of Oran and then, with their booty, escaped to the refuge of their Moorish homes—whither international treaties prevented their being followed. The Governor of Algiers, Jonnart, on a visit to Paris, was explaining the difficulties of this situation to some friends when a young colonel who was present at the same dinner-party permitted himself to make an observation. He pointed out that there was a way of putting an end to disorders of this kind; marauding nomads could be induced to settle down if the districts they lived in were opened up and cultivated; brigandage was the symptom of an evil, not a permanent fact. Jonnart listened with attention and straightway betook himself to the War Office, where he asked that Lyautey should be dispatched to Northern Africa, with general's rank. A few months later peace had been established along the Moroccan frontier.

For Lyautey there followed years of activity and happiness in action. Then promotion once more recalled him to France, to take command of an army corps. Again we find him stationed in a provincial town—Rennes—unhappily fulfilling an administrative post. But once more Fate chose the right moment to lay its emphasis on Lyautey the pacifier. In 1912, just when France had by international agreement declared her protectorate in Morocco, rioting broke out at Fez; the French garrison was massacred, the town besieged. It had been intended to send out a civil Resident; these tragic events proved that a military Governor was needed, and naturally the choice fell on Lyautey.

He found on his arrival a well-nigh desperate situation, a country in a state of chaos, a Sultan whom the tribesmen no longer obeyed and who himself only coöperated with the French the better to betray them; and the South in open revolt led by a fanatic agitator. Lyautey's first few days at Fez were days of street-fighting, in which a handful of men defended themselves against rebellious tribes. Yet Lyautey immediately decided to attempt collaboration with the native notables.

First of all—it was a risk, but it was a risk successfully taken—he deposed the Sultan and substituted one of his cousins, Moulay Youssef, a gallant chief who was always to remain loyal to Lyautey and whom, in return, Lyautey was always to treat with the respect due to a sovereign. In the South, instead of engaging the leading caids in battle, he turned to them as allies. Soon they were his friends; he had been faithful to another of Galliéni's dicta: "Never kick your mandarin in the pants." Throughout Morocco Lyautey managed to convince the natives that he intended peace, not war; that he had come not to punish but to serve them; and that he would safeguard the farmers of the plains against the brigands of the hills. He showed the greatest respect for the Moslem faith; he allowed no European to enter the mosques. Himself a man of faith and of an almost feudal disposition, he understood these people and won their adherence. In two years the transformation of Morocco was complete.

But in 1914 this altered state of affairs was put to a sudden test by the War—a test at once tragic and striking. Following a period of tension, Lyautey was startled to learn that war had been declared in Europe, and to receive the order of the French Government to ship back practically all his available forces to France: they were needed for service on the Western front and it was now more urgent to save the Motherland than to protect Morocco. Obviously the Government did not expect General Lyautey to hold Morocco without an army. He was advised to evacuate the interior and, if he could, to keep the seaports. Here comes the most difficult and the greatest moment of Lyautey's life. Shall he beat a retreat? He considers that to retire is to expose the Europeans to massacre, for the tribesmen, but recently pacified, will harry his withdrawal; besides, it means surrendering Morocco just when it was beginning to be profitable. What should he do? Should he attempt to stand firm with a vastly depleted army? It seems an absurd, a foolhardy course. And yet... In the large towns, in Fez and Casablanca, he knows himself to be popular. Elsewhere perhaps, by preserving a semblance of strength with a few advance posts, by putting his trust in the caids, it may be possible for him to hold his ground. Lyautey plays this hazardous hand—and wins. He sends back to France as many battalions as he has been asked for, and even one or two more. With the men that remain, he continues to hold Morocco. "I have scooped out the lobster," he remarks, "and kept the shell."

Curiously enough, the four years that in Europe were years of slaughter and sadness may be accounted as the most brilliant in the history of Morocco. Unhampered by administrative interference, helped by an excellent staff, between 1914 and 1918 Lyautey built up a new country from floor to ceiling. He planned European towns, preserved

and improved the native cities, opened up the country with a network of admirable roads, built seaports which every one at the time thought too large and which have since proved not large enough. In fact, he introduced organization and prosperity where disorder and squalor reigned before. Apart from a short period of absence in 1916-17 (when he was Minister of War) from 1912 to 1925 he showed himself to be, at the Sultan's right hand, a fine head of the State.

In 1925 the war in the Riff, and the revolt of Abd-el-Krim, threw Morocco into a ferment. For some time Lyautey feared that his whole work would crumble to the ground. But he won through the rebellion; as a matter of fact he was prepared for it. Unfortunately, misunderstandings arose between himself and the Government at home (at that time M. Painlevé's): he handed in his resignation and M. Steeg was sent to Morocco to replace him. Just as, broken-hearted, he was relinquishing his post, a moment's cheer was vouchsafed to him by the noble action of the Governor of Gibraltar, who sent an escort of British warships to accompany the old chief back to France. Lyautey returned to his home at Thorey, in Lorraine, and for a number of years lived in somewhat mournful retirement, devoting himself to the peasants and the University students of Nancy, but unhappy in the disuse of his powers. "The soul's joy lies in doing." The task he loved, the great task of empire building, was his no more, and he found consolation hard to come by.

Just once again his services were to be called upon: to organize the Colonial Exhibition in 1931, a duty he admirably performed. After that he returned once more to the seclusion of Thorey, employing as best he might the unsatisfied talents of a builder of cities—in landscape gardening. And it was there, the year before he died, that he remarked to a friend: "Couldn't something be found for me to do? I'm fretting myself away in idleness." "Why yes, sir, of course the Government will find something for you; it is ridiculous that such ability as yours should be wasted." "Will find! *Will* find!" Lyautey answered. "That's all very well, my friend, but, you know, I'm getting on for eighty. ...If I'm to make a career for myself, it's time I got started."

2

The remark itself and this brief account of a great life will have served in some measure to indicate the character of the man. But we will do well to examine it more closely, for that character is the key to his success.

The trait which most forcibly struck all those who knew service under Lyautey was his unbounded desire for action. There was never a man who could do a greater number of difficult things in one day.

However burdensome the task, it always seemed to him insufficient to satisfy his lust for work. We are told by one of his officers that one day, after he had sat on a dozen military councils, attended several reviews of troops, inspected three towns and worked fifteen or sixteen hours, the Marshal dismissed his General Staff at bedtime. Five minutes later, his bell rang. The officer on duty hurriedly answered his call, to find him seated at his desk, gloomy and apparently distressed. "Is anything wrong, Sir?" he asked. "Anything wrong?" cried Lyautey. "Why, surely you can see that I am bored?"

This thirst for action did not lead him to undertake the work of subordinates. Lyautey was never one of those leaders who wish to take everything on their own shoulders and refuse to allow any junior to make a name for himself in their vicinity. Born to be the ruler of a hierarchy, he always considered that it is a poor commander who does not leave executive details to the men he has chosen to work for him. Whenever he stepped into some new command his first care was to create for himslf a "team" of auxiliaries. He had the knack of gathering about him men of exceptional talent who showed an almost fanatical devotion to his person. In Morocco he was invariably thought of as "the Boss." Hundreds of junior officers and civil servants worked at full pressure to win from him a word of approval or a smile. A visiting Cabinet Minister, who asked him for information on certain points, received the reply: "I have no idea; that is the job of my experts." "What about you then? What's yours?" the politician queried. "My job?" said Lyautey. "I'm the technician for general ideas."

Capricious, occasionally rough in manner, capable of sudden outbursts of temper, he sometimes made an upsetting impression on those who did not know him well. But his anger, like Napoleon's, was always a conscious anger, and his outbursts deliberate. Often when he had some important decision to make, he would call up some trusted subordinate and lay before him, in energetic terms, an apparently rash point of view and an obviously unsafe plan. The other, in his astonishment, would protest and disagree with him, wondering if the Boss had any idea what he was about. Lyautey would listen, make no comment, and then would call in another of his advisers, this time expounding, with equal downrightness, an entirely opposite solution, itself just as extreme. This would again be met with strong opposition, whereupon he would form, out of the sum of these two objections, an eminently wise and moderate middle policy which he at once adopted and acted upon.

"When you mention me," he was fond of remarking, "never say 'or'; say 'and.' Do not say: 'Is he responsible or rash?' Say 'He is responsible and rash'..." And again: "When you speak of me, never use words ending in 'ist,' use words ending in 'al'...National, not

nationalist... Social, not socialist. 'Al' words signify a state of mind, 'ist' words a system of thought.... I am not a doctrinaire." It was thus that an inevitable compromise led him, a monarchist at heart, to collaborate so efficiently with almost all the statesmen of the Republic that Princess Bibesco was able to speak of him in the dedication of a book as "the monarchist who gave an Empire to the Republic." Thus, too, strict Catholic though he was, the men he gathered about him were men of all religions, of every shade of opinion, like him only in their devotion to their duty and to France. Even latterly in his old age he managed, as the president of the French boy-scout associations, to unite previously divergent groups and to keep them apart from all political controversies. In a country divided against itself Lyautey was always the man to aim at unity, and to achieve it.

The second most striking trait of his character was his need of affection. He was only able to use as his officers men who were not merely devoted in service, but ready to serve with enthusiasm. "I need people to eat out of my hand," he once smilingly remarked. He was a captivating man as well as a captain of men. If, at some ceremony, in some assemblage, there were certain spectators present who remained unimpressed or even indifferent, at once a mysterious telepathy appeared to warn Lyautey. "I'm not entirely happy about this," he would say. "There's some johnny here who's 'pulling his horse.'" Nevertheless, if he insisted on such ardor and enthusiasm in his followers, he himself set them an example. "Lyautey," the Moors said, "is a man who loves us."

And it was true. From his Grimoult ancestry he had inherited the mental habits of a country squire; he felt it his duty not only to govern, but to protect. Making his way on foot through the streets of native towns, he wished to play the part of a Haroun al-Raschid, of the well-informed Sultan who daily concerns himself with the misfortunes and the grievances of his people. With his native rank and file he was always completely at his ease: on as perfectly frank a footing as with mandarins and caids. The only type with whom he found it difficult to get on was the middle-class man, and in particular the politician in this rank of society—and even this is only true in the case of such men in the mass, in political groups. As soon as he was left alone with one of them, his delightful manners and his essential charm soon impressed and won the man over. There was, however, one type of politician that always repelled him. An organizer himself, he was never able to suffer men whose ideals were disruptive; the builder in him always shrank from iconoclasts.

It is also from his Grimoult side that he inherited his love of the beautiful. The problem of town-planning in Morocco was not an easy one. New towns had to be brought into existence, yet the older archi-

tectural style of the natives needed to be preserved. Lyautey wished to keep that style alive. He sought to revive the interest of the Moorish artisans in the craft of their forefathers. Not only did he divide off the European from the native quarters of these towns but for his new buildings he sought and found a neo-Moorish style, of great simplicity, which harmonized perfectly with the natural scene. One needs only to have walked in the marvelous Oudaïas Gardens, restored by Lyautey, the modern town of Rabat, or the enclosed quarters of Casablanca, to realize how a single man of taste can save a country from ugliness.

From the Lyautey side he derived a love of order and method—naturally, in a builder of empire, indispensable. Note, for example, the systematic planning of the Government buildings at Rabat. In the center stands the Residency, the Chief's palace; round it, in a circle, the various Ministries; behind each Ministry, forming segments of the same circle, spreading outward like a fan, all the departments that are connected with it. Thus every official, from the Governor to the most insignificant clerk of a Ministry, can go about his duties by the shortest possible route and with a minimum loss of time. Himself possessed of an ordered mind, Lyautey made of this new Morocco an harmonious whole, constructed clearly.

Another important characteristic is what he himself called "immediacy"—by which he meant the immediate putting into practice of ideas. Lyautey believed that swiftness of execution is itself half the battle, since the circumstances that have given rise to this or that decision change, if one delays too long, in such a way that steps which would yesterday have been useful tomorrow will be pointless. One day, during his time in Madagascar, Galliéni pointed out to him from a first-floor window an officer crossing the barrack square. "There you are, Lyautey," he said; "that's a man I shall be detailing to you one of these days." "I don't want him," said Lyautey. "How's that?" Galliéni retorted. "You don't even know the fellow." "He's too slow on his feet," was the answer.

Perhaps I have by now been able to give some idea of this complex character. He was no Sunday-school hero, all virtues and no defects. Lyautey had his faults, but he was better aware of them than any one else, and he knew how to put them to good use. It was these very defects which made him so profoundly human. Thousands of men worked with passionate zest under his orders, not only because he was an admirable leader, but also because he was himself vulnerable. Around him there grew up a circle of faithful friends, who to this day remain united in affection for their chief. He stamped his mark on a whole generation of Frenchmen: soldiers, officials, writers. He has left that same imprint on Morocco.

3

It is an exceedingly rare distinction for a foreign conquerer to be loved in the country he has conquered. That was Lyautey's triumph. When in 1924 he lay seriously ill in Morocco, the Moslem priests in Fez came to pray beneath his window, bringing the miraculous, healing waters of Moulay-Idriss with which to save him. To this day, from the Mediterranean coast to the Atlas mountains, he is honored as one semi-divine, possessed of the *baraka,* or lucky talisman of fortune, the favor of the gods. While he was still alive, the Moors requested that when he died his tomb should be with them—like the tombs of their saints—in the soil of the country he delivered from anarchy.[1] Surely the ambitious dreams that at Nancy in 1865 troubled the young Lycée student, Hubert Lyautey, have since been more than fulfilled by the most astonishing of lives.

[1] *This will, in fact, be done.*

# MAHATMA GANDHI

George Slocombe

SOONER or later, and sooner, in the natural course of things, than later, the world will have to make up its mind about Mahatma Gandhi. Moses or Socrates or Christ? Revolutionist, philosopher, or marytr? He eludes exact description. The riddle of Gandhi has perplexed his contemporaries more than that of any other personality of the East or West. It is still unsolved. From first to last, the enigma is baffling and complete. The small, dark, smiling ascetic figure squatting meekly at his spinning-wheel, raising his tiny voice like a bat-squeak against the shining immensity of the Indian night, challenging the authority of government, the superiority of Western science, is no nearer comprehension to European minds than he was towards the end of last century, when an agile-minded, successful Bombay lawyer shed his London clothes to wear the loin-cloth and adopt the lowly status of the Indian coolie in South Africa.

The more angry of his British critics are apt to think of him as a comparatively new phenomenon in Indian politics, a doubtful and disturbing element that emerges periodically from a willful obscurity to hinder the cautious but perceptible progress towards self-government in India. The fact is that for forty years he has steadily challenged our attitude towards Indians in India and elsewhere. With the exception of the four years of the World War, and of brief periods before and since that event, when Gandhi's sensitive political conscience directed him to coöperate with the British Empire, or at least to refrain from active opposition, his entire adult life has been devoted to the regeneration of Indian nationality and race consciousness and to destroying the submissiveness of the conquered to the conqueror.

Unlike most revolutionaries, age hardens him in his attitude of revolt. He has had his moments and moods of compromise and subsequently has regretted them as a weakening of the spirit, or a softening of the heart. Unlike most revolutionaries, he is most dangerous in his hour of defeat. For defeat implies with him a failure to understand the purposes of that unknown God whom he consults without ceasing, in a faith and a humility as deep as those of St. Paul. Defeat drives him,

as now, into the wilderness from which he has emerged, on more than one notable occasion, with a new and burning evangel. It is not the despair of the vanquished that darkens his soul, but the anguish of the victor. For, like Moses, he is fated to lead his people to the verge of the promised land, but not to enter therein.

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi was born on October 2, 1869, at Porbandar, in the small native state of the same name, on the peninsula of Kathiawar. His family belonged to the Vaishya, or trader class, the third of the four great castes or orders of India. The Dravidian influence so perceptible in this class in general is clearly seen in the dark complexion of Gandhi. Racially he is descended from the oldest stock in Hindustan. His early years were spent in an old four-storied building in the quiet port of Porbandar, between two great Hindu temples to Krishna and Rama.

When he had reached the age of seven his father, the Dewan or Prime Minister of the native ruler, fell from the prince's favor, and retired from the court to live with his family in Rajkot, a hundred miles north-east. There the young Gandhi went to the vernacular school until he was ten, then to the high school, where he matriculated at seventeen. He was, as he has since admitted, neither brilliant nor even clever at school. He read little history, and only mastered Euclid when he made the discovery that it was pure logic. He was a shy, sensitive student, extremely scrupulous on the score of veracity. The incident in his adolescence which had the profoundest effect on his after-life was his confession to his father that to pay a debt incurred by his brother he had stolen the gold from his brother's bracelet. He could not bring himself to confess his fault verbally to the adored father, so he handed him, on his sick-bed, a written statement. The old man read the document, and a tear ran down his cheek. Then he slowly tore the confession into pieces.

To this incident Gandhi attributes the inspiration for his subsequent teaching of non-violence. It changed his whole character and habits. He had experimented in secret with the eating of meat and the smoking of tobacco—habits to which the young native mind naïvely ascribed the preponderance of the English rulers in India. These he now renounced; and although some years later, on his arrival in England, he was again to be tempted and to yield to the dietetic régime of the English, his lapse was but temporary, and soon after adolescence he became what he has remained, a rigid vegetarian, abstaining from flesh, fish, and even eggs, taking neither tobacco nor alcohol, and sustaining the small but intense flame of life in him on an ascetic diet of fruit and goat's milk.

At the age of twelve he had two other profoundly disturbing ex-

periences. He had discovered, and been deeply indignant at, the stigma of untouchability which accompanied the sweeper who did the humblest tasks in his mother's household. And he had, according to general custom, been married. His wife was eleven years old. Perhaps fortunately for Gandhi, the youthful Kasturbai had an impetuous will of her own. Quarrels were frequent between the bride and her equally capricious husband, and although the habit of separating young Hindu ménages for half the year during the first five years of the marriage prevented Gandhi from the precocious sexual development which was one of the worst features of child marriages in India, the marriage was, from a conventional point of view, a failure. Gandhi confesses that happiness was only known by the equally matched couple when, in 1906, they adopted a life of marital celibacy.

Soon after matriculation, in 1887, he traveled to England, a slight, dark, eager young man, and landed at Southampton, in his best white flannels, to make the conquest of London. His social inexperience, his color, his avidity to learn polite accomplishments—French, elocution, dancing, the violin—exposed him to more than the ordinary disillusionments of youth. Suddenly he gave up the ambition to cut a social figure, began to read for the Bar in earnest, was enrolled in June, 1891, as a barrister in the High Court, and sailed for India. His most useful achievements in England had been the delighted study of William and Edward's "Real Property," which fascinated him "like a novel," an introduction to the New Testament, and another, curiously enough suggested by two English Theosophists, to the *Bhagavad Gita.*

For two years he practiced, not very lucratively, as lawyer in Rajkot and in Bombay. Then, in 1893, an Indian firm in Kathiawar which had a lawsuit pending in South Africa persuaded him to look after its interests in that colony.

Thus he encountered what was to prove the turning-point in his life, and the beginning of his career as a politician. The problem of Indian indentured labor was beginning to grow acute in the young colony. There was, also, the even graver problem presented by the prosperous merchants, lawyers, and middle-class Indians who had settled in the towns. They were not admitted to the principal hotels and restaurants in the colony, were barred from the first-class carriages on the railways, and were discriminated against in other vexatious ways. Gandhi himself was soon exposed to the prevailing prejudices against men of color. The Boer sentry in front of Kruger's house in Pretoria pushed him off the pavement and kicked him. He was the first aggressor to challenge Gandhi's new doctrine of *ahimsa,* which forbade violence and ordered its victim to turn the other cheek. The new apostle of meekness survived the ordeal triumphantly, but it had the natural

effect of forcing him to the contemplation of the disabilities suffered by his race. The first public meeting at which he addressed Indians on their national problems was held in Pretoria.

He began at this time to study Carlyle and Washington Irving, Max Müller's work on India, and English versions of the *Upanishad* and other Hindu writings. He also read the works of Ruskin, and Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra." But the writer who made the most powerful appeal to his imagination, and most strongly influenced his after-life and teaching, was Tolstoy.

When he had been in South Africa a year, and, his original mission accomplished, he was on the point of returning to India, he heard by chance of the impending legislation to deprive the Indians in Natal of certain rights. He canceled his passage and remained in South Africa to organize a struggle on behalf of his fellow-countrymen in Africa which was to last twenty years, and was eventually to be crowned with victory.

The long South African phase of Gandhi's life was interrupted in 1896 for a short visit to India, during which he came into contact for the first time with the three great Indian nationalists of that day—Pherozeshaw Mehta, Gokhale, and Tilak. For Gokhale he had the greatest respect and affection. Of all the Hindu leaders he was the only *guru* to whom Gandhi could stand in the relation of disciple. Of the last named, the sturdy, proud, disdainful Tilak, who died uncompromising to the last, Gandhi has always remained a friendly but uncomprehending critic. Their last meeting threw the widely differing characters of the two men into brilliant relief. They had met, almost by hazard, in the house of a mutual friend, and the two protagonists of modern India, the one a rising, the other a waning star, surveyed each other for a long while in silence. At last the elder man said, as if in a great effort to appreciate the strange teaching and unconventional methods of the other, "You love India like a son, but you also love the truth. If you had to choose between them, which would you follow?"

I have been told by one who witnessed this strange encounter—for although in the last years of Tilak's life he and Gandhi had opposed each other vehemently on the same Congress platforms, they had met but rarely—that the followers of both leaders leaned forward eagerly to catch the younger man's reply. Gandhi was silent for many minutes. Then he said slowly, and as it seemed reluctantly, "In my mind India and Truth are synonymous, but if I had to make the painful choice between them, I should decide in favor of the Truth."

Tilak, a nationalist first and last, rose heavily to his feet, leaving the meek disciple of Truth to his rapt contemplation of perfection. The rival leaders of India never met again.

But the methods of *ahimsa* (non-violence) and *satyagraha* (Truth force), disdained by the doubting Tilak, had already been triumphantly demonstrated by Gandhi in South Africa. On his return there in 1896 a mob nearly lynched him for his writings in India. He refused to prosecute his assailants, and the tide of popular feeling turned in his favor. At this time he worked unsparingly as agitator, lawyer, and editor. He founded the Natal Indian Congress and edited a paper called *Indian Opinion,* himself meeting the heavy annual loss on this publication from his own considerable earnings as a barrister. When the Boer War broke out he organized an Indian Ambulance Corps, served with his enthusiastic if undisciplined volunteers in the battles of Colenso, Spion Kop, and Vaal Krantz, and was mentioned in dispatches. Characteristically, Gandhi admitted afterwards that his sympathies were with the Boers.

He returned to India in 1901, full of curiosity and ardor to compare his experiences in Africa with India. He found the condition of the common people worse rather than better, third-class travel even more uncomfortable, and the great Hindu temples crude and revolting. At Calcutta, where he attended the Indian National Congress of 1901, he was disgusted by the rivers of blood which flowed from the animals sacrificed in the temple of Kali. At Benares, the holy city, he found cupidity among the priests, irreverence among the worshipers.

South Africa again in 1902. The Indians were again in trouble with the white settlers. Between protests, negotiations, and journalism Gandhi found time to devote to the study of hygiene. He began to suffer from headaches, experimented with cures for constipation, which ranged from the elimination of breakfast to the tying of earth-filled bandages on the stomach. The method, fantastic as it seems, aided him to cure two out of three patients whom he nursed during an outbreak of pneumonic plague in Johannesburg. His search for a rational diet had now ended in favor of fruit and nuts. He even made a vow not to touch milk, which was only broken many years later, in his weakness after an operation for appendicitis; and then characteristically he allowed himself to be persuaded by Mrs. Gandhi's Jesuitical pleading that his vow did not include the milk of the goat.

During the first years of this century Gandhi was busy absorbing from Ruskin (in particular from Ruskin's "Unto this Last") and from Tolstoy the ideas on economics, education, ethics, and civilization which he incorporated into his later teachings in India. He founded Tolstoyan simple-life colonies near Durban and Johannesburg. He started schools. He wrote a "Guide to Health," which, he has since confessed, sold better than any other of his works. The Zulu Rebellion broke out in 1906. Again Gandhi raised an Indian Ambulance Corps, and again his heart

was with the rebels. In this year, Gandhi took the vow of celibacy already referred to.

A year later, in 1907, he began his first civil resistance campaign, to protest against a law requiring all Asiatics to register on entering the Transvaal. To distinguish his tactics of *satyagraha* from ordinary passive resistance Gandhi explained that *satyagraha* implied not only nonviolence but an active affection towards the aggressor. The Transvaal campaign led to the imprisonment of thousands of Indian civil resisters, including Gandhi himself, his wife, and his two sons. It was suspended for a time, when a compromise seemed to have been reached between Gandhi and General Smuts, and Gandhi fell victim to the fanaticism of one of his own followers, who felt that he had been betrayed, and laid violent hands on him.

The Indian struggle in South Africa continued until 1914, when the Smuts-Gandhi agreement resulted in the repeal of the Asiatic Law. Gandhi's work in Africa was over, and he sailed for India via London. He reached England a week after war broke out. Here he again interested himself in the formation of an ambulance corps, but his health broke down, and he fell ill with pleurisy, and when convalescent returned to India. He landed in Bombay in January, 1915, was handed the gold Kaisar-i-Hind medal by Lord Willingdon, then Governor of Bombay, for his services in South Africa, and was asked not to enter upon any nationalist propaganda in India without first communicating with the authorities.

Gandhi's first act was to visit his political leader Gokhale, mortally ill at Poona. Gokhale counseled him to do nothing until he had made himself acquainted with conditions in India. With money advanced by Gokhale, Gandhi founded at Sabarmati, near the busy textile city of Ahmedabad, the *ashram* or hermitage which has since become celebrated. Then he made a tour of India, and in Calcutta came into immediate conflict with the young extremists among the Bengal nationalists, who urged that England's necessity was India's opportunity, and that the independence of India should be sought by violence and assassination. Endorsing Thoreau's famous dictum that that government governs best which governs least, Gandhi told the incredulous partisans of revolution: "I have found it possible for me to be governed least under the British Empire."

Little more than a year later he declared to the Hindu students at Benares University: "If we are to receive self-government we shall have to take it; we shall never be granted self-government." And almost at the same time, with sublime perversity, he announced: "I tender my loyalty to the British Government quite selfishly. I would like to use the British race for transmitting this mighty message of *Ahimsa* to the

whole world." The next year the apostle of *Ahimsa,* fresh from a dispute with his Brahmin supporters over the admission of untouchables to his *ashram,* a mill strike in Ahmedabad, during which Gandhi supported the strikers, and an anti-land tax-campaign on behalf of the peasants in the Gujerat, actually appealed for recruits among the same peasants.

The year 1918, in which the World War ended, saw the reëntry of Gandhi into active Indian politics. A double agitation in the country —that of both Hindus and Moslems against the Rowlatt Bills, and that of the Ali Brothers against the threatened overthrow of the Caliphate and the dismemberment of Turkey—favored his return. In the atmosphere of distrust and hatred engendered by these movements, to culminate a year later in the tragedy of Amritsar, the reforms outlined in the Montagu-Chelmsford Report were ignored or forgotten. Gandhi seems even to have been oblivious of them, as he was, a decade later, of the Simon Report. At this time he adopted the method of the *hartal,* or general strike of workers and merchants, against the Rowlatt Act.

The *hartal* led to rioting, which Gandhi vehemently condemned. A few days later the news of the arrests made during the *hartal* set all India aflame. Fatal clashes between demonstrators and troops occurred at Amritsar and other places. Gandhi confessed his grief in the words: "As all these things have happened in my name I am ashamed of them, and those who have been responsible for them have thereby not honored me, but disgraced me." Convinced that his followers were not yet disciplined, morally and physically, to the stoical self-sacrifice of *satyagraha,* which enjoined them to accept violence without complaint and without defense, the leader called off the movement. Thereafter he set himself to the training of a few chosen volunteers who could set the example of non-violence in the face of aggression.

In 1920 Gandhi, with other Congress leaders, initiated the Non-Cooperation movement, by which Congress supporters withdrew from all administrative activities, and Congress students from schools and universities. He had already induced the Hindus to support the Moslems in their Caliphate agitation, and, with characteristic hatred of bargaining, had made that support unconditional, rejecting a Hindu demand for pledges of cow-protection by the Moslems. This first attempt to unite the two great religious communities in India met with considerable success. The agitation swept the country from end to end, and the economic troubles consequent on the end of the war made the task of the anti-British propagandist easy. The movement ended in the Moplah rebellion of September, 1921, and the arrest of the Ali Brothers. Again Gandhi confessed in humiliation that his followers had broken their vows of non-violence.

Meanwhile Tilak had died. C. R. Das, Gandhi's other great rival in the leadership of the Nationalists, was in prison. Gandhi's influence, tempered as it was by a policy of vacillation which perplexed even his friends, was higher in India than that of any other leader for a decade. His program, outlined week by week in his newspaper *Young India,* although not yet accepted by Das, Motilal Nehru, and other Swarajists, and far from being acceptable to the Indian National Congress, the youthful element in which, under the younger Nehru, had begun to turn its eyes to the harsh economic materialism of Moscow, was nevertheless attracting attention in India.

Gandhi's political platform was less of a doctrine than an evangel. It spoke to men's hearts more than to their minds. It demanded the removal of untouchability, the suppression of the State liquor traffic, and finally, the revival of home-spinning as a village industry to re-create prosperity, accompanied by the boycott of foreign cloth. These were, in Gandhi's eyes, steps in the path to self-government, essential to the discipline and awakening of the people which alone could bring Swaraj.

Gandhi's second campaign was launched in February, 1922. Its history was brief and tragic. A mob burnt a score of Indian policemen alive at Chauri Chaura, and Gandhi, meekly accepting full responsibility for the consequences of his second "Himalayan miscalculation" immediately ordered civil disobedience to be suspended. The committee of the National Congress bitterly opposed his decision, and the clash of interests and temperaments revealed at its meeting caused Gandhi to write afterwards: "I was actually and literally praying for a disastrous defeat. I have always been in a minority.... The only thing that the Government dread is this huge majority I seem to command. They little know that I dread it even more than they. I have become literally sick of the adoration of the unthinking multitude. I would feel certain of my ground if I were spat upon by them."

He had long expected, and indeed openly invited, arrest for his activities in India since 1920. In March, 1922, he was put on trial. He pleaded guilty, endorsed the speech of the Advocate-General, and asked for the heaviest sentence that the law could inflict. "I knew that I was playing with fire," he told the judge gravely. "I ran the risk, and if I was set free I would still do the same. I would be failing in my duty if I did not do so.... I know that my people have sometimes gone mad. I am deeply sorry for it; and I am therefore here, to submit not to a light penalty, but to the highest penalty that can be inflicted on me for what in law is a deliberate crime, and what appears to me to be the highest duty of a citizen."

The judge, fully appreciating the character and motives of this remarkable prisoner, treated him with courtesy and respect, and when

the maximum sentence of six years' simple imprisonment had been passed judge and prisoner bowed to each other in great good humor. He was in Yeravda Jail in solitary confinement for two years, until February, 1924, when he was unconditionally released after an operation for appendicitis. He had spent his term of imprisonment in spinning, in studying the Koran, the Christian Gospels, the Hindu sacred writings, and in learning Urdu. He was, he said, "as happy as a bird."

He found on his release that the boycott had almost collapsed, that the spinning of and wearing of khaddar, or handspun garments, was generally neglected, that the Congress committee was hopelessly divided from the masses, and that the painfully constructed unity of Hindu and Moslem had broken down. Everything had failed, everything had to be rebuilt from the foundations. Hindu-Moslem riots broke out on the frontier, and Gandhi did vicarious penance for the occasion in a twenty-one-day fast.

The years which followed his first imprisonment in India saw no great political activity on his part. From 1924 to 1928 the leadership of Congress was in other hands. The decision of the Imperial Conference of 1926 to revise the status of the British Dominions gave a new impetus to the agitation for self-government, and the Swarajists, merging their fate with Congress, passed from a policy of vacillating obstructionism to one of open opposition. In October, 1929, the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, made his celebrated offer of Dominion Status to India, but the criticism to which the Viceroy was subjected by his own party in England engendered fresh suspicions in India, and on January 1, 1930, Congress, divided in allegiance between Gandhi and the young Jawaharlal Nehru, rejected Dominion Status, even if honestly offered by Great Britain, as inadequate, and passed a resolution demanding complete independence for India.

A new campaign of civil disobedience was announced, but Gandhi decided to make a last appeal to the Viceroy to avert a struggle which he foresaw would become, in spite of his injunctions, one of great bitterness and violence. In the early weeks of 1930 he offered to call off civil disobedience if the Government of India would grant, as an earnest proof of its sincerity on the wider political program, the immediate abolition of the salt tax and the liquor tax, and would not interfere with the picketing of shops selling foreign cloth.

The compromise offered by Gandhi was, as might have been expected, rejected, and Gandhi began his famous march to the sea, setting out from his *ashram* near Ahmedabad, garlanded and preceded, like a Rajput warrior going into battle, by a riderless and garlanded horse. The curious procession reached Dandi beach, and defied the Government by making salt from sea-water. At the same time Government salt

pans were raided in many parts of the Bombay presidency. Liquor shops were picketed. The boycott on foreign cloth was extended to all British goods. The most serious challenge to British rule in India since 1920 was now made. Gandhi had become the symbol and the hero of Nationalist India. His influence had never been greater. His teaching of non-violent passive resistance and civil disobedience seemed at last to have triumphed. The moderate elements in Indian politics, the Liberals, the Hindu Mahasabha, were swept overboard in the great tidal wave of almost religious passion which swept through many parts of India. The rich merchants discarded their fine-spun silks and cotton garments, and put on the coarse khaddar which had become the badge of the Nationalist struggle. Their wives and daughters abandoned the seclusion of purdah, and took their places among the volunteers outside the picketed shops of still recalcitrant traders. Every great town in India, and many hundreds of the seven thousand Indian villages, proudly displayed the white Gandhi cap on the heads of its male population. At the moment when Gandhi was arrested, this time to be incarcerated without trial as a State prisoner, he had become for a great part of the Indian population, illiterate, superstitious, sighing like Israel for a Messiah, a being of almost divine origin, certainly of divine inspiration, the Mahatma of all the Mahatmas.

He was only once again to live in that rarefied air, enthroned on those ambitious heights.

He entered Yeravda Jail on May 4, 1930, and one after another his lieutenants were also arrested and imprisoned. The Report of the Simon Commission was issued in the following month, and served, if anything, to strengthen Gandhi's hand and to exasperate his followers against Great Britain. Attempts were made to negotiate with Gandhi in prison, and seemed at one moment to promise success. But the Round Table Conference opened in London in November, 1930, with the Congress leaders still in prison. After its adjournment a fresh effort was made to conciliate the Mahatma, and this time proved successful. Gandhi was released, and in March, 1931, signed a truce with Lord Irwin at Delhi by which the Congress agreed to suspend civil disobedience and the Government promised to suspend its repressive Ordinances.

Thereupon Gandhi, in spite of opposition from the extreme Nationalist wing of Congress, attended the second Round Table Conference in London in September, 1931. The chief subject of discussion at this conference was not, as Gandhi had hoped, the future constitution of India, but the question of communal representation, and in the compromise award announced by the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the depressed classes in India were granted separate electorates

in the future Indian parliamentary system. Gandhi, at the end of his final speech before the minorities committee of the Conference, announced that he would resist this grant with his life. On January 4, 1932, six days after his return to India, he was rearrested and imprisoned in Yeravda Jail.

The next eight months passed in ineffectual protests by Gandhi from his prison cell against the contemplated separation of the sixty million Untouchables from the higher orders of Hinduism, a division which Gandhi described as perpetuating the bar sinister against the depressed classes. He had defined his position in words of a rare earnestness: "I would not sell the vital interests of the Untouchables even for the sake of winning the freedom of India. I claim myself, in my own person, to represent the vast mass of the Untouchables.... I claim that I would get, if there was a referendum, their vote, and that I would top the poll. If I was the only person to resist this thing I would resist it with my life."

On September 20, he carried out his pledge. He began his "fast unto death" with all India at his bedside. The scene under the mango tree in a court-yard of his prison recalled to some observers the affecting death of Socrates. The fast lasted six days, and was only interrupted, when Gandhi was in his last extremity, by the signature of a pact between the Hindu Moderate, and Depressed Classes leaders promising joint efforts for the removal of the stigma of untouchability, and granting to the representatives of the Untouchables a generous reservation of seats in the Hindu section of the Indian legislature.

But more important than the political results of the fast were its moral consequences. In Northern and Eastern India hundreds of temples hitherto closed to Untouchables were opened to them. A great wave of reconciliation overran the most bigoted sections of the Hindu community. There were moving demonstrations of fellow-feeling between Hindus of high caste and the hitherto despised outcastes. Some of the Indian princes publicly set an example of generosity. And an equal spirit of tolerance and magnanimity was shown, in the arduous negotiations which led to the Yeravda Pact, by the bitter and suspicious Dr. Ambedkar, hitherto the most uncompromising of the Untouchable leaders in his resentment against the caste Hindus.

The fast for the removal of untouchability ended, for the time being, the political phase of Gandhi's career. Since his release from prison, which occurred a few months after the end of the fast, he has devoted himself to propaganda for the Untouchables in the more backward and bigoted regions of India. His political influence has naturally suffered by this neglect. And even his immense prestige as moral leader has not protected him from opposition, insult, and even

physical assault in districts of Southern India which he has visited on his self-imposed mission to reform Hinduism from within.

For his bitterest enemies are the fanatical upholders of that religious system to which he clings, rationalist, practical reformer, the very reverse of mystical as he is; to which he adheres with a stubborn, blind, and unreasoning affection. The strange and bewildering paradox of Gandhi is that in many things he is more European than Indian, he who never ceases to denounce the West and the materialistic philosophy of the West. He is no greater riddle to us than to his fellow-countrymen. His insistence on a return to the primitive, anti-mechanical feudalism of mediæval India perturbs and antagonizes many of his followers. He is regarded as reactionary, a friend and partisan of the princes, by many young men in India who have drunk of the pure milk of the gospel of Marx. For all his love of the *Bhagavad Gita* and the *Vedas,* for all his passionate eulogy of Hinduism, he is secretly disdained and sometimes openly denounced as a heretic by the high priests of the temples of Krishna and Shiva. The Bolshevists have as much regard for the primitive Christian doctrines of Tolstoy as the Oxford-trained young intellectuals of the new generation in India display for the mild, love-preaching Mahatma.

Tradition demands that the paradox shall be pursued to the end. The culmination of his career is not yet in sight. His star, momentarily under an eclipse, has not yet traced its final course in the Indian skies. The fate of India is confused and uncertain. Gandhi's own future is dark. Until light dawns, his followers are void of counsel and scan the heavens in despair, while in his meek composure the Mahatma questions and communes with his God.

# HIS HIGHNESS THE AGA KHAN

H. C. Armstrong

So broad and deep is the gulf fixed between East and West that rarely in history has an Oriental come out of the East and made for himself a position in the West. Rarer still has any Oriental stood astride that gulf and become a power in both East and West at the same time. To this generalizaton Mohammed Shah, known today as the Aga Khan, is an exception.

His position is unique, singular, even bizarre and paradoxical. In the West he is a rich financier, a social figure in London and on the Riviera, a well-known owner of race-horses, and a politician listened to with respect in London, Geneva, and Paris.

In the East he is a religious potentate, whose powers are immense and mysterious. In Persia, Arabia, and throughout India, in Asia from the Gobi Desert to Khurasan, Afghanistan and Syria, in Africa from Tripoli to the Central Lakes, in Zanzibar, and in the Malay States tens of millions of Moslems look to him as their spiritual and political head. They believe him to be half divine, the living Imam, the Leader, descended from Mohammed the Prophet. They treat his word as law and his most casual utterances as divine inspirations.

He has no physical force behind him, no army or police. He does not rule a square mile of territory; his palace is an ordinary house in Mazgaon, a suburb of Bombay. And yet from there he issues decrees, which though they have no force except from his moral authority are none the less implicitly obeyed half across the world. From Central Africa to far north in Asia the poorest and the most unruly tribesmen carry out his orders without hesitation, and pay tribute to him without question. One weapon he has, and that is the power of excommunication. His authority rests on his position as the hereditary Imam, or Leader, of the Ismailians.

After the death of Mohammed the Prophet, Islam was split into two great sects, the Shiahs and the Sunnis. The leader of the Shiahs was Ali, the husband of Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed. The Shiahs in turn split into subsects; one of these followed Ismail, the son of Jaffer Sadik, a descendant of Ali, and they were known as the

Ismailians. The Aga Khan is the heir of Ismail and thus the hereditary Imam of the Ismailians.

Of all the sects of Islam, the Ismailians are the most heterodox and the most mysterious. Though devout Moslems, they break many of its accepted conventions. Islam forbids usury. This had prevented Moslems from trading, but some of the Ismailians, especially in Bombay and Zanzibar, are not only traders and merchants but bankers also, for they maintain that the taking of a reasonable profit is not usury but legitimate trade. The Koran is sacrosanct in every word, but the Ismailians interpret it contrary to the usual practice. While other Moslems maintain that the keeping of the Fast of Ramazan and the performance of the Pilgrimage to Mecca at least once in a lifetime is a pious necessity for salvation, the Ismailians consider that, though fasting has been ordered, the Koran gives no injunction for Ramazan. Again and again during the last thousand years they have evolved strange and even monstrous societies. Their beliefs are full of mysterious and occult philosophies which are hard to discover and harder to define. For many centuries their stronghold was Persia, and there lived the ancestors of the Aga Khan.

The family had a stormy history and it produced many exceptional men. One of them, Hasan Ali Zakaria-salam, was elected Grand Master of the Secret Order, which was known to Europe in the Middle Ages as that of the "Assassins."

This Order was an offshoot of the Ismailians. Their headquarters were far up the inaccessible mountains of Persia in a valley known as the Alamut, or "The Eagle's Nest," and its members were bound by vows of absolute obedience to the Grand Master.

Zakaria-salam used the Order to destroy his enemies. He sent the members out to murder, with dagger and poison, kings, governors of provinces, and generals commanding armies, and so efficiently did he organize his followers and with such fanaticism did he inspire them that they became a terror and menace to all men until Hulagu decided to destroy them, and invading Persia took Alamut, slaughtered the Assassins, and with them many of the Ismailians. Of those who were left some fled to India and settled in Sind, while the Grand Master escaped to Egypt.

Even in exile the family showed its worth, for one member became Caliph in Egypt, and when three hundred years later they returned to Persia they quickly reëstablished their old position. The Assassins by then had long since become a mere memory, but the Ismailians had increased in numbers, and they still revered the heirs of Zakaria-salam as their Imam.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, Mohammed Hasan, the Imam of that time, married the daughter of the Shah of Persia and

was made Governor of the great province of Mehelate and as Lord of Mehelate he received the title of Aga Khan.

When the Shah died, Mohammed Hasan claimed the throne of Persia, but he was defeated by a rival claimant and fled to India where he settled in Bombay. He was the grandfather of Mohammed Shah, the present Aga Khan.

Mohammed Shah was brought up as an Oriental of Orientals in his grandfather's house in Mazgaon. From his grandfather he inherited much of his character and the ideas which were to govern his life.

The old man was shrewd and had a considerable capacity for business. His followers in Bombay were mainly Hindu merchants who had been converted to Islam and were known as Kojas, or merchant gentry. With their help he rapidly became rich. He was a great lover of sport of all kinds, especially horse-racing, and would drive down in fine style from Mazgaon to the race-course in a coach and four, taking his small grandson with him. He had an immense pride in his own people, the Ismailians, and worked for them and believed that his own interests and theirs were best served by the British suzerainty in India, so that more than once he collected his followers and fought for the British both in Afghanistan and in Sind. For a man in his position and with his traditions he was singularly without bigotry. Much honored and respected he died full of years. His son outlived him only a short time and in 1885, at the age of eight, Mohammed Shah became the Aga Khan.

With his grandfather's death the environment of the young Aga Khan became even more completely Oriental, for his mother supervised his upbringing. She was a Persian princess of very strict and decided views, and, while she allowed him an Englishman among his teachers, she saw to it that his education was a blend of Indian and Persian.

The boy was naturally quick and intelligent so that he progressed quickly, especially in mathematics and literature. He learned languages easily, and since he had a good memory he could soon quote with equal fluency from Shakespeare and from Hafiz, the greatest of the Persian poets. He grew up rapidly and by the time he was sixteen he had begun to handle his own affairs and to take his place as the Imam.

As he grew up he lived in great style, with his stables full of horses and an army of servants, as his grandfather had lived before him. When he visited his followers in Poona, Karachi, and Sind he traveled as on a regal progress, and when he married his cousin, Shahzada, he entertained in a manner worthy of a grandee of India. The festivities were held in Poona. Outside the walls was set up a city of tents to accommodate twenty thousand guests. Dancing girls, jugglers, performing

bears, all the circus world of India, were brought to Poona to amuse them, and when he had fêted them royally the Aga Khan sent them away with rich presents.

Like his grandfather he worked always for the Ismailians, and also for all the Moslems of India.

Everywhere the Hindus were collecting power and wealth into their hands. They were vastly in the majority in numbers and while the Moslems were apathetic and refused to do their share, the Hindus took full and active part on all occasions in public life so that they dominated the municipal and village councils. They were more capable, educated, and intelligent than the Moslems and with no prejudices against trade or usury. They were rapidly becoming the capitalists, while the Moslems were being forced down into being laborers and unskilled workers.

From this fate the Aga Khan set to work to save his people. They must overcome this prejudice for trade, he said, and they must come out into the open and compete with the Hindus. Their first need was education. Education was the burden of all he preached and taught. They must educate themselves and their children. He opened schools. He made liberal donations to the funds for the foundation of a Moslem College at Aligarh, and gave freely in support of the Anjuman schools and the Prince of Wales School of Science in Bombay. He headed a delegation to Lord Minto, the Viceroy, asking for more facilities and opportunities in public life for Moslems.

"My word to my co-religionists in India is," he said on one occasion, "concentrate on the University [at Aligarh], carry it on at once to the stage of inauguration, so that we may have a clear road to develop primary, secondary, commercial, and technical education."

He endeavored to heal the quarrels between Moslem and Moslem, between Sunni and Shiah. When three Shiahs, who had turned Sunnis, were murdered by his followers, he excommunicated the murderers and laid a ban on their villages which the whole community obeyed. He helped to create the All-Indian Moslem League so as to unite Moslems into this one body to defend their interests. Looking farther he saw that the Ottoman Empire had ceased to be the center of Islam, and he believed that India would take its place.

With these ends in view he worked with steady enthusiasm, championing the Moslems in all things so that by the time he was thirty he was recognized as a rising leader in new India.

His position, despite his upbringing, made the Aga Khan essentially more international than parochial Indian. He had to journey continuously in order to keep in touch with and to handle the affairs of his followers scattered over two continents, so that he had already been

in the Malay States, Egypt, Uganda, Kenya, and Zanzibar; he had also visited the Sultan in Stambul.

His interests expanded beyond India and even beyond the East. Europe with its wealth and power attracted him. He travelled in Italy, France, England, and Germany, absorbing new ideas and learning new ways. He stayed with Queen Victoria at Windsor. He was the guest of the Kaiser in Berlin and he attended the Coronation of Edward VII in London.

More and more he visited England and remained for long periods. He entered into English life and took up tennis, golf, and boxing. His exclusive Indian outlook disappeared, so that he became more cosmopolitan, and looked at Indian and Moslem problems as from the outside.

He resigned from the Presidency of the All-Indian Moslem League, giving as one of his reasons that he had many financial and other interests in other countries and must be frequently abroad. He divorced Shahzada and married an Italian lady, Theresa, by whom he had a son whom he called Ali Khan.

As had his grandfather he looked on British rule as the best for India as a whole, and certainly as the best safeguard of the interests of the Moslem minority in India.

"We have," he said on one occasion, comparing British rule in India with the tyranny of Sultan Abdul Hamid in Turkey, "the advantage of living under a government which administers justice evenly between rich and poor and between persons of different breed and class; and we enjoy complete freedom to devise plans for the amelioration of our people."

And again:

"What we must do is to raise our people of India to the level of the Anglo-Saxon."

India was already seething with unrest, but the Aga Khan remained steadily loyal to the British. When the World War was declared he at once telegraphed to Ismailians in all countries urging them to stand by the British, and he himself offered to serve as a private soldier, since, having no military training, he had no claim to be an officer.

The British Government did not accept his offer, but they needed his help, for Turkey had joined Germany, and as Caliph of Islam the Sultan of Turkey had summoned all Moslems to fight the English and the French.

The British needed an Indian Moslem of importance to counterpoise the Sultan and they chose the Aga Khan. They increased his rank and importance by making him a Ruling Prince and giving him a salute of eleven guns. They frequently consulted him and sometimes followed his advice, and they gave him an established and accepted position in the West.

Throughout the war he traveled continuously, making patriotic speeches. He enlisted many thousands of volunteers, collected funds, and effectively helped to counter the propaganda of the Turks and the Germans in India, Africa, and Arabia.

In the troubled years after the war he was torn between his two allegiances. He still believed in the British but he strongly disapproved of British policies in the East.

The British had decided to humble Turkey and to reduce the importance of the Sultan and the Caliph of Stambul, to keep control of Iraq and Palestine, to garrison Persia and the Caucasus; and to carry out these extensive schemes they proposed to use the troops of the Indian Army.

To all these the Aga Khan was opposed. He considered these ambitions to be imperialism gone mad. Turkey, the Sultan, and the Caliph were stabilizing elements in the world, he said; and they ought to be strengthened. Persia and the Caucasus ought to be evacuated: to garrison them was a foolish adventure. Iraq and Palestine ought to be left to themselves; they would best work out their own salvation. To use Indian troops outside India on work that was of no value to India would, he maintained, create disloyalty and dissatisfaction.

Though disagreeing with the British policies he was not prepared to go into open and active hostility, but he attended the Peace Conference and used all his influence at Versailles and Lausanne; he wrote articles and protests to the English newspapers and put his views before members of the Cabinet in London.

He was, at that time, severely criticized on all sides. Many people in England considered him haphazard, neglectful of his responsibilities and duties to his own country, and as one who had come out of his own sphere and was meddling in what did not concern him. They resented his attitude to British policy and especially that he championed the Turks.

The Turks, on the other hand, resented what they considered to be his interfering in their domestic affairs.

Even more criticism came from India. Through India and all the East there was a fierce reaction against the West, and the Moslems accused the Aga Khan of being obsessed with Europe and its material supremacy, of being carried away by the glamour of the power and wealth of the Christians, of spending his time and money in empty frivolities and of living in a manner unbecoming a Moslem and an Indian, while his people suffered and he neglected their interests. Some even of the Ismailians became rebellious and broke away from him.

But the Aga Khan stood his ground. India and Europe, he maintained, were interdependent. Neither could live without the other. The old times of isolation and hostility were past. He retained his European

connections and he expanded and consolidated them. He invested his money in big financial concerns in America and Europe and with such skill that he became rapidly richer. He established racing stables in England and France, bred horses successfully on his own theories, raced regularly and won many of the classic races, including the Derby. He studied European philosophy and political science. When his Italian wife died after an operation for peritonitis he married a Mademoiselle Carron, a French girl from Aix-les-Bains, and bought a villa at Antibes on the Riviera where he went frequently in the spring.

At the same time he returned often to India, and there he was needed, for the country was writhing with discord and unrest. During the war the British had promised the Indians self-government. The Indians demanded that self-government at once; but the British were only prepared to give it cautiously and step by step so that feeling was bitter between them and there was revolt and attempts at revolution.

Into this turmoil the Aga Khan went as a steadying influence. India must be a Federation of States but remain a unit with the British Empire, was his policy.

"All my life," he said, "I have been a convinced and serious believer in the importance, not only to Great Britain and to India, but also to mankind and to civilization at large, of strengthening the links which unite India to the British Empire. I believe in the development and growth of India into a vast, self-governing and free Asiatic Dominion, attached to Great Britain and the other Dominions by the ties of a common sovereignty and flag, and by a community of political, economic, and intellectual interests."

But his duty to his own people in this crisis was his first call. Already the British were transferring powers from themselves to the Indians, and the constitution of the India of the future was being worked out and established. The Moslems were still in a minority. Of the three hundred and fifty millions of people in India not more than seventy-five millions were Moslems, and they were poor and split up into religious sects and by political rivalries. If they were not to be swamped by the Hindus they must demand their share of power now and at once and before it was too late. He worked night and day to unite them into one body and then to collect round them all the minorities, which would total a hundred and forty millions and so make a counterpoise to the Hindus. Gradually by his personality he won his way.

Absorbed in his work his character changed. He ceased to be the dilettante and social cosmopolitan and became a statesman with a purpose; he developed a keen and balanced judgment, and a knowledge of human character. He showed courage and determination, and that he

could bend and use others to his ends without appearing to domineer or order them.

At the Round Table Conference in London in 1930, where the problems of India were discussed in full, he was accepted as the leader not only of the Ismailians but of the Indian Moslems as a whole, and the outstanding man of all the Indian delegates. In 1932, and since, he has represented India at the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference, and he is today an established international personage, speaking with authority for a great section of the East on terms of equality and direct to the West.

The Aga Khan has achieved the rare feat of standing astride the gulf between East and West, and establishing a high position in both.

He is an Oriental of Orientals by birth, upbringing, position, sentiment, and outlook. As they revered his forefathers, so tens of millions of Orientals revere him as all but divine, obey his decrees, and pay him tribute. Today, as a hundred years ago, that tribute is collected from Central Africa, from the Malay States, and from the most distant villages in Inner Asia. It is sent in unsealed leather bags slung across mules and camels through jungles and vast steppes, over great mountains inhabited by the most lawless tribes in the world. It is unguarded and yet, year by year, it arrives safely at the house in Mazgaon, for even the criminals dare not loot the property of the Aga Khan, of the living Imam of the Ismailians, so feared is his power and so revered the sanctity of his office.

Yet, whereas in the East his authority is by divine right and inherited, in the West he has created a position for himself by his own efforts and his own personality. He is an influential financier, a social figure welcome at Buckingham Palace and in the great country houses of England and France, and above all he is the spokesman and the outstanding leader of the Moslems of India.

Soon there will be great and dramatic changes in India. The Moslems demand to be heard and to be given their joint share in the government of the India of tomorrow. The Aga Khan speaks for them and hence his work lies not in the past, which has been a period of preparation, but in the possibilities, and those possibilities are tremendous, of the future.

# PABLO PICASSO

Herbert Read

IT is possible that no other painter in the whole of history has, during his lifetime, aroused so much interest and discussion as Pablo Picasso. A recent bibliography of books and articles written about him contains two hundred items, and that is not exhaustive. It is possible, too, that no painter has ever exercised such a universal influence on the art of his time. This, as we shall see, is partly due to an "internationalizing" quality in the art he practices, and it is possible to argue that such a width of appeal, such eclecticism, as we say, is only gained at the cost of some other quality hitherto thought more essential. Picasso is not the first artist to shuffle out of the skin he was born in; artists in general have been rather prone to change their domicile. But such artists—an El Greco in Spain or a Holbein in England—have usually become in some degree naturalized, and have even, as in the case of El Greco, become exponents of some subtle aspect of the spirit of their adopted countries which hitherto had never been so well felt and expressed. When Picasso left Spain to settle in France, he did not become a Frenchman, but he ceased to be a Spaniard; he became a citizen of the world or, in the sense of that phrase, an artist of the world.

Pablo Picasso was born at Malaga on October 25, 1881. His mother was an Italian, and it is her name that Picasso eventually adopted. His father, Ruiz Blasco, was a drawing-master, and early taught Picasso the rudiments of the art. The family moved from Malaga to Pontevedra, to La Coruña, and finally to Barcelona, where, at the age of fourteen, Picasso entered the School of Fine Arts. But his talent was already of a prodigious virtuosity, and there still exist paintings done by him at this age which have all the sureness of a master's hand. After a year at the Barcelona school, Picasso passed to the principal school of art in Spain at Madrid. In 1900 he made his first journey to Paris, and there, in the following year, he held his first exhibition. It was an immediate success. In 1903 Picasso definitely took up his residence in Paris.

Up to this time, and until 1906, Picasso's work shows a certain

consistency. It is usual to distinguish a "Blue Period" lasting until 1904, and a "Rose Period" lasting until 1906, but this is merely a distinction based on the predominant coloring of his paintings, and has no justification in method or form of composition. All his early work is manifestly traditional; that is to say, one can trace in it the influence of the great Spanish masters—Zurbaran, even Velasquez, and certainly Goya (as in the magnificent portrait of the Señora Ricard Canals in the Museum of Catalonian Art, Barcelona); and sometimes mingled with this strain, sometimes separate, the influence of the French Impressionists and Post-impressionists—the influence of Manet and Degas, and above all of Toulouse-Lautrec. The influence of Cézanne is not at first very decisive, but probably Picasso had not seen any of Cézanne's work before he first came to Paris in 1900, and may not have seen it in any quantity until 1903. Over the whole of this period the influence of Toulouse-Lautrec would seem to have been the most decisive. It shows itself above all in a predilection for the same subject-matter—types and genre-subjects from the music-halls, circuses and bars of Barcelona and Paris. Both in color and composition these paintings betray a psychological emphasis which some critics have not hesitated to call sentimental; and since there is a suggestion that the subsequent development of Picasso's style is in some sense a mask for this sentimentality, we must ask what such a criticism really implies.

Sentimentality is a desperate word to hurl at an artist of any kind, and nowadays we are all so sensitive about it, that the charge is very liable to produce inhibitions and distortions. We should, therefore, be quite clear what we mean by the word. It always implies some disproportion between an emotion and its cause. It is not suggested, for example, that the emotion of love is in itself sentimental; it only becomes sentimental when an object is unworthy of the kind and degree of love lavished upon it, as in the case of the English love of animals. Such a misapplication of love is due to a defect of judgment, and generally we may say that sentimentality is the display of emotion unchecked by rational judgment. Sentimental art in this sense is art which arouses these unchecked emotions, either directly or by association (any dog by Landseer, almost any Academy picture). Certainly some of Picasso's early pictures, those, for example, of blind men, and a well-known one, in the Chicago Art Institute, of an "Old Guitarist," come within range of this charge. The point to determine in any such case is, first, the validity of the emotion expressed, and secondly, the æsthetic worth of the expression. If the æsthetic worth is *nil*, the question need not be discussed. If the æsthetic worth is considerable, as in the case of the "Old Guitarist," then the only question is to what degree does the sentiment of the picture interfere with our æsthetic enjoyment. And that is probably a question for the individual;

the normal person, I think, can stand a good deal of irrelevant sentiment, and even downright sentimentality, if the design and color of the picture are of sufficient interest. But actually the question is more often than not automatically canceled; for the great artist tends to become so absorbed in the purely æsthetic meaning of his picture, that he grows jealous of this subsidiary sentimental interest, and gradually excludes it. This may not be true of all periods of art, but it is certainly true of modern art. Picasso, in this respect, merely repeats the development of Turner, Cézanne, or Matisse. Only the change, in his case, has a somewhat apocalyptic suddenness.

The years 1906-7 are sometimes called the "Negro Period," and here and there, in the paintings and drawings of this time, one can trace the influence, more or less direct, of Negro sculpture, the artistic qualities of which were then becoming recognized. But such influences are completely absorbed in the general tendency towards abstraction of which Picasso was henceforth to be the leader. In a large canvas always discussed in books about Picasso, "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," *tableau capital de l'œuvre de Picasso,* painted in 1906-7, we have a broad flat design made up of five nudes and their fluttering draperies. The lines of their bodies and the folds of the draperies are angularized; the background and shadows are intensified to emphasize this geometric effect; the faces of the young ladies are a rather incongruous assembly of Negro masks. Apart from these masks, there is a complete disappearance of what I have called a psychological appeal, and even in the masks that appeal is disintegrating. The subject is meant to shock rather than to attract. But such a picture is only a transitional piece; more significant, for the future, are a series of still-lifes painted during 1907 and 1908, in which we see a patient simplification of the forms, tending towards an almost complete geometrization. In 1909 the process was applied to the human form. The logical end of this process was complete abstraction, and this logic Picasso accepted.

The process was, of course, inherent in the practice of Cézanne, who had conceived the art of painting as the art of giving permanence and solidity to the evanescent impressions of visual experience. Instead of catching the shimmering surface of appearances, the momentary effects of light and movement, Cézanne sought to reveal a permanent reality, to feel nature as eternal, and in this attempt he arrived, almost unconsciously, at something like a geometrization of objects; nature, he said, could be resolved into the cylinder, the sphere, and the cone. But that effect, with Cézanne, was a by-product of his primary aim, which was still to realize his sensations of natural phenomena; Picasso, though he may have begun with a similar aim, and though some of his early cubist paintings succeed exactly as Cézanne's succeeded, carried the process a stage farther. He found

that the cylinder, the sphere, and the cone were satisfactory objects in themselves, and that out of such elements he could construct a design which conveyed all the purely æsthetic appeal inherent in any painting.

Though such a literal interpretation was novel, actually the theory that justifies such a step had been current for some time. Without, on this occasion, referring to its presence in Plato, let me quote a paragraph from an essay written in England in 1877:

> Art, then, is thus always striving to be independent of the mere intelligence, to become a matter of pure perception, to get rid of its responsibilities to its subject or material; the ideal examples of poetry and painting being those in which the constituent elements of the composition are so welded together, that the material or subject no longer strikes the intellect only; nor the form, the eye or the ear only; but form and matter, in their union or identity, present one single effect to the "imaginative reason," that complex faculty for which every thought and feeling is twin-born with its sensible analogue or symbol.

Pater, from whose essay on "The School of Giorgione" this passage comes, has been so persistently misrepresented and misunderstood, that perhaps it is a mistake to resuscitate his theory, with all its melancholy aftermath of "art for art's sake." One does so in justice to Pater, and because his expression of the theory is not likely to be bettered. It is true that events since Pater's time have given a very different complexion to the theory, and probably he would not countenance the application we are now making. But theories, when they are logically incontrovertible, have the power of running away from their authors, and reaping whatever comes into their path. At the end of many centuries of critical consideration, and in virtue of a vast amount of accumulated wisdom, there seems no avoiding the conclusion, that if we are to keep our æsthetic judgments, whether in poetry, painting, or music, clear of all irrelevant facts, then those judgments must be based on the operative sensibilities, and on those sensibilities alone. No criticism that is not a criticism of form and technique has ever advanced any of the arts a single step. Shakespeare may be called a typical Elizabethan, but this is a quality he shares with many other individuals, some of whom were even more essentially Elizabethan; but Shakespeare's poetry is exempt from any such temporal limitation, and it is mere sophistry to try to explain Shakespeare as a product of the social forces of his time. It is the quality of genius to transcend its environment. One might legitimately speak of the social *control* of art, or even of the social *use* of art; but never of the social origin of art. Art is autonomous.

This distinction does not rest merely on a flimsy basis of theory;

nor on the narrow basis of modern art. Any sensibility that extends its range beyond the Renaissance in Europe, and is open to the appeal of Byzantine art, of Oriental art, of African art, of Palæolithic art—indeed, of art wherever and whenever it issues from the clear perceptions and instinctive expressions of man, is bound to exclude all but the purely æsthetic criteria. It is merely gross ignorance of the facts involved that allows any one to regard the history of art as a process of evolution ending in a particular ideal of beauty; it may be equally erroneous to regard history in general as a process of evolution tending towards the perfectibility of man. An æsthetic appeal is by its very nature a subjective appeal, and people who cannot trust their subjective judgments should give up trying to be critics of poetry or painting, and take to politics or theology. Artists, when left alone, have never done the State any harm—any more than mathematicians, chess-players, or acrobats. It is only when politicians and theologians make art the instrument of their policies that art is defamed and the truth confounded.

It was necessary to make this protest because there is a persistent attempt to associate an artist like Picasso with doctrines that inflame the political passions of deans and money-lenders; the fact being that no one is more oblivious of those doctrines than an artist like Picasso. The art of Picasso has no implications outside the studio; it is as non-significant as the music of Bach or Mozart; as pure as the poetry of Racine or Mallarmé. It is wholly concentrated, to quote Pater again, in "that inventive or creative handling of pure line and color which ... is quite independent of anything definitely poetical in the subject it accompanies."

Picasso's aim has always been to extend the material of the artist, to overcome the limitations of the normal equipment of the painter. From 1913 to 1915 he experimented in *papiers collés,* that is to say, in designs made up of colored and printed papers, gummed on to a canvas or board, sometimes completed with details in oil or pencil. On the basis of these experiments we then have a series of paintings which create designs of a much more complicated structure and more varied texture. These were painted intermittently with a series of so-called neo-classic pictures, in which Picasso returns to a figurative or representational mode of painting, with classical themes as his subject-matter. Especially in the form of drawings and etchings, these exercises are strongly reminiscent of Greek vase paintings, or the engraved designs on Greek and Etruscan mirror-backs. Occasionally the themes are modern, as in the portraits of his wife and child, and in the drawings of his friends and contemporaries, such as Stravinsky and Ansermet.

About 1925 Picasso began to paint a new type of abstraction,

which calls for an entirely new theory of explanation. Such a theory is only offered to those who need an intelligent excuse for their æsthetic perceptions. Æsthetically, there is no difference between any of the forms art assumes, as Picasso himself has said. The only important distinction is that between nature and art, and once that distinction has been made, on the evidence of all art whatsoever, then the only difference between one form of art and another is the degree of conviction which it carries. "From the point of view of art, there are no concrete or abstract forms, but only forms which are more or less convincing lies. That these lies are necessary for our spiritual being is beyond any doubt, because with them we form our æsthetic image of the world."

This statement is taken from an interview which Picasso gave to a German art critic, Paul Westheim. The book in which it was published ("Künstlerbekenntnisse," Berlin, Propyläen Verlag) bears no date, but from internal evidence it would seem that the interview was given before 1925, that is to say, before the decisive change in Picasso's style already mentioned took place. But in this interview there is another statement of great psychological interest, which seems almost to anticipate the new style. He says he cannot understand why so much importance is attached to the word "research" in modern painting. Painting has nothing to do with seeking, but is concerned only with finding. "Among the many sins charged against me, none has less justification than that which says the spirit of research is the most important element in my work. When I paint, I set about to indicate what I have found, and not what I am seeking. In art, to will is not enough. As we say in Spain: Love is proved by facts, not by reasons. What a man does is all that counts, not what he intends to do.

"We all know that art is not truth. Art is a lie that enables us to recognize the truth—at least, such truth as is given to us to understand. The artist must know the ways and means of convincing others of the truthfulness of his lies. When his art only indicates that he has sought or investigated the best means of persuading other people to accept his lies, then nothing is achieved.

"The idea of investigation has often led painting into error and forced the artist into fruitless lucubrations. This is perhaps the main fault of modern art. The spirit of inquiry has poisoned all those who do not fully grasp the positive and fundamental elements of modern art, for it has led them to wish to paint the invisible and therefore the unpaintable."

At first this statement seems to be a complete denial of Picasso's practice during the last nine years. But all depends on what he means by the act of seeing. We see outwardly and represent the apparent nature of things; and we see inwardly and represent the world of the

imagination. The mistake is to think, in the manner of the Impressionists and of Cézanne, that there exists a more exact or more scientific mode of vision, which it is the business of the artist to exploit. Picasso's meaning is made quite clear in a later statement, reported by M. Zervos in "Cahiers d'Art," 1932. *"Je vois pour les autres,"* that is say, as an artist he sees things which other people cannot see—he has visions, as we say, *"apparitions soudaines qui s'imposent à moi."* He does not know in advance what he is going to put on the canvas, nor does he decide what colors to use. He does not will to do anything, he does not seek to do anything. He allows his sensibilities a free rein, paints in a trance—a trance which has all the acuteness, the visual definiteness of dreams. His only care is to be faithful to what is given, to what is found, to paint what he sees.

Those who are familiar with the paintings done by Picasso in this latest phase of his career will find any verbal description of them very inadequate, but in the absence of illustrations, and in a book which is intended for a large public, many of whom will have had no opportunity of seeing the originals, I must make some attempt to differentiate them from the normal type of abstract painting. The normal conception of an abstract picture is comparatively simple: it is the disposition, on a plane surface, of lines and colors in an æsthetically pleasing pattern. Logically, no further definition is necessary. The pattern may have some more or less remote relation to objects, but such a relationship is not necessary. The painting, like an Eastern carpet, is a decorative design within a rectangular frame. As such it is completely justified as decorative art, but art gains an additional force if it expresses a subjective reaction to the objects of perception—if the artist adopts, as it were, an attitude of intellectual love towards the world of his creation. The transition from the decorative to the creative is not easy to explain in general terms: in Picasso's case it is all the more difficult because it involves a renunciation of the will and a surrender to the unconscious.

The later pictures of Picasso differ from his pure abstractions in that they do definitely represent "something." This something is often a strangely distorted female form; heads incomprehensibly interlocked or dislocated; swollen forms in which one can still distinguish a stretched mouth, an occluded eye; vague rhythmical shapes which can still be identified as a monstrous bust, a branch of leaves, a bowl of fruit, a guitar; gigantic sculptural figures built up with misshapen bones, or of bones with some complex function, like the bones of the ear; forms fœtal and nightmarish, actual and vital. The colors in these compositions are clear and strident; the compositon usually simple and architectural. More recently, as if not satisfied with the limitations of paint and canvas, Picasso has begun to model such conceptions in

plaster, to cast them in bronze, to construct them in metals and any materials at hand.

Such works of art cannot be rationally explained without some theory of the unconscious origin of imagery. In the state in which he admittedly paints these pictures, Picasso is obviously in the condition of day-dreaming, perhaps a condition of self-hypnosis. Apart from any æsthetic considerations, the value of such art will depend on the significance of the imagery which he brings to the surfaces and transfers directly to his canvas. What can be affirmed, on the evidence of many people who have seen such paintings, is that their imagery has a very haunting quality. Whatever the nature of the vitality expressed by Picasso, it has an undoubted power of fascination. I do not think the purely æsthetic qualities in the paintings—their color harmonies and formal arrangement—can be dismissed as unimportant in the total effect. Picasso is too essentially an artist ever to betray his innate talent for form and color, and I should say that this talent is all the surer for being exercised under purely instinctive conditions.

The important qualification to make about such art—for Picasso's example in this respect as in all others has been quickly followed by a host of imitators—is that it should be involuntary. To will is not enough. Conscious research is fatal. The artist must paint what he finds; he must not seek for something he has not found. Not many artists are capable of observing those conditions; for they are the conditions of the rarest form of inspiration. "The Genius of Poetry," wrote Keats, "must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself." That is true of all the arts, and Picasso, more abundantly than any of his contemporaries, has been creative, even to the extent of creating the art he practices.

Though he has extended the possible world of art, and brought within its scope material that was never thought of before, yet it is important to remember that Picasso retains all his previous conquests. The idea of an evolution in Picasso's art is, as he has declared, quite foreign to its nature. Extension is more than development. Everything Picasso creates comes from the same center, a vital genius for all modes of plastic expression; even when, in the midst of painting the specters of his unconscious intuition, he turns aside and makes a drawing which in grace and sensibility and objective truth not Ingres nor Raphael could excel. Every mode of expression is valid, and each is the man, who is to be accepted in all the fullness and complexity of his genius.

# LORD RUTHERFORD, O.M., F.R.S.

J. G. Crowther

LORD RUTHERFORD is universally recognized as the leading figure in contemporary science in Britain, and the greatest living experimental physicist. His commanding personality is plain to the spectator. He has the powerful figure of a New Zealand farmer, a strong voice, and, as Niels Bohr has written, "unique energy." These qualities are obvious to those who know nothing of his scientific work. A very little acquaintance with him reveals that he has talents in a degree not found in ordinary men. The deepest impression made by an acquaintance with his personality and his work is of the presence of a blazing intellectual fire, of the magnitude that burned in Æschylus. The qualities of these creators are similar in many ways. Both worked in the grand style. Dr. Karl T. Compton, the president of the famous Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has described how, during the war in 1914, he was charged with arranging the demonstration of a French device for locating submarines, for the benefit of British and American scientists engaged in the same problem. Rutherford was one of the British experts. He sent word by the late Professor Bumstead that he would be delayed in attending the demonstration through the necessity of completing certain laboratory experiments in which he thought he had split hydrogen nuclei into two parts. "If this is true," he said, "its ultimate importance is far greater than that of the war." Dr. Compton relates: "With true scientific caution, however, he asked us to keep this matter confidential, since he was not yet sure of his interpretation. This caution was justified, for his subsequent work showed that he had not broken up hydrogen nuclei; but what he did find was equally significant: he had succeeded in knocking protons out of the nuclei of nitrogen, aluminium and various other light atoms. This was the first success attained in man's long struggle by his own efforts to change one chemical element into another."

Of far greater importance than a war! This is the Promethean voice. In their elemental simplicity and power Rutherford's scientific ideas appear torn from a nature just discovered, as Æschylus's lines in their rough heat and grandeur appear torn from a mode of human

expression just discovered. Rutherford, like Æschylus, entered history in a moment of cultural development. The phenomenon of radioactivity was discovered when he was twenty-five years old. The immense regions revealed by this discovery lay before him, and he was of the perfect age and training to explore them. Huge conceptual prizes lay for the taking by the bold entrant of these strange regions, as huge captures of expression lay before Æschylus when he invaded the realm of dialogue. The ideas of Rutherford and Æschylus are elemental and large. Their newness, size, and simplicity make them seem close, as if they were nearer to reality than the ideas of others. They are often described as the products of a sort of instinctive thought, or inspiration, different from the more consciously developed ideas of other intellectual geniuses. This is probably an illusion. The elemental thinkers work in new regions. They have to discover first the main features of a close, but strange reality. They must first be able to bring the objects round about into an intellectual focus. They have to be able to see that something exists in the strange place. The elemental thinkers are so close to their ideas that they seem almost to hold them with their hands. The ordinary thinker comes to believe that the elemental mind apprehends the truth by instinct or subconscious reasoning because he is too short-sighted to be able to bring the closest features of strange regions within his own intellectual focus. Perhaps this is the explanation of the peculiar fact that Rutherford's simple ideas are powerful, while the simple ideas of others are not. His ideas may appear simple because various aspects of them are not within ordinary intellectual view, being too close to reality. This may be the explanation why his ideas often seem to be too simple to be true, and yet extraordinarily vital.

Rutherford was born and educated in New Zealand. At the time of the conclusion of his college course the University of Cambridge innovated an important development. It decided to admit as research students graduates of other universities, whether at home or abroad. The first students admitted under this scheme were E. Rutherford from New Zealand and J. S. Townsend from Trinity College, Dublin. They arrived within a few hours of each other in October, 1895. The new regulation could not have had a more brilliant start. Rutherford began his Cambridge researches by continuing the investigation of a new method of detecting radio waves which he had discovered in New Zealand. He had found that oscillating electric currents can produce a sudden diminution in the degree of magnetization in a magnetized steel wire, and that the oscillating currents due to radio waves could be detected by the sudden changes they produced in magnetized steel wires.

Rutherford's radio detector enabled the Cavendish Laboratory for

some time to hold the long-distance record for radio detection, at the then enormous distance of two miles. Fortunately for many distinguished investigators of radio communication, Rutherford dropped this line of research, and assisted J. J. Thomson in the investigation of the conduction of electricity through gases. The X-rays had been discovered by Röntgen in the year of Rutherford's arrival at Cambridge. Rutherford has described the tremendous impression made by this discovery. The X-rays were a new sort of phenomena. They did not belong to the world of nineteenth century physics. They could do such extraordinary things. They could reveal bones within flesh and register photographs through steel. Physicists accustomed to the worn and elegantly cultivated paths of the nineteenth century ether received a psychological shock, and turned to research with a new release of energy. Among the many remarkable properties of the X-rays, their power of electrifying air was not the least. Indeed, this property has perhaps been the most momentous for science. Before the discovery of X-rays gases could not be electrified conveniently. J. J. Thomson immediately used the X-rays for promoting his studies of the conduction of electricity through gases, and engaged Rutherford in the work. In collaboration they made the knowledge of the phenomena of the electrified gases much more exact, and prepared the way to the discovery of the electron by Kaufmann, Wiechert, and J. J. Thomson, in 1897. During these three years Rutherford absorbed the learning of the Cavendish Laboratory. He became acquainted with the intellectual quality of the school of Maxwell, Rayleigh and J. J. Thomson, and was transformed into a mature scientist.

Besides revealing the path to the electron the X-rays prompted the discovery of radio-activity. After Röntgen had announced his discovery of X-rays many scientists searched for the existence of similar rays in nature. An examination of phosphorescent objects that shine in the dark was an obvious direction of inquiry. In 1896 Becquerel discovered that the heavy metal uranium emits rays capable of affecting a photographic plate through considerable thickness of material opaque to ordinary light.

In 1898, at the early age of twenty-seven years, Rutherford was appointed Macdonald Professor of Physics at McGill University in Montreal. He had the resources of a department to assist him in the investigation of any subject he chose, and he decided to study the strange phenomenon of radio-activity.

The French discoveries of radio-activity tended to view the phenomenon in the frame of chemical ideas, and to investigate it by the method by which it had been discovered, by photography. Both of these tendencies emphasized the qualitative aspects and were not suited to the inspiration of quantitative investigation. Rutherford saw

that the complicated phenomena of radio-activity could not conveniently be unraveled by the methods of the French school. He decided to develop electrical methods, as electrical measurements are generally capable of great refinement. He had already invented an excellent electrical instrument, his radio-detector, and had mastered the technique of the investigation of the electrical properties of gases, so he was well qualified to develop electrical methods for investigating radio-activity. The outcome of this devotion to radio-active research confirmed this, and also revealed that he had a most powerful and peculiarly suitable genius for investigating the new subject. The subject and the man appeared in the world together. In 1898 the Curies had discovered radium and polonium, and Schmidt the radio-activity of thorium. Scientists were dazzled by the astonishing discoveries, but the interpretation of the nature and mechanism of radio-activity remained obscure. The complication of the phenomena provoked much speculation. The French school attributed radio-activity to the atoms of the radio-active substances, but could not produce tenable explanations of how the atoms manifested this property. It was suggested, for example, that radio-active atoms have the power of condensing energy out of the ether and emitting it again as rays.

In 1900 Rutherford discovered that thorium emits an emanation, a gas which is itself radio-active. Hitherto only electrons, and unidentified rays had been found among the radiations from radio-active substances. Rutherford contended that his gas belonged chemically to the then recently discovered group of inactive gases such as helium and argon. The discovery that radio-active substances emit substantial, material bodies was the first great advance towards the discovery of the nature of the mechanism of radio-activity. If radio-active atoms emit relatively large material bodies they must be breaking up, because the condensation of energy from the ether into relatively large lumps was very improbable. Rutherford followed this success by a tremendous analytical attack on the radiations. Within a few years he made and organized an astonishing number of revealing experiments. His publications in the *Philosophical Magazine* in 1902 show a power and number quite above those of ordinary talent; his "unique energy" is in full display.

In 1899 Rutherford had shown that the radiations from uranium oxide contained two types, which he named the $\alpha$-rays and the $\beta$-rays. The $\beta$-rays consisted of electrons capable of penetrating considerable thicknesses of material and were easily deviable by magnetic fields, while the $\alpha$-rays had much less penetrating power and were not easily deviable. Subsequently, Rutherford showed that the rays could be deviated by strong magnetic fields and consisted of streams of helium atoms. It was found that a thin glass bulb when bombarded with $\alpha$-rays

gradually accumulated a content of helium detectable by the spectroscope. Later a third type of radiations, the $\gamma$-rays, similar to very penetrating X-rays, was recognized. The proof that the $\gamma$-rays are the same type as X-rays was not obtained until 1914, when Rutherford successfully applied von Laue's method of diffracting wave-radiations with crystals.

In 1902, before the nature of the $\alpha$-rays had been established, Rutherford and Soddy proposed a theory of radio-activity which successfully described the known facts, was used successfully to forecast many radio-active discoveries, and has accommodated all the facts yet discovered. In the *Philosophical Magazine* for 1902 Rutherford and Soddy described some new experiments and reviewed previous knowledge. Then they wrote: "Since, therefore, radio-activity is at once an atomic phenomenon and accompanied by chemical changes in which new types of matter are produced these changes must be occurring within the atom, and the radio-active elements must be undergoing spontaneous transformation. The results that have so far been obtained, which indicate that the velocity of this reaction is unaffected by the conditions, make it clear that the changes in question are different in character from any that have been before dealt with in chemistry. It is apparent that we are dealing with phenomena outside the sphere of known atomic forces. Radio-activity may therefore be considered as a manifestation of subatomic change."

Thus with the plainest grandeur Rutherford and Soddy described one of the greatest of human achievements, the discovery of the evolution of matter. New regions were before them and they advanced with the clearest vision and the directest confidence born of greatness. The same paragraphs are followed by the sentence: "It seems not unreasonable to hope that radio-activity ... affords the means of obtaining information of the processes occurring within the chemical atom."

The contrast of the simplicity and directness of these statements with the complication of the phenomena of radio-activity is remarkable. For instance, the activity of an isolated portion of uranium is reduced to one-half of its original value after the lapse of 4,700,000,000,000 years. The residue of disintegrated uranium is a radio-active substance whose half-life period is 24.6 days. This breaks up into one with a corresponding period of 1.15 minutes, and this into one of 2,000,000 years, and this into one of 69,000 years, and this into one of 3.85 days, and this into one of 3 minutes, and this into one of 26.8 minutes, and this into one of 19.5 minutes, and this into one of a millionth of a second, and this into one of uncertain period, and this into one of 16.5 years, and this into one of 5.0 days, and this into one of 136 days, and this into a stable element. A piece of uranium left to itself breaks up into a collection of these substances, each of which is

in itself disintegrating. All of them except the last are emitting rays of various energies and types. Consider the difficulty of dealing with a portion of substance half of which has been transmuted into another substance after the lapse of a few minutes.

Is not the confidence of the language of Rutherford and Soddy in the face of such a confusion of substances, rays and changes, extraordinary?

In 1907 Rutherford became the occupant of the Langworthy Chair of Physics at Manchester University, and in 1908, at the age of thirty-seven years, he was awarded the Nobel Prize, not for physics, as one might have expected, but for chemistry. Radio-activity at that time was still in many quarters viewed as a chemical rather than a physical phenomenon. The first great period of Rutherford's researches, concerned with the elucidation of the mechanism of radio-activity, ended. He had accomplished in the ten years between 1898 and 1908 enough to place his name among the leaders in the history of science.

The second period of his researches can be conveniently defined by the dates of his arrival and departure from Manchester, from 1907 to 1919. In this period, which proved even greater than the first, Rutherford devoted his genius to the substantiation of the hope expressed in 1902 "that radio-activity affords the means of obtaining information of the processes occurring within the chemical atom."

After establishing the theory of spontaneous disintegration of atoms as the explanation of radio-activity Rutherford started a detailed study of the three sorts of radiations, the $\alpha$-, $\beta$-, and $\gamma$-rays. He had discovered the $\alpha$-rays in 1899, and afterward always had a partiality for them. Most of their detailed characteristics were also discovered by him. They proved to be streams of atoms, or rather nuclei, of helium. They carried a positive electric charge of two units. The $\beta$-rays consisted of streams of electrons of unit negative electric charge. The differences between the two sorts of rays were great, as the helium nucleus is about eight thousand times as heavy as the electron and carries an electric charge of the opposite sign and twice the magnitude.

The idea of probing the inside of the chemical atom by rays of particles and waves had been employed with great success by J. J. Thomson, who, in 1904, had shown how the number of electrons in various atoms could be found from the way in which material consisting of such atoms scattered particles and waves projected through it. Thomson succeeded in demonstrating a series of relations between the number of electrons in an atom and its place in the periodic table of the chemical elements.

But at that time no one could conceive a satisfactory model of the structure of an atom. More data were required. Rutherford saw

that the massive and violent $\alpha$-rays might provide information not obtainable with light and easily deflected electrons. He organized a probing of atomic structure by firing $\alpha$-particles at other atoms. Some of these particles shoot right through a thin layer of material undeflected, as Lenard had observed with electrons long ago. Others emerge slightly bent from their course. A few rebound backwards. This last group provided the difficulty. Niels Bohr has related how, soon after his arrival at Manchester to work in the laboratory, Hevesy, who was already there, related to him that Rutherford had told Moseley that after all the troublesome investigations of the previous years—during which he had most faithful assistance from Geiger—one would have had quite a good notion of the behavior of an $\alpha$-ray, were it not for the return of these rays from a material surface exposed to an $\alpha$-ray bombardment. Though the number of returned particles was small, and apparently insignificant, Rutherford felt that it could not be reconciled with existing conceptions of the structure of atoms. The particles of the $\alpha$-rays are relatively massive and very energetic. What could possess the power of reversing the direction of their motion and fling them back with a comparable energy? Evidently some very substantial obstacle. Again, the $\alpha$-particles which emerged through layers of material were deflected much less than expected. This indicated that the area of the obstacle which produced the deflections was also much less than expected. It could be calculated from the size and distribution of the observed deflections and proved to be much less than the cross-section of an electron. The obstacles were at once much smaller and much heavier than electrons. In 1911 Rutherford advanced the theory that the obstacle was a nucleus within the atom. He conceived the atom as consisting of a very small nucleus containing nearly the whole of the atomic mass. This was surrounded by a number of electrons which revolved in orbits at relatively great distances from the nucleus. The electric charge on the nucleus was positive, and the number of its units of charge was equal to the number of electrons in the outer parts of the atom. The large mass and positive charge of the nucleus enabled it to repel even the very violently impinging $\alpha$-particles. Once more Rutherford proposed a great conception with the clearest simplicity and uncompromising confidence. It is difficult to believe that any other physicist of his critical judgment would have proposed such a profoundly important conception on such a small amount of evidence. Rutherford's power of extrapolating the truth, of seeing the whole meaning in partial evidence, is one of his most striking gifts. Again and again he has proposed correct theories on evidence that no other man would have perceived was sufficient. This shows that his grasp of an item of scientific fact is deeper than the grasp of other men. He is like a mountain-climber

who can use footholds that appear inadequate to others. Combined with this capacity is the power of avoiding mistakes. No major investigator made such a small percentage of mistakes; in spite of being able to use apparently inadequate footholds he did not slip. The more this combination of qualities is considered the more remarkable it appears. Further, Rutherford proposed his atomic model in defiance of the accepted laws of mechanics. It could not work according to the laws established by Newton. Eddington has remarked that Rutherford's proposal of a model that could not work according to the laws of Newtonian mechanics was perhaps the boldest in modern science.

Rutherford's conception of the atom explained at once why the physical properties of atoms, such as mass, remained so stable, why they were unaffected by chemical reactions. Chemical changes were restricted to the activities of electrons in the outer parts of the atom and did not affect its nuclear core.

The Physics Laboratory at Manchester provided one of the most wonderful scenes in the history of science. Rutherford was at the height of his genius, and his colleagues included Niels Bohr, Geiger, Moseley, Darwin, Hevesy, Chadwick. The young Danish theoretician seized on the model that explained so much and yet could not work, and sought how to make it work. Bohr succeeded in showing how the Rutherford atom could work if it behaved not according to the laws of Newtonian mechanics, but according to the laws of quantum mechanics, *i.e.* that atomic changes do not occur in continuously varying amounts, but only in finite amounts. Bohr's combination of the Rutherford model with quantum theory enabled a vast number of spectroscopical data suddenly to become explicable. He also created a philosophy of natural phenomena that provided the atmosphere in which recent theoretical researches in atomic physics were able to grow.

While his younger colleagues were blazing new ways with the conceptual material he had provided, Rutherford himself proceeded to apply his own ideas and technique in his unique manner. He found that the $\alpha$-rays, with which he had accomplished so much, could produce a peculiar effect when fired into materials containing light atoms, such as nitrogen and aluminium. Sometimes small particles could be detected in places quite beyond the range of the bombarding $\alpha$-particles. He was deeply engaged in the investigation of this phenomenon, when he became the Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge on the retirement of Sir J. J. Thomson. In Cambridge he finished the investigation, and showed that the small particles were bits from atoms of nitrogen and aluminium, which had been disintegrated by the impinging $\alpha$-particles. So, in 1919, he published the most famous of his experiments, the transmutation of an atom.

He was then forty-eight years old, and had completed two periods of major discoveries. It was difficult to believe that yet a third *major* period was to be inaugurated. In 1920 he gave the Royal Society's Bakerian Lecture. Speaking in the light of his transmutation triumph he described the state of knowledge concerning the nucleus of the atom. In this lecture he forecast the existence of the neutron and many of its properties. He said:

"The idea of the possible existence of an atom of mass, one which has zero nucleus charge (is involved). Such an atomic structure seems by no means impossible... it should be able to move freely through matter... and it may be impossible to contain it in a sealed vessel... it should enter readily the structure of atoms, and may either unite with the nucleus or be disintegrated by its intense field, resulting possibly in the escape of a charged hydrogen atom or an electron or both... the existence of such atoms seems almost necessary to explain the building up of the nuclei of heavy elements...."

The neutron was discovered in 1932 by his chief colleague, Dr. J. Chadwick. All of these passages have been proved to contain important truths.

Before the scientific world had adjusted itself to the existence of the neutron another equally great discovery was announced from the Cavendish Laboratory. Dr. J. D. Cockcroft and Dr. E. T. S. Walton accomplished the first transmutation of atoms by machinery, and without assistance of natural radio-activity. Rutherford had used the $\alpha$-particles as the projectiles for disintegrating atoms. Cockcroft and Walton devised an apparatus that could accelerate atoms to speeds which gave them an energy comparable with that of $\alpha$-particles. Their apparatus had the advantage that it could produce much greater numbers of swift particles than the small quantities of available radio-active substances. So long as radio-active substances remained the source of disintegratory rays, there was no hope of producing disintegrations on a larger scale. Apart from the deep scientific importance of learning of all the forms and conditions of atomic disintegration, there is another interest in these researches. The parts of the nuclei of atoms are bound together by enormous stores of energy. When the parts are separated some of this energy is released. Hence atomic disintegrations are accompanied by releases of atomic energy. The amount of energy released by a swift proton that disintegrates an atom of lithium is much greater than the amount possessed by the proton. At the first sight, Cockcroft and Walton would appear to have substantiated the dream of applied science, that atomic energy was made available for human uses. Unfortunately, Cockcroft's and Walton's apparatus is of no practical value for such a purpose. It is true that each proton that disintegrates an atom releases more energy

than it possesses, but in their apparatus only one out of a large number of millions of protons produces a disintegration. The total energy needed to accelerate all the protons is in fact much greater than the amount of atomic energy released by the few protons which succeed in producing a disintegration.

Atomic energy is as yet far from being available for the uses of human life. But centuries hence it will probably become available as a vast source of energy at the service of humanity, and the peoples of those future centuries will look back to Rutherford as the pioneer who led the researches which ultimately made atomic energy available.

# LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

*The (almost) Free Man*

Liddell Hart

THE title of this essay, "Lawrence of Arabia," may arouse protest in some quarters. The man most likely to object to it is T. E. Shaw (sometimes Lawrence). In spite of his efforts the appellation sticks. It has become so familiar that objections, personal or particular, seem to have little chance of erasing it, and the uselessness of the attempt might now be admitted. For the longer one reflects on the title, the more apt does it appear. Its popularity is matched by its suitability—whence its sticking power.

The most significant territorial titles have not been based on the mere possession of land. They have sprung from the association of a career with a country or place. And among such, those that are popularly conferred are likely to have more value than those that are self-chosen. Objection to the designation "of Arabia" is usually on the score that it is too extensive; that Lawrence's campaigns and travels only touched certain parts of Arabia. This is true, yet, likewise, it is only part of the truth. The ripples "touched" areas far wider than his own movements covered, and have had repercussions so wide that they cannot yet be gauged.

His purpose from the time he came on the scene was two-fold—to relieve Britain's clouded fortunes in the East by creating a new Arab lever in aid of her strategy: to free the Arabs from the Turkish yoke and to give them a fair chance of fulfilling their own aspirations. That dual purpose he brilliantly fulfilled. The ever-extending operations of the Arabs, directed by Lawrence, went far to free the British movements from past stagnation and to paralyze the Turkish. They were a vital factor in the overthrow of the Turkish armies and the British conquest of Palestine. And the tide of the Arab revolt, carried a thousand miles from Mecca to Damascus, ended in the establishment of an Arab State in Syria.

After the war, the ambitions of Britain's senior ally intervened to the detriment of her junior ally, and the French, grasping at what they had done little to gain, overthrew the new State. This breach of faith

Lawrence was powerless to avert. Yet in 1921, emerging from his Oxford retreat, he inspired and guided policy to such effect that Faisal, robbed of one kingdom by the French, was given another Iraq by the British, while his brother was also placed at the head of a new Arab State in Trans-Jordan.

By the gauge of these facts, the movement which Lawrence fostered and guided was the most important movement that had sprung from Arabia for a thousand years. That only certain parts of the Arab race took an active share in it does not affect the measure of its results. After the lapse of centuries the Arabs had again become a factor with which the world, and its politics, must reckon. In the historical sense it is, above all, because of this fresh impact of the Arab upon the European peoples that the man who was the propelling agent is rightly styled "Lawrence of Arabia."

Yet there is a deeper justification—in his own psychology. Territorial titles are most apt when, as here, they express the blend of personality with geography. The desert was in his blood. And he was one with the spirit of the desert.

He had been a wanderer from childhood, and a solitary by heredity. His father's family had been in Ireland for three hundred years, yet had never intermarried with the Irish, choosing their wives from intruders like themselves or from abroad. His mother was part English, part Scandinavian by parentage, but of Island Scottish upbringing and feeling. Love of her had led the father into self-appointed exile and poverty. Thereby T. E. was born in Wales, beneath the foothills of Snowdon, and in his first eight years sojourned in Scotland, the Isle of Man, Brittany, the Channel Islands, and Hampshire, till he came to rest—but not to find rest—at Oxford. "School was an irrelevant and time-wasting nuisance which I hated and contemned." Its formalities confined him, and its gregariousness irked him. So he spent his leisure hours and holidays in solitary pursuits—tracking the course of streams, hunting fragments of Roman and mediæval pottery, collecting brass rubbings, exploring cathedrals and castles for their architectural interest.

As a boy, he traveled over most of France on his own, becoming as expert in roof-climbing as in photography. As an undergraduate, he tramped on foot through Syria in the heat of the summer, studying the Crusaders' castles and searching for Hittite remains. Thither he returned as an apprentice to archæology in the years that remained before the war; and when the diggings at Carchemish were closed down, he wandered farther afield—through Mesopotamia, Palestine, Egypt, Asia Minor and Greece. He traveled with some native companion and paid his way by doing "odd" jobs—camel-driving, harvesting; even, once, coaling ships at Port Said. "I was always going up and down—

wherever going was cheap." "My poverty let me learn the masses, from whom the wealthy traveler was cut off by his money and attendants." By this complete abandonment of the resources as well as of the conventions of civilized life, Lawrence succeeded in becoming a naturalized Arab instead of merely a European visitor to the Arab lands. He was indifferent to the outward deference that other Europeans, especially Englishmen, demand. The "way of degradation" was paved by his tramp habits and innate freedom from class-consciousness. And it, in turn, paved the way for his assimilation. The "street Arab" by instinct became the "white Arab" by adaptation.

To smooth the process, for the other side, he took to wearing native dress on some of his wanderings. For, as he remarked later—"if a few Arabs were to go to Wigan in Arab dress, the children would probably throw stones at them." To mix successfully with children, especially overgrown ones, one must first disarm their conventional prejudices. With his fair hair, clean-shaven face and skin that turned red instead of brown under the sun, he was apparently the last man to carry off such a guise successfully. Yet there is ample evidence that by the Arabs he was accepted, if not mistaken, for one of themselves. He says that this was not difficult in Syria, "where the racial mixture has produced many fair natives, and many with only a broken knowledge of Arabic. I could never pass as an Arab—but easily as some other native speaking Arabic." Here, however, he passes over the deeper explanation—his ability to get inside an Arab's skin when donning his raiment.

It was the more easy for him to do so because he was already permeated with the Arabs' deep-rooted desire for untrammeled freedom, and had no more desire than they had for the material possessions that offer comfort at the price of circumscription.

He gained his knowledge of Arab life by sympathetic projection even more than by immersion. And by this faculty he perceived that among them "there were no distinctions traditional or natural, except the unconscious power given a famous sheikh by virtue of his accomplishment; and they taught me that no man could be their leader except he ate the ranks' food, wore their clothes, lived level with them, and yet appeared better in himself." That knowledge, applied, became the secret of his success in handling Arabs.

There is a further light on this question in the "Twenty-seven Articles" which he drafted in 1917 for certain of the other British officers who followed him to the Arab zone. The notes conveyed a recipe for success, but also a warning of its difficulties—and cost.

"Disguise is not advisable.... At the same time if you can wear Arab kit when with the tribes you will acquire their trust and intimacy to a degree impossible in uniform. It is, however, dangerous and diffi-

cult. They make no special allowances for you when you dress like them. You will be like an actor in a foreign theater, playing a part day and night for months, without rest, and for an anxious stake. Complete success, which is when the Arabs forget your strangeness and speak naturally before you, counting you as one of themselves, is perhaps only attainable in character: while half success (all that most of us will strive for; the other costs too much) is easier to win in British things, and you yourself will last longer, physically and mentally, in the comfort that they mean. Also then the Turk will not hang you, when you are caught.

"If you wear Arab things at all, go the whole way. Leave your English friends and customs on the coast and fall back on Arab habits entirely. It is possible, starting thus level with them, for the European to beat the Arabs at their own game, for we have stronger motives for our action and put more heart into it than they. If you can surpass them you have taken an immense stride towards complete success, but the strain of living and thinking in a foreign and half-understood language, the savage food, strange clothes and stranger ways, with the complete loss of privacy and quiet, and the impossibility of ever relaxing your watchful imitation of others for months on end, provide such an added stress to the ordinary difficulties of dealing with the Bedu, the climate, and the Turk that this road should not be chosen without serious thought.

"The beginning and ending of the secret of handling Arabs is unremitting study of them. Keep always on your guard; never say an unnecessary thing: Watch yourself, and your companions all the time: Hear all that passes, search out what is going on beneath the surface, read their characters, discover their tastes and weaknesses and keep everything you find out to yourself.... Your success will be proportioned to the amount of mental effort you devote to it."

In the final sentence lies the clue to Lawrence's achievement as a whole—to his success as a conductor of war as well as of Arabs at war. Perhaps his greatest personal triumph was not in inspiring the Arabs, but in impressing his powers as a military leader upon the British regular officers with whom he came in close contact. Nothing is more astonishing than the way these, his seniors, were ready to follow his lead: if it is proof that they were themselves exceptional men, capable of rising above class prejudices and conventions, it is proof of his own military qualities. In part, that influence may be explained by applying to him the words with which Voltaire depicted Marlborough: "He had to a degree above all other generals of his time that calm courage in the midst of tumult, that serenity of soul in danger, which the English call a cool head... the greatest gift of nature for command." But there was something more.

The radiance of Lawrence's personality has obscured, even from some who subconsciously responded to it, the deeper power that his knowledge gave him. In this lies the main message that his war achievement bears for the world. For the truth is that he was more deeply steeped in knowledge of war than any of the generals of the last war.

At first sight this statement may seem startling, but it is essentially matter of fact. Many of the generals of the last war certainly knew more about the workings of the military machine than Lawrence, but in all else that counted he had the advantage. His youth helped him. They had spent so many years in rising to command that, naturally, they could not hope to have this intimate experience in using the weapons on which tactics are based. As young officers some of them may have been musketry or gunnery experts, but that experience had inevitably lost much of its value through the evolution of weapons and the methods of handling them. The machine gun which dominated the battlefields of 1914-18 was a new development since their youth, and the light automatic, scarcely less important in its influence, had only been introduced since the war began. All these he mastered, showing an aptitude rare even in receptive youth, and adding something of his own to their tactical use. Aircraft were another novelty that he came to understand through actual flying experience that no other commander of land forces enjoyed. He also overrode the barriers that in former days prevented infantry and cavalry soldiers from intruding into the sapper's or gunner's field; thus he added to his equipment an expert grasp of demolitions and a working grasp of gunnery.

This first-hand knowledge of the tools of command, if not essential, was at least invaluable. In the light of history we can perceive that if other high commanders of 1914-18 had possessed a similar knowledge it would have saved them from their most fatal errors, and would also have shown them how to gain full value from their new tools. The great commanders of old, when weapons were simple and slow-changing, built up their strategic plans on a personal knowledge of the groundwork. Their modern successors, unfortunately, had exchanged it for a too exclusive knowledge of staff work. The increasing specialization of warfare is largely responsible for the sterilization of generalship. It is likely to become worse as warfare becomes more scientific. It can only be overcome by wide thought and hard work. But of few can we expect the prodigious capacity for both which Lawrence revealed, helped by a remarkable sense of proportion and a still more remarkable ability to free himself from social distractions.

It was through this that in youth he had acquired his knowledge of the history and higher theory of war—I have never known a general who had read as widely. He began, when about fifteen or sixteen, with

what he calls "the usual school-boy stuff": Creasy and Napier, Mahan and Henderson—who marked the depth of many a British general's study. A little later he came to Clausewitz and Jomini, Goltz and Foch; and then, unsatisfied by their interpretations, decided to "browse" for himself in the thirty-two volumes of Napoleon's correspondence. This inspired him with a desire to study the books upon which Napoleon himself had been brought up, and thus Lawrence was led back to Guibert, Bourcet, and Saxe. The young undergraduate thereby traced for himself the sources of the Napoleonic system of warfare at a time when they were unknown to most military students and when only a few of the more profound Napoleonic students were on the right track. Yet this exploration of military history was merely an offshoot of Lawrence's self-imposed course of reading, which covered most fields of human knowledge.

It has been said that he read every book in the Oxford Union Library. This is incorrect, the mistake being due to a misunderstanding of his own remark that he had read "every book I wanted to read." He did not, for example, go through the theological section. He would settle himself down in the library, take a shelf at a time for examination, and take home such books as seemed worth fuller study. Thus he managed to digest two or three serious books a day, with a novel in the afternoon to stimulate the juices. He thought nothing of reading half through the night, lying on a rug or mattress, a habit that had the convenience of allowing him to go to sleep where he lay. He has preserved the habit for later life in the cottage where he intends to settle down: a super-sized divan which fills the downstairs room enables him to lie in any direction and stretch out his arms for a book on any of the surrounding shelves. By habit, too, he developed the faculty of "sensing" a subject, as a bee draws in the nectar as it flits from flower to flower. It was always the unexpected, the undiscovered, or the inaccessible sources that he sought—"Originals and sidelights, not compilations." Thus it did not take him long to cover the realm of military literature, which is as full of sand as the desert, but as sparse in its fertile patches.

Especially did he profit by having studied those eighteenth-century thinkers who paved the way for the revolution in strategy that began on the eve of the French Revolution, and of whom Napoleon was the pupil. This profound knowledge of historical experience, enriched by a general knowledge of many subjects that indirectly concerned war, formed an intellectual equipment such as no other commander of his time possessed. When checked by personal experience it gave him a theoretical mastery of war that was also unique. His personality transmuted this with a practical mastery.

His power of command overcame handicaps such as none of the

great captains suffered. He exercised command without being in command. He had to give directions under the disguise of advice. He had to deal not merely with allies, but with a multitude of allies. He had not only to make bricks without straw—or with little compared with what he had set out to create—but to make a conquering force out of men of straw.

He had to utilize the instruments that were available at the time he appeared on the scene, not the instruments that might have been available if the World War had been postponed; if Turkey had not been a serious menace to Egypt and our Imperial Communications in 1916; if we had not urgently needed a counterpoise on the Red Sea littoral; if Hussein had not been Sherif of Mecca, or had ceased to rule there ten years before his actual fall; if the power of Ibn Sa'ud, Emir of Riyadh in the remote interior, had not been paralyzed for a long time by his ill-success in an intertribal fight with the Emir of Hail in 1915 and by subsequent revolts in his own domain. The post-war suggestion that Lawrence "backed the wrong horse" is the most foolishly irrelevant criticism—above all because it ignores the time factor. Lawrence, indeed, only appeared on the scene after Ibn Sa'ud had suffered this eclipse. After the petty battle of Jarrab, as one of the more historically minded of Ibn Sa'ud's biographers has frankly recognized—"As far as Ibn Sa'ud was concerned, the Great War was virtually at an end. His potentialities for assisting the Allied cause were largely written off. . . ."

Faced with the actual circumstances of 1916, and the need to ease Britain's awkward situation, Lawrence had no choice but to use the instruments that were at hand, the Sherifian allies who were already actively engaged against the common foe. No one was more conscious of their frailty—for the good reason that he had a closer view than any one else. If he was to make anything of them he had to credit them with their fullest possibilities both in their own eyes and the eyes of aloof authorities who were inclined to despise irregular assistance: even so, some of his reports to the "Arab Bureau" in Cairo showed remarkable candor.

How far that credit was redeemed is shown by the facts of the next two years. They form one of the most astonishing feats in history. The revolt in the Hejaz was triumphantly consolidated and the Turkish occupation reduced to one beleaguered garrison, which eventually fell like a ripe apple. Carried northward by Lawrence "on his own bat," the Arab movement produced a dramatic coup by the capture of Aqaba. This success was not only an offset to the double British failure before Gaza, but removed all danger to the communications of the British Army in Palestine. Also to the sea communications of the British Empire through the Suez Canal. But the spread, and spreading

success, of the revolt did more than cancel debits. A larger number of Turks were now pinned down along the Hejaz railway and south of it than faced the British Army.

In the next stage, when the British occupied Jerusalem and Jericho after breaking through the incompletely defended front between Gaza and Beersheba, the Arabs served as a shield to Allenby's flank and a lever on the Turks'. It began with a northward extension of the railway demolitions which led the admiring Arabs to name Lawrence "destroyer of engines"—in view of the fact that the Turks had scantier reserves of material than of men, "killing engines" was a more deadly strategy than "killing Turks." Then the Arabs cut off the supplies which the Turks were drawing from the corn-belt east of the Dead Sea—here Lawrence added a fresh touch of novelty to his strategy by capturing a grain fleet with a detachment of horsemen. By such widespread interference and by the widening ripples of unrest it created, Lawrence helped to distract the Turks' attention during the first half of 1918, when Allenby was drained of troops to repair the losses in France. Further, this "intangible ghost" forbade the enemy to reknit their power of resistance by withdrawing to a rearward line near the Sea of Galilee, and so forestalling Allenby's attack. Liman von Sanders himself confessed that his main reason for giving up the idea was "because we could no longer have stopped the progress of the Arab insurrection in rear of our army."

At last, in September, Allenby was ready to strike. Nearly half the Turkish forces south of Damascus were kept away from the British front by the elusive threats of a few thousand Arabs, directed by Lawrence. As a result Allenby, from his army of a quarter million men, was able to concentrate odds of over five to one against the sector chosen for his decisive blow. During the previous month Lawrence wove a web of feints and fictions to persuade the Turkish command that Allenby's attack was coming east towards Amman instead of north to Galilee. During the final three days of preparation, the Arabs emerged from the desert and cut the railway north, south and west of Derra junction—the focal point of the enemy communications. This triple stroke went far to hamstring the Turkish armies just as Allenby was about to jump upon them. The two armies between the Jordan and the Mediterranean coast were swiftly crushed, the flocks of fugitives being rounded up by the British cavalry or pulverized by the British aircraft. Only the Fourth Army, which yet had been the strongest of the three, remained—east of the Jordan. Lawrence, with an Arab attachment, audaciously moved across its line of retreat. It soon degenerated into a foot-slogging, footsore collection of crumbling units, shrinking hourly under the privations of the march and pin-pricks of the Bedouin. The last large fragment was headed off and destroyed just

short of Damascus by the Arabs, who crowned their military achievement by slipping into Damascus ahead of the British.

The arrival in Damascus was the vindication not only of the Arab rising, but of the course of Lawrence's thought. It was the culmination not only of a campaign, but of a theory of war—which he had evolved and applied. If the seeds were sown during his pre-war years of study, they came to fruition when he lay for ten days on a sick bed at Wadi Ais, in March, 1917, and had leisure to reflect. There his mind revolved the problem how to deal with the Turkish force in the Hejaz, now concentrated at Medina. Orthodox strategy directed that all efforts should be bent towards throwing them out. This did not look simple of solution—especially to a man who knew the Arabs' aversion to casualties.

Suddenly, the answer flashed out—"Why bother about Medina?" Even if it could be captured, which was clearly impossible with present means, what would be the good of capturing it? Indeed—here was a further thought—would it not be harmful to do so?

"The Turks sat in it on the defensive, immobile, eating for food the transport animals which were to have moved them to Mecca, but for which there was no pasture in their now restricted lines. They were harmless sitting there; if we took them prisoners they would cost us food and guards in Egypt: if we drove them northward into Syria, they would join the main army blocking us at Sinai. On all accounts they were best where they were, and they valued Medina and wanted to keep it. Let them!"

But this idea might be extended—by extending the revolt to areas wider than the Turks could possibly garrison. "The Turks would need six hundred thousand men to meet the combined ill-will of all the local Arab people. They had one hundred thousand men available." "Climate, railways, desert, technical weapons could also be attached to our interests, if we realized our raw materials and were apt with them. The Turk was stupid and would believe that rebellion was absolute, like war, and deal with it on analogy of absolute warfare."

But besides this mathematical aspect, there was a biological. "In the Turkish Army materials were scarce and precious, men more plentiful than equipment. Consequently our cue should be to destroy not the army, but the materials. The death of a Turkish bridge or rail, machine, or gun, or high explosive was more profitable to us than the death of a Turk." "Our war should be a war of detachment: we were to contain the enemy by the silent threat of a vast unknown desert, not disclosing ourselves till the moment of attack. This attack need only be nominal, directed not against his men, but against his materials: so it should not seek for his main strength or his weaknesses, but for his most accessible material. In railway cutting this would be usually an

empty stretch of rail.... This chimed with the numerical plea of never giving the enemy's soldier a target."

There was also a psychological aspect. To spread the atmosphere of revolt as widely as possible, while demanding the least possible sacrifice from the local people, was the way to nourish the spirit of the Arabs and to wear down the spirit of the Turks. "We were so weak physically that we could not let the metaphysical weapon rust unused.

"These reasonings showed me that the idea of assaulting Medina, or even of starving it quickly into surrender was not in accord with our best strategy. We wanted the enemy to stay in Medina, and in every other harmless place, in the largest numbers. The factor of food would eventually confine him to the railways, but he was welcome to the Hejaz railway, and the Trans-Jordan railway, and the Palestine and Damascus and Aleppo railways for the duration of the war, so long as he gave us the other nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of the Arab world. If he showed a disposition to evacuate too soon, as a step to concentrating in the small area which his numbers could dominate effectively, then we would have to try and restore his confidence, not harshly, but by reducing our enterprises against him. Our ideal was to keep his railway just working, but only just, with the maximum of loss and discomfort to him....

"The Arab war was geographical, and the Turkish Army for us an accident, not a target. Our aim was to seek its weakest link, and bear only on that till time made the mass of it fall. Our largest available resources were the tribesmen, men quite unused to formal warfare, whose assets were movement, endurance, individual intelligence, knowledge of the country, courage. We must impose the longest possible passive defense on the Turks (this being the most materially expensive form of war) by extending our own front to its maximum. Tactically we must develop a highly mobile, highly equipped type of army, of the smallest size, and use it successively at distributed points of the Turkish line, to make the Turks reënforce their occupying posts beyond the economic minimum of twenty men. The power of this striking force of ours would not be reckoned merely by its strength. The ratio between number and area determined the character of the war, and by having five times the mobility of the Turks we could be on terms with them with one-fifth their number.

"Our success was certain, to be proved by paper and pencil as soon as the proportion of space and number had been learned. The contest was not physical, but mineral, and so battles were a mistake. All we won in a battle was the ammunition the enemy fired off. Our victory lay not in battles, but in occupying square miles of country. Our cards were speed and time, not hitting power, and these gave us

strategical rather than tactical strength. Range is more to strategy than force. The invention of bully-beef has modified land-war more profoundly than the invention of gunpowder."

There is an essential difference between the Arab campaign as it was guided by Lawrence and the normal irregular campaign of the past. It was waged against an enemy who, however backward in civilization, was as dependent as any Western State on the life-line of modern civilization—the railway. An enemy, too, who had been compelled by the unmilitary march of progress to adopt the mechanical tools of modern warfare, and was thus bound to forfeit the value of his man-power, if his material became exhausted. Against this enemy, the Arab campaign was conducted on an applied theory which inverted the conventional military doctrine in such a way as to convert Arab weaknesses into strength and Turkish strength into a weakness.

At first glance the very completeness of this inversion would suggest that it widens the past gulf between regular and irregular warfare. But on reflection one can see that its success turned on new material conditions which are even more marked in modern regular warfare. No civilized nation can maintain itself long without the railway, or maintain war without munitions. What the Arabs did yesterday the Air Forces may do tomorrow. And in the same way—yet more swiftly. Mobile land forces such as tanks and motor guerrillas may share in the process.

Moreover, this new exploitation of the changed "biological" conditions of war may be coupled with a more calculated exploitation of the psychological conditions—to which Lawrence also showed the way. To disarm is more potent than to kill. And in his process of disarming, materially and mentally, the old concentration of force is likely to be replaced by an intangibly ubiquitous distribution of force—pressing everywhere, yet assailable nowhere.

This fact, by bringing him into relation with the whole of the war, gives a new meaning to his exploits in Arabia and Syria. Military history cannot dismiss him as merely a successful leader of irregulars. He is seen to be more than a guerrilla genius—rather does he appear a strategist of genius who has the vision to anticipate the guerrilla trend of the civilized warfare that arises from the growing dependence of nations on industrial resources.

In developing his theory of irregular warfare Lawrence was conscious of its application to all warfare, although when he expounded his theory in a service journal soon after the war he left its message to the perception of those who could read between the lines. Unfortunately for its effect, most soldiers who read it grasped only its obvious meaning, and have continued to confine it to the particular instead of profiting by its application to the general. To remove any

doubts on this point I will add an extract from a letter he wrote me in 1928.

"To provoke the soldiers to battle on my own ground I kept on limiting what I said to irregular warfare. Unhappily they would not be drawn. I intended what I wrote to have the larger application which you have discovered. For 'irregular war' you could write 'war of movement' in nearly every place, and find the argument fitted as well or ill as it did.

"The logical system of Clausewitz is too complete. It leads astray his disciples—those of them, at least, who would rather fight with their arms than with their legs. There is, in studying the practice of all decent generals, a striking likeness between the principles on which they acted—and often a comic divergence between the principles they framed with their mouths. A surfeit of the 'hit' school brings on an attack of the 'run' method; and then the pendulum swings back. You, at present, are trying (with very little help from those whose business it is to think on their profession) to put the balance straight after the orgy of the late war. When you succeed (about 1945) your sheep will pass your bounds of discretion and have to be chivvied back by some later strategist. Back and forward we go."

That letter is a light not only on his military ideas, but on his post-war career—on the withdrawal from activity which has puzzled the world. A man of such historical sense could not fail to see the truth that underlies the cynical epigram—"History teaches us that we do not learn from history." It helped to quench his desire to contribute to what could only be another swing of the pendulum. And he thought in periods too long to make it a matter of much importance that for a time—hypothetically 1945—the pendulum might be near the mean. If he has one faculty that seems to explain him and his power of achievement, it lies in his extraordinarily clear sight: even in the physical sense, his power of sensation is largely concentrated in his eyes. This faculty enabled him to perceive all the aspects, many of them so strange, of the military problem that faced him in Arabia, and to evolve a new theory of war which discarded or inverted the familiar precepts of orthodoxy—to which the average amateur is apt to be even more subservient than the experienced professional who still thinks. But his very clearness of sight has tended to deepen his sense of futility, and thereby to check his further activity. Perhaps it is as well for the world.

What he had already achieved is more than sufficient to justify his inclusion in a volume labeled "Great Contemporaries." He is the man most likely to object, for he has often remarked that the "Great Man" is merely a myth—a creature of the popular imagination. Most of his prominent contemporaries would probably agree—unless they

themselves privily aspire to the title. And it is among these last that the makers of mankind's troubles arise.

The lust of greatness, of power or of prominence, is the source of greatest evil. Unless rigorously controlled by wisdom—and the two are almost incompatible—it leads those who are afflicted by it to a frustration of man's opportunity or an interference with other men's liberty. And the result, recorded with monotonous regularity, is injury to themselves, their successors, or their causes, on the rebound. Lawrence was restrained from joining this endless chain by a limpidity of thought that amounted to wisdom.

As a youth he certainly had ambition—an ambition so immense that it embraced the idea of attaining equal greatness in action and in reflection. But his experience has gone far to prove their incompatibility. For although the rate and range of his travel in the one sphere was a means of carrying him far in the other sphere, and within an astonishingly brief time, his course ultimately stopped with a jerk—as if the brakes of reflection had locked the wheels of action—instead of through a gradual slowing down.

At twenty-six, when he made his plunge into the war, he had resolved to become a general and knighted by the time he was thirty. Long before then he had shed such desires—as soon, indeed, as they were within his reach. The ambition that survived on the road to Damascus was for achievement without adornment. But this in turn dropped away when Damascus was reached. For three days he ruled it: on the fourth he left—driven forth by his own acute perception of the danger to his own wisdom, and the freedom this implies. The mantle of authority had fallen upon him just when wisdom had ripened within him. With an impish wriggle he shook himself free.

Ambition was almost the last fetter on his spiritual freedom that needed removal to make his release complete. A whim of nature, kind or unkind, had sent him into the world apparently devoid of the normal man's appetites. The taste for food and drink, which with unconscious irony is called a love of "good living," is lacking in him. Eating and drinking are merely a tiresome necessity of life, to be curtailed to the minimum. One meal a day suffices, and the simplest kind serves best. To put friends at their ease he will, on occasion, consume a several-course dinner in their company, but he prefers, if they will allow it without fuss, to sit and talk while they are eating—he feels that he is fortunate in avoiding "the bother" which the burden of taste or habit is inflicting on them. He seems to be devoid likewise of sexual appetite. And one has only to reflect in order to realize how large a part these appetites play in the normal man's life: and that they rivet even more chains indirectly than directly.

A more subtle but no less pervasive tie on freedom is the com-

petitive instinct. With the greater part of mankind it is a necessary spur: yet it trips them up at every turn. From this instinct Lawrence has always been free—as a schoolboy he felt a revulsion against competitive games, and at an air station only a few years ago he gave up gardening as soon as a well-meaning C.O. offered a prize for the best garden. Throughout his career, he has striven only to reach a standard, raised in his mind; not to outreach other men. Hence he has been able to eliminate one of the fundamental sources of human friction. that which is perhaps the most galling both to competitive man and to his competitors, direct or indirect.

More common still, and yet more subtle, is the possessive instinct. Never strong in Lawrence, he has sought to remove its tendrils whenever and wherever perceived. But its subtlety gives it resilience, which is more difficult to curtail than its strength. However assiduous the weeding, the weed crops up at some fresh point—in a book, a binding, or a fragment of music. Through deficiency or difference of tastes, as well as through his dominating instinct for freedom, Lawrence has succeeded in reducing his material wants to exceptional slenderness—his eagerness to rid himself of any possession as soon as he perceives its danger sometimes gives a humorous turn to his actions. "I'd give everything away if I could"—but he can't, without in some degree sterilizing his spiritual desires or the sensuous desires that are most closely intertwined with the spiritual. Beauty cannot be separated from truth. Wisdom itself interferes with freedom.

He has come nearer to complete freedom than any other man I have known, but he cannot attain it. He is the spirit of freedom come incarnate to a world in fetters—but being incarnate he must still be tied, even though it is by strands invisible to the ordinary eye.

# HENRY FORD

## G. D. H. Cole

[Born near Dearborn, nines miles from Detroit, in 1863, of a father born in County Cork, Ireland, and a mother born in the United States, of Dutch parents. Built his first motor-car in 1892, and his fifteen millionth in 1927, when he started making more on a new model. Founded the Ford Motor Company in 1903, and wrote down his experiences and views on life in "My Life and Work" (1922) and "Today and Tomorrow" (1926).]

I SHOULD hate to be a workman in the Ford motor works at Detroit. So would Henry Ford. He has said as much himself, in one of his books. He admits that to him the idea of repetitive labor—"the doing of one thing over and over again and always in the same way"—is nothing less than "terrifying." "I could not possibly do the same thing day in and day out," he writes; but he goes on to say that "to other minds, perhaps I might say to the majority of minds, repetitive operations hold no terrors. . . . To them the ideal job is one where the creative instinct need not be expressed." On this belief, that his own mind is somehow utterly different from the minds of the majority of men, Henry Ford has built up his resounding success as the man who has made a million motor-cars grow where one grew before. Mankind has to judge how far he is right, both in his view of what human beings are like, and in acting upon it.

In the chapter of "My Life and Work" in which this revealing passage occurs Henry Ford goes on to argue that most men do not want, and will positively go out of their way to avoid, responsibility. Although his system makes the majority of jobs merely repetitive—the sort a man can learn to do in a day or a week, and can do thereafter without fresh creative effort—he says that his difficulty is still to find enough men able and willing to take on the responsible and difficult jobs that remain. He holds firmly that the ordinary workman does not want to "control" his industry, or to be at the trouble of creative thinking about his work, but wants to be told what to do, and to get good money for doing it. Ford believes strongly in high wages, and he wants above most things to raise the standard of life for as many people

as possible. But he has no use at all for "democracy in industry"; and provided that jobs are done under healthy conditions, in well-lighted, well-ventilated, clean and sanitary factories, he does not think it matters one iota that the great majority of the tasks men perform in these factories are entirely devoid of interest or creative quality. He denies altogether that it demoralizes a man to spend his working life in utterly monotonous labor, or that a business man needs to think of anything else than getting goods produced in the most efficient and cheapest ways it is possible to devise—for in his view efficiency involves healthy working conditions. "More and cheaper goods," is his ceaseless cry; for in his view man the producer is simply an instrument for serving the ends of man the consumer. In consuming the products of labor most men find their satisfactions, and in earning the good money that will enable them to consume. To find satisfaction in work as well as in consumption is a privilege reserved for a fortunate minority—of whom Henry Ford is one.

This is undoubtedly a comforting doctrine. For there is no doubt at all about man's ability, by applying Ford's methods with even half his ruthless efficiency, to make goods on a scale big enough to flood the world. If all industrialists were Henry Fords, and the industrialists successfully kept the financiers in their place, as, being Henry Fords, they most certainly would—the problem of material poverty—dearth of goods—would be very speedily solved. There would soon be common consent to a drastic reduction in the hours of labor; and men would find themselves with more leisure as well as more goods to enjoy. Capitalism would be safe for a long time to come from any working-class onslaught: Plato's "city of swine" would soon be with us at a level of material plenty far outrunning Plato's most daring imaginations.

Is that what we want? If so, there is only one reason why we are not likely to get it—a dearth of Henry Fords. For the majority of leaders of "Big Business," however full of hustle and "efficiency" they may be, and heartily as they will echo Ford's sayings about what the workers want, are as unlike him as a Ford car is unlike Boadicea's chariot. They agree with him that workmen ought to work hard and under discipline, that there must be no coddling and that Trade Unionism is a nuisance, that most workmen have minds and needs differing radically from their own; but they by no means follow his faith that if you look after the efficiency of your service, profits will come of themselves, or that the prosperity of industry can be built only on a foundation of high and ever-increasing wages. Henry Ford worships plenty; but most of his fellow-employers cannot rid their minds of the gospel of scarcity, or realize that the only way to extend sales is to widen the market by raising the standard of life.

For that reason, even if we are content to accept Henry Ford's doc-

trine, we are not likely to get his results spread wide over the whole field of industry—unless we can master the art of mass-producing not only Ford cars but also the mind that lies behind their making. This is far harder than even to mass-produce "Golden Arrows"; for in all the world there never was a more individual mind than Ford's. His individuality appears in his very simpleness. When he is not talking about motor-cars, or at any rate about making things, he is capable of talking the most abysmal nonsense—for example, about Jews. But he was apparently born with a simple, direct, over-mastering will to make a cheap motor-car. That is his heart's desire: that provides him with his simple religion. On that subject, whether he be right or wrong, what he has to say is not nonsense, but plain realism for good or ill. You have to accept it, or to fight against it: you cannot merely brush it aside.

I come back, then, to the question whether Henry Ford is right or wrong in believing that most people are radically unlike himself, and in acting on that belief. He tells me that I am quite wrong in supposing that most people are like him in finding terrifying or intolerable the prospect of a life spent, as far as its working hours are concerned, in purely repetitive labor of a necessarily monotonous kind. "Those who have what might be called the creative type of mind and who thoroughly abhor monotony are apt to imagine that all other minds are similarly restless and therefore to extend quite unwanted sympathy to the laboring man who day in and day out performs almost exactly the same operation."

On the facts, I largely agree with Ford. It is true that only a minority of the workers consciously hates purely repetitive and uninteresting labor, so as to prefer to it harder but more interesting work, or to value the creative quality of labor above a difference in monetary reward. He is right in saying that most men are not irked by mere monotony as it would irk him, or you, or me. I can write "you" because those whom it does not irk will not read this essay. He is right when he says that most people would choose a higher standard of material living, or more leisure, in preference to more interesting or responsible work. He says he is sorry to believe this, and perhaps he is; but being sorry does not alter facts—and on the facts he is, so far, right.

But whereas, to Henry Ford, that seems to be the end of the argument, it cannot end it for me or, I hope, for you. Slavery would never have been ended if we had waited for the slaves to end it, or even to revolt against it in their minds. A contented slave—even a whole population of contented slaves—is not a sufficient defense of slavery, and would not have been so even if slave-labor had been efficient labor, which it never was.

For the case against slavery was that we ought, by making the slaves free in their bodies, to give them a chance of becoming free in

their minds as well. That they did not want to be free in their minds was no answer at all; for how can a man want to be free in his mind until he is free? A man can want freedom of body without wanting freedom of mind. Being free in his mind he can want, or even cease to want, freedom of body. But he cannot want freedom of mind until he has it; for to want it is to have it. If men are as Henry Ford believes they are, is that a reason for acting on their being so, or is it not rather a powerful reason for so acting as to make them different?

"When you come right down to it," Ford goes on, "most jobs are repetitive." That again is true; but it is also true that Ford's methods make jobs much more repetitive than they were before. His chief object in planning production has been to eliminate every sort of waste. Applied to labor, that means eliminating waste motions. He has done that, with extraordinary success. But to eliminate waste motions is to eliminate variety—the wasteful variety which men, however unconsciously, introduce into doing a repetitive job, if they are left to do it in their own way. Made to do it in Ford's way, they produce more; but their labour does become definitely more monotonous than it was. He pins them down to a narrower task; and he also sets a pace which means that the task can be done only if a fixed set of motions is scrupulously followed. More output, more wages, probably in due course more leisure, but also undoubtedly more monotony of labor, are the result.

The fundamental question is whether monotony is bad for men or not. Even if most men do not rebel against it, but even choose it in preference to less monotonous work at lower pay, does it allow them to be men of as good "quality" as they are capable of being? With John Ruskin and with William Morris, I say without hesitation that it does not. I say this sort of monotonous labor makes men unhappy, even if they are not conscious of the source of their unhappiness. I say that it is bad for the quality of human living.

But, says Ford, if you reject my gospel, you reject plenty for poverty; for if you set out to give men more interesting work, you must also keep them poor. I do not believe it. I agree that Henry Ford could never have made his motor-cars so cheap if he had been unable to get men to serve as mere attendants upon his machines; but I am not prepared to agree that this subjection of men to machines makes, over industry as a whole, for the achievement of plenty. It make docile machine-tenders; and, for every one who serves a machine at the orders of a Henry Ford, there are thousands who serve other masters whose aim is not plenty but profit. Their docility, inbred in them by their servitude to the machine, creates not plenty, but scarcity. They are offered up on the altar of high production in order to create not wealth, but unemployment.

Ford agrees with these strictures on his fellow-employers; but he

thinks the remedy is to remake other capitalists in his own image. It will never be done. As long as masters can get docile labor, most of them will exploit that labor. To sacrifice freedom and pleasure in labor for plenty is to lose all three. No society of slave-owners ever made even the material well-being of its slaves its end, whatever a slave-owner here and there may have done.

And yet there is substance in Henry Ford's assertion that "when you get right down to it, most jobs are repetitive." Not only that: they are bound to be repetitive, at least for a long time to come, however we reconstruct the social system. For assuredly the world is not yet ready to renounce the higher productivity which comes of mechanization. Some people talk as if the problem of production had been so completely solved that all mankind could now without difficulty enjoy simultaneously three boons—a higher standard of living, shorter working hours, and a pleasant and satisfying quality of labor. But, in fact, of these things the first two clash with the third. We cannot have a higher standard of living and an increase of leisure for all the people except at the price of accepting, for most, a considerable degree of the monotony in labor which mechanization involves. If labor is to be made less monotonous, the output of industry is bound to be less than it would be if all industry were run on Henry Ford's principles.

It is useless to run away from this fact; and, if we reject Ford's answer to the problem it presents, we must be prepared to find another. My answer is that men must be made free to choose for themselves, and that, without throwing mechanization aside, we must be prepared to face some loss of possible output in order to safeguard their freedom of choice. Ford, with his deeply rooted individualism, has always refused to have any dealings at all with trade unions. That was one of the principal causes of his quarrel with President Roosevelt's Government over the acceptance of the National Recovery "Code" for the automobile industry. He does not, he explains, refuse to let his employees belong to a union if they wish to; but he will not negotiate with any union, or recognize even among his own men any claim to bargain collectively. He fixes wages and conditions; and the men he employs are free to take or leave what he offers. That, in his view, is the end of the matter; and, because he does pay higher wages than other employers, he has been able to make his ban on trade unions effective. Nor must we forget that the corruption of American trade unionism has provided some excuse for his attitude. The American trade unions have mostly followed a selfishly sectional and restrictive policy wherever they have been strong. There has been far too much of the "boss" about the typical American trade-union leader.

But this cannot be the end of the matter. It is not enough to pay men good wages, if these wages are paid on conditions which rob men

of their freedom. If we are to use automatic machines which condemn men to dull and monotonous labor, we must also place in men's hands some more effective means of protest than the right to look for another job—in which they may find themselves subject to the same conditions. We must recognize, and even encourage, their claim to protest against irksome conditions of labor, and be prepared to modify the conditions even at some sacrifice of productivity. More and cheaper production is a very important object of human effort, but it is not, as Ford seems to imagine, the only end. If Ford is right in holding that most men are only fit for dull and monotonous work, and will not mind it, even if they are free, well and good: they will not protest against it, as long as it brings in good money. But we ought to give them every facility to protest; and, when they do protest, we ought to be ready to devote as much pains to meeting their claim for a better quality of work as Henry Ford devotes to cutting down the manufacturing cost of his cars. Mankind has to strike a balance between cheap goods and decent human conditions of labor; and the balance ought to be struck, not by the fiat of the employer, but by the democratic decision of those who feel the pinch.

Ford will never see this because such a recognition of the humanity of labor would get in the way of his plans for cheapening production. He takes his stand on his view of men as they are, and refuses to consider whether they would not be different if they were more free. Man the consumer he has an endless passion to serve; for he sees in this service an endless opportunity for the exercise of personal power, and man as consumer, remaining strictly impersonal, never gets in his way. Man the producer is another affair; for his personality is liable to hit up against Ford's projects. Therefore his personality must not be allowed to interfere with production. If he has personal qualities that will fit into the Ford scheme, well and good. He can be made into a foreman, or a technician, or perhaps a manager. But if his personal qualities do not fit, either they must be ground to powder or he must take his notice and be off somewhere else. The Ford Motor Company has no room for men who do not fit. That men must be made to fit, or must go, is the first article in the creed of Henry Ford. Where they are to go is not his affair, which is to produce cheap cars. Everything must give way to that.

That is why Henry Ford and his son, Edsel, own the entire capital of the Ford Motor Company. Ford has bought out all other stockholders, in order to make sure of having not only a free hand, which he had before, but a complete absence of responsibility to any one else. He is a man who is by temperament quite unable to work with equals or colleagues: he can work only with subordinates who will carry out his will. When the Company started in 1903, he held a quarter of the

shares. In 1906 he had 51 per cent., which gave him control. But that was not enough. In 1919 his son, acting for him, bought out all the other stockholders. It cost seventy million dollars to buy them out; but it established an absolute hereditary monarchy in the Ford line, and it got rid of the need for even formally consulting anybody else. Ford insists on having a free hand, both with things and with people.

From childhood, he has been single-minded. His father, an emigrant from County Cork and a farmer, wanted him to be a farmer too, whereas Henry Ford wanted to be an engineer. As a boy of twelve, he gratified his passion by repairing every watch he could lay hands on. He left school at fifteen, and went on to the farm. But at sixteen he virtually ran away from home, and apprenticed himself to a machine shop in Detroit, working for a jeweler in the evenings to eke out his earnings. Then he shifted to an engine shop, to get varied experience, and then to a firm which dealt in farm machinery. He went back to the farm to live, and made himself an engineering shop in a shed, where he built a steam tractor, which was not a success. His father, to get him away from engineering, gave him land of his own to clear. He cleared it, sold the lumber, and used the money to experiment with engines. Incidentally, he married, and built himself a log house on his farm. But before long he was back in Detroit, as engineer to the Edison Company; and in Detroit, in 1892, he built his first motor-car, in his spare time. He had become convinced that the future for road and farm work was not with steam, but with the internal combustion engine.

Motor-cars were not quite a novelty then. Daimler had introduced his internal combustion engine in 1885, and in the same year Benz in Germany and Butler in England had devised motor-tricycles. Levassor had built the first workable motor-car in 1887; and the Germans and French had been hard at work devising improvements during the next few years. There were motor-car makers in the United States before Ford started producing on a commercial scale. He did not invent the motor-car: what he did was to make it light and cheap. Ford made his experiments for himself, little influenced by other makers. He was the first man to conceive of the motor-car not as an expensive luxury, but as a universal need, that must be made and sold at a low price.

Ford made more cars after 1892. But it was not till 1899 that he threw up his job with the Edison Company, and set out to manufacture cars for the market. A company was formed—the Detroit Automobile Company—with Ford as chief engineer. But most of the capital was not his; and there were soon differences of opinion. The other directors wanted to make expensive cars like other makers: they did not believe in the possibility of a wide market. They would not take

up Ford's plans for cheap mass-production. In 1902 he resigned, and prepared to start again on his own. But, for a send-off, he wanted a good advertisement.

In his heart, Ford has no use for racing cars. He likes making cars for sober, useful service—not for showing off. But he realized that, if he wanted a market for cheap cars, he would have to advertise his wares. Motor-racing, introduced from France, was then very much in fashion. In 1902 Edge had won the Gordon-Bennett Cup from the French, previously regarded as supreme. Ford built two cars purely for speed, and won every race in which he competed. Thereupon, in 1903, he launched the Ford Motor Company. In 1927, when he abandoned his familiar "Model T" for the new "Model A," he had sold fifteen million cars. In the first years he had built a number of different models, each on quite a small scale. From 1909, sure of his market, he concentrated on "Model T," in order to get the last cent of economy out of mass-production.

No one will deny that Ford did get the last cent of economy, at the expense of every cost except wages. Or rather he got the last cent of economy in labor-cost as well; but he got it by raising wages, not by cutting them down. For he found that he could make men work harder if he paid them well; and he also maintained stoutly that if you wanted to sell more goods, you had to give people the money to buy them. Ford does believe in the "economy of high wages"; and he believes too in getting his money's worth in return. He gets it, as he gets most things he wants. Really single-minded people do: there are not enough single-minded people to get in their way. Only twice has he plainly failed to get what he wanted—once when he stood as senatorial candidate for Michigan in 1918, and once when he chartered his "Peace Ship" in 1915 and set out to make Europe see reason and end the war. But when he stood for the Senate he was not single-minded. He did not care whether he won or not; and he took no part in the campaign. He was lucky not to be elected; for, lacking utterly the faculty of collaboration, he would make a hopeless politician. As for the "Peace Ship," on that occasion he did fail, as he was bound to do. The war seemed to him idiotic, and he wanted to stop it. Till the United States entered the war he absolutely refused to make munitions. Thereafter he put all his resources at the Government's disposal. The Ford tractor was the outcome of his war experience—a light tractor for everyday use, cheap and easy to handle, like his cars. He made them by thousands to help the Allies to solve the problem of food supply in face of labor shortage; and after the war he went on making them for farmers all over the world.

There was a time when merely to mention a Ford car was regarded as an excellent joke. That was when the motor-car was still a luxury,

and a cheap car was scorned like a ready-made suit in Savile Row. In England there came to be rather more than that in the joke; for "Model T," built to suit American road conditions of a generation ago, did look rather funny on modern roads some time before Ford himself saw the joke, and totally changed his design. About the modern Fords there is nothing funny; and they are doing service all over the world. There is not just one Ford factory where they are made, but a host, scattered all over the United States, with assembling works in all important countries, and the great European factory at Dagenham as well as the parent plants at Detroit. More and more, Ford decentralizes his production, setting up plants in many different places, where his materials are found, and specializing each plant more and more for the making of a single part or product. He saves transport by sending his parts straight to each big market, and assembling his cars near where they are to be sold. He has begun to experiment with factories in which men work only part of their time, spending the rest in agricultural work. Incidentally, that makes it easier to stand men off in order to meet seasonal changes in demand. Ford upholds it as good for the men; but he sees to it that it pays as well. When he was asked to give money to the hospitals at Detroit, his reply was to take it over, lock, stock, and barrel, and run it as a self-supporting concern. Ford's firm belief is that the best philanthropy is that which is on a paying basis. He hates charity. He has always stood on his own feet, and he thinks everybody else ought to do the same.

Of course, Ford was born into a society that just suited him. Acutely individualistic, knowing exactly what he wanted to do, and determined to go his own way, he found American society intensely congenial to his ideas. That did not prevent him from quarreling fiercely, not only with the bankers who wanted to get him into their grip by financing him, but also with his fellow-employers, whom he fought over patent rights and whose association he resolutely refused to enter, just as he refused in 1933 to become subject to President Roosevelt's "Code." He is quite incapable of working with others, or of any sort of give and take. He insists on having everything his own way. As a manufacturer of motor-cars, he is a very great man, and a real maker of the modern world. But in making motor-cars he does not make men; nor is he capable of understanding that man does not live by cars alone—that cheapness can be bought at too high a human price. He treats men as what they are in his factories—auxiliary power-plant to serve his machines. He would have them keep all their human qualities outside the works, where they are not wanted, and become as nearly automatic as possible in their motions during working hours. He is sure they do not mind, provided that they are well paid. But whether most men mind or not, with their conscious intelligences, is not

the point. The question is whether their not minding is not a sign of something radically wrong with their working lives. Russia may seem to justify Ford; for Russia too, faced with a vast problem of poverty, is busy subordinating the man to the machine. The world, as William Morris said long ago, is destined to use more machinery before it can use less; for till we have solved the problem of sheer poverty we shall not begin to think seriously about the quality of human work. But our ambition, I think, must be not Ford's, but Morris's—not to make more and more things, in an endless multiplication of "supplies" and "demands," each supply creating a new demand forever and ever, but in the last resort to give men work they can enjoy, and make our "demands" for goods square with the condition that each man's work shall be, as far as we are able to make it, "a joy to the maker and the user." Under any system, there will be some men who will not want to create, and will not mind repetitive labor, if only the hours of work are short. As long as they have freedom to choose, and are educated and encouraged to use that freedom, well and good. We can use them for repetitive labor without shame. But they must have freedom to choose, and it must be a real freedom, not a merely passive acceptance of the yoke. Ford cannot see that; and therefore he is only a great capitalist maker of motor-cars, and not a leader of men. But, to make men, and not cars, is the supreme task of leadership.

# TROTSKY

Harold J. Laski

I

REVOLUTIONS devour their own children; for their genius is not one which permits of accommodation and compromise. Until 1927 Trotsky was for the whole world inseparably linked with Lenin as the main creator of the Russian revolutionary achievement. It seemed no more possible to dissociate them than to divide Robespierre from Saint-Just or Engels from Marx. Yet, while death has brought to Lenin the peace of imperishable fame, Trotsky in middle life seems to have ended in the cul-de-sac of political exile. Little groups of devoted enthusiasts still preach the ideas for which he stands; but in Russia where, half a dozen years ago, his name aroused passionate devotion, he has been made a memory more hated by the party in power than that of any of their avowed opponents. And to the supreme man of action no fate is more terrible than confinement to literary exercise. It is not in the nature of Napoleons to welcome their Saint Helenas.

Yet, on any showing, the life and achievement of Trotsky are remarkable. From boyhood he was a professional revolutionary. He had known prison and exile at a time when most English politicians are still only beginning to realize the possibilities of a career in the House of Commons. Among the refugees from the Tsarist tyranny he had a wide and profound reputation without making any other impact upon the consciousness of Europe than that of a name inscribed upon the sinister registers of the secret police. At twenty-six he had made an imperishable record in revolutionary annals by his presidency of the Petrograd Soviet in the abortive struggle of 1905. There followed a famous trial and a second imprisonment which ended in a characteristic escape and then years of further exile. They were years of that passionate internecine controversy which distinguishes the life of any community of political refugees who possess what they believe to be ideal right upon their side without being able to agree upon the means whereby, through the acquisition of might, it may cease to dwell merely in the realm of the ideal. The war brought his exile to a head. Its first three years were a revolutionary Odyssey in search of freedom from the attentions of the secret police: Austria, Switzerland, France,

Spain, America, a month in a Canadian detention camp and then return to a revolutionary Russia with whose ethos he had no concern save the unshakable will to change it. When Trotsky arrived in Russia in May, 1917, he was nearly thirty-eight years of age; and he had already lived experiences as profound as most men would be able to crush into a dozen lives.

Yet it is the next ten years that give him the vital place he occupies in the history of our time. When he returned to Russia, he was not, formally, a member of the Bolshevik party; though his line of policy had been for some years, and especially since 1914, practically undistinguishable from that of Lenin. He accepted the latter's leadership from the outset; and it is no more than justice to say that, in the critical months from May to November of 1917, if Lenin's was the hand that laid the essential ground-plan of revolutionary strategy, no one was more efficient than Trotsky in bringing it to its remarkable success. There is no history of the revolution, written before 1927, which does not make clear his unshakable resolution and his magnificent audacity in those critical days.

Nor is the record in essence different in the succeeding years until the death of Lenin. Whether it was the negotiations of Brest-Litovsk, where his sublime insolence converted a dictated peace into a revolutionary forum wherein to lecture an attentive world on the principles of communism; whether it was the grim years of civil war, in which he emerged as the Carnot to create from a depressed and defeated rabble armies able to defeat both external intervention and subsidized counter-revolution; or, after 1921, when he devoted all his powers and his incomparable energy to giving effect to that New Economic Policy (essentially of Lenin's devising) which made possible the breathing-space for revolutionary effort out of which the high-road to a planned economy emerged; or, again, as, after Lenin himself, the outstanding literary champion of the new régime; these are, on any showing, years as full and creative as any in our time. When the dust of controversy has cleared away no one can seriously doubt that these achievements will give to Trotsky a place, Lenin alone excepted, as high as any man occupies in the revolutionary tradition. Until 1925, he was, from any angle, a world-figure of epic proportions.

There follow three years of struggle to maintain his position, a struggle in which, increasingly, he lost ground. So long as Lenin lived, it was impossible for his enemies to undermine his position. After Lenin's death, he met in Stalin an opponent with a will not less unbreakable, a tenacity not less pervasive, than his own. They fought on matters of high doctrine; but, even with the limited knowledge as yet at our disposal, it is clear that behind doctrinal differences there lay final incompatibilities of temperament fatal to the unity of the

party. Trotsky found himself confronted by an enemy far more skillful than he in the arts which build a party machine. He pitted himself against it. He found himself, first, confined to tasks of inferior importance; then out-generaled and out-maneuvered at party-conferences; then driven to exile and, in final overthrow, to banishment. No doubt, as he claims himself, the tactics of his opponents have disregarded all those standards of fair fighting which the technique of Western democracy has accustomed men to expect. There have been suppressions of essential documents, personal maltreatment (as of Ioffe), wholesale exile, manufactured scandal, exploitation of conflicting personalities. These are the normal habits of revolutionary disturbance when men are gambling for their heads. When men are fighting to dominate a dictatorship, it is the dictator's technique they use. Trotsky made a brave throw and lost, like Danton and Babeuf and the Commune before him. He has paid the inevitable price of men who, when they lose, are recognized as too massive to occupy a subordinate place. For once Lenin was dead, he was bound, by the very forcefulness of his personality, to be the first man or nothing.

And he has used the years of exile with incomparable skill. His "Autobiography" will live as long as men are moved by the record of great adventure. His "History of the Russian Revolution" is not only one of the supreme pamphlets a man has ever written in his own defense; it is one of those records of a world-event which, whether men accept its doctrine or not, is recognized at once as a classic interpretation. His comments on world-affairs have been distinguished not less by the quality of their insight than by their literary power. The youth whose pen hewed his way for him to a seminal position in the revolutionary movement at thirty, remains in middle-age one of the half-dozen outstanding pamphleteers of the age. It is possible, as official Communist literature makes perhaps even more clear than that of Conservatism, to hate Trotsky; but it is at least equally evident that it is impossible to ignore him. Like Napoleon, again, in Saint Helena, he remains a shadow of gigantic proportions.

2

The key to Trotsky lies in the qualities of his character. Courage, energy, persistence, determination, these are so woven into the objective record that not even his most bitter enemies can deny him their possession. An orator in the grand style, a man of letters who makes his pen a sword, he has a combination of vigor and imagination of mind which are rare in their intensity. He has the gift of commanding men, and that special power of administrative authority which elicits from the subordinate a quality of effort he did not know himself to possess. Even with the documents before us, his work as the military organizer

of the New Russia, the true creator of the Red Army, has about it some incomparable and explicit magic.

But he has grave faults. He has no power to suffer fools gladly, and he is profoundly aware that men are mostly fools. The word that stings, the phrase that bites, the attack which leaves behind the bitterness which malice so easily turns to vengeance, for these he has a power which amounts to genius. Twice only in his life has he ever really recognized that superiority of mind over himself which elicited from him the subordination that reverence impels—once to Marx and once to Lenin. Otherwise, all his life through, he has found it both easier and more attractive to impose himself than to coöperate. While Lenin lived, he was content with the second place. But it is clear from his own writings that, even in those days, he left a widespread recognition of his superiority to all others, a feeling that, Lenin apart, his supremacy was unquestionable. He never learned the great lesson of Lenin's own life that the latter never sought leadership. It came to him naturally from an instant recognition that rivalry was impossible and that he was incapable of abusing power once conferred. With all his immense gifts he has had a conscious knowledge of effortless superiority which lesser men, not less avid for power, have found intolerable. In these circumstances he did what it is so easy, and so fatal, in politics to do; he forced a combination against himself of all whom he had so recklessly persuaded of their inferiority. He complains that they did not fight him with clean weapons; yet the complaint itself is evidence of his inability to win leadership rather than to extort it. For it is evident enough that if his superiority to his opponents is as manifest as he insists, the last thing in the world that was likely was that they should fight him in the open field. In the final battle, the Talliens of this world can only win by preventing Robespierre from mounting the tribune once more.

There is immense tragedy in his defeat for two reasons. Above all, because his great gifts as an organizer were needed in the New Russia; it is waste to let such an administrator stay idle in Prinkipo. And it is not impossible to believe that had he been wiser in personal matters between 1917 and 1924 the incompatibility which developed between Stalin and himself would have been wholly unnecessary. The outsider may venture the thesis that their doctrinal differences were less important than those of a personal character. They were much more differences between the mind which works with the rapidity of intuition, so certain at once of its outlook as to be impatient of contradiction, and the mind which slowly, almost painfully, accumulates the material of its insights which it grows into rather than seizes. The problem between them, on the doctrinal plane, was one of pace rather than direction. But it was Trotsky's inability to conciliate and com-

promise which made doctrinal difference project itself on to a plane where the fight was an ultimate struggle where exile was the penalty for failure; and it was evidence of a serious personal weakness that, in Lenin's lifetime, he should not have seen that his relationships with the party were building exactly those rocks on his path over which he fell. His explanation is, of course, that he was engaged in more imperative work; to which it is a sufficient answer that in a revolutionary period no man can afford to neglect the shape that is being given to the revolutionary machine.

Upon the doctrine, Trotsky's ideas have the merit of great clarity. He is a Marxist of the now classic tradition—the tradition, that is, as it was shaped by Lenin in the long years of preparation for November, 1917. From 1905, when he gave something like a final form to his essential ideas, he has pursued a continuous and logical line of thought. Its essence was the idea of the "permanent revolution," the insistence that once the Revolution has come, it must continue until it has overthrown the capitalist system and established Socialism all over the world. It may be said that, at bottom, the difference between this doctrine and that of Stalin is not an ultimate one, that it differs by the time-factor rather than its direction. But while there is a sense in which this is true, that time-factor made for wide divergences of opinion in the emphasis to be given to vital policies in both internal and external matters. It divided them over the Chinese question; Stalin was responsible for the temporary alliance between Communism and Chang-Kai-Chek, of which the outcome was the consequence, predicted by Trotsky, of a disastrous defeat for Communism in the East. It divided them over the peasant question—Trotsky standing for a far more rigorous liquidation of the kulak than Stalin was, in 1927, willing to attempt; though here he has largely swung over to Trotsky's view. It divided them, again, over the implications of the Five Year Plan of which the underlying assumption has been the possibility—denied by Trotsky—of establishing Socialism in a single country. It divided them again, and not less decisively, over the question of the international policy of the Communist International. For Trotsky the relative diminution of its activities after 1925 was equivalent to a Thermidor in the Revolution. He regarded Stalin as engaged in the sacrifice of the essential revolutionary ideal to considerations of domestic expediency the validity of which he denied. For him, the party, under Stalin's direction, has sacrificed the revolutionary direction of the party for a bureaucratic and opportunist temper that has no other aim than to keep the epigoni in a power for which their errors have shown them to be unfitted.

There is a real degree of truth in Trotsky's indictment; and it has been made with the characteristically impetuous eloquence of which he is a master. He is, too, on the evidence we have, entitled to

claim that the defense of his position has never been honestly put before the party. There have been suppressions of documents, evasions, arrests, imprisonments, a packing of committees and conferences with men already organized to secure his defeat—all the usual methods, in a word, of a party machine intent on the destruction of dissident opinion. And yet the observer who watches the battle will not find it easy to conclude that Trotsky is as fundamentally right as he seems to suppose. Stalin saw certain things his rival failed to see. He realized the difficulty of maintaining the revolution at the tempo which Trotsky deemed vital. He understood, in the international realm, the necessity of a breathing-space during which Soviet Russia could maximize its prospects of security against attack from without; and it is not improbable that on this side he has saved the revolution. He calculated wisely in his belief that a spectacular success in economic construction would be a more profound challenge to the capitalist world than the promotion of widespread international disruption by the Third International; and in this he has beyond any doubt been right. For in the years of profound crisis since 1929 the achievement of Soviet Russia has made a more vital impact on the imagination of the masses than could have been effected by all the forces of non-Russian Communism put together. There has been, in fact, in Trotsky's outlook something at least of that "infantile malady" of left-wing Communism against which Lenin inveighed in a famous pamphlet. There are periods in the history of every revolution when a general may win a campaign by safeguarding his forces from premature attack. In a blunt, intuitive way Stalin has realized this; and in the next period of deepening crisis it is difficult not to feel that he has organized Soviet Russia towards a position which may then give it a decisive influence.

3

Yet Trotsky is right in his insistence that the price of this slackening of tempo has been high. Part of it is seen in the triumph of Fascism in Central Europe; the revolutionary initiative has passed there to the forces of reaction. Part of it is seen again in the growing stranglehold of Japanese imperialism in the Far East; the impetus of revolution in Chinese nationalism has lost, and at a high cost, the power with which Trotsky's ideology would have endowed it. There is a sense, it may be said, in which the world-revolution has been temporarily sacrificed to the economic consolidation of Russia. And there is always the danger that in permitting the triumph of reaction the favorable moment for attack may disappear. Revolution, as Marx was never tired of insisting, is an art; and it takes the insight of the supreme artist to see the moments of its vital opportunities.

Yet whatever be the contingencies the future may reveal, it is

undeniable that the Russian Revolution began a new epoch in the history of mankind. It marks a change in the temper of human affairs as dramatic, as decisive, and as all-embracing as the fall of the Roman Empire or the Reformation. Of that Revolution Trotsky was, after Lenin, the most important architect. The work he did, whether as the theorist or as organizer, belongs to those achievements that win for their performers a permanent place in history. He may be hated or loved; he can no more be ignored than Luther or Napoleon. He contributed fundamentally to a social experiment which cuts down to the roots of our society. He saw the end; he had the daring and the imagination to will the means to the realization of that end. He made it a challenge to the social order of which his whole life has been a magistral and heroic denial. On any showing, this is one of the most remarkable performances of modern history.

He has made grave mistakes, not least when he sought to translate the technique of his military experience into a formula of dictatorship which might easily have deprived the latter of its roots in proletarian consciousness. He exaggerated the degree to which an hierarchical discipline may be imposed upon men who have to grow into the requirements of a new social order; and he tended, as the urban intellectual will do, to underestimate the grim obstinacy the peasant can oppose to his absorption within the requirements of its principle. His greatest epoch was in the period of his partnership with Lenin; in those days, the strident ebullience of his temperament, its tendency to excess and over-rapid decision, were corrected by the massive solidity of Lenin's more comprehensive insight. Once Lenin had gone, circumstances made it inevitable that he should pay the price of a temperament that only a man like Lenin could have subdued to the discipline of coöperation. For his own defense, brilliant as it is, is also the explanation of his defeat. A force so gigantic as the Russian Revolution cannot be subordinated to the insight of one man.

It is, however, a mistake to think of his defeat as the registration of failure. The achievement remains; on any showing one of the strategic and administrative miracles of our time. Revolutions do not exist to enable men to fulfill their careers; they utilize men for ends far greater than any career can hope to compass. Trotsky himself has said that it is a "philistine" view to think of his exile as a personal tragedy. He is profoundly right. Starting life as an observer of a world which, to him, was the denial of every principle he held to be truth, he had the spiritual satisfaction which comes to any man who can give to his belief victorious material form. "Philosophers," wrote Marx, "have done nothing more than explain the world; it is our business to change it!" Trotsky can claim that, in a less degree only than Lenin, his life has been passed in attention to that business.

# GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

James Bridie

WE have all agreed to regard the reign of Queen Victoria as a faintly comic epoch, but there is this to be said for it, that it was starry with notabilities. There was an aristocracy of the mind in those days and the streets were full of poets, engineers, painters, statesmen, reformers, story-tellers, scholars, doctors, divines, biologists, and what-not, all progressing towards their several clearly defined goals in a dignified fashion and all suitable candidates for the title, Great. It was a good era for personages, and of all personages the most characteristic were the Sages. England, which had been without a Sage of the first rank since the death of Dr. Johnson, found the field full of competitors and was happy to elect the Scotsman, Thomas Carlyle, to the pontificate, with Ruskin and Herbert Spencer as his successors. The office of Sage was very honorable, very Victorian, and very English. It was not necessary to agree with the views of the Sage, or even to be exhaustively acquainted with them. It was necessary, merely, to reverence him with the mystical, half-affectionate reverence extended by our people to race-horses and pugilists. He became *ex officio* also a national possession.

It would have astonished any one living in the 'nineties to be told that Mr. Shaw would eventually become a Sage. He was red-haired. He showed disrespect to the Englishman's religions—to his ostensible or C. of E. religion and to his much more formidable secret religion. He wore grotesque clothes. We can hardly realize, at this date, what a painful impression was produced upon the 'nineties by the wearing of grotesque clothes. He was an enemy to property. He was an Irishman. He had a cheek—and far too often a tongue in it. His wit, unlike that of Wilde, was offensive because it always seemed to have some sort of a meaning behind it. He had unspeakable associates; his own mother was conscious that they were not gentlemen. He was a vegetarian. As a final straw, he was a disturbing influence in the concert hall and in the theater, these temples of after-dinner recreation, these sacred places.

The possibility that Mr. Shaw would become undisputed purveyor of wisdom to these islands became even more remote when the bottom

fell out of the market for Sages, and Prophets became in demand. There was a long interregnum insufficiently occupied by Mr. George Moore and Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. Mr. Moore was in the best tradition in that he drew his authority from his own personal preferences, but his ambit was narrow. Mr. Chesterton had an inexhaustible fund of reflection on every thinkable topic, but he put himself out of court by taking the Roman Catholic Church under his protection. It was the great day of Mr. H. G. Wells, the Prophet; but prophets, though not without honor, seldom command reverence. All our reverence not in use was accorded to an aged writer of almost unreadable story books, Mr. Thomas Hardy.

Before Hardy's death, we had become uneasily aware that Mr. Shaw was a writer of some stature in virtue of his stage plays. Word came from the Continent that he was regarded there as the equal of Molière. He had been awarded the Nobel prize for literature. Half a dozen of his plays had proved their ability to draw audiences in London and all grades of public intelligence had agreed that *St. Joan* was a masterpiece. We knew that he was the most effective pamphleteer since Swift. He was now a tall, angular, noble-looking old man. When Hardy died, early in 1928, Mr. Shaw entered into his kingdom and Great Britain was again provided with a Sage; yet he was the same Mr. Shaw who had flaunted his vermilion beard ("like a banner of revolution") in the faces of thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers. His attack on things as they ought not to be had still the same audacity and bite; but he suffered and is suffering the Nemesis of his own miracle. His flaming paradoxes are paradoxes no more, for he has made us think as he does. Dicta that would have shocked our fathers out of their seven senses are now accepted by us as plain common sense, hardly worth the saying. How profoundly this single man has altered our attitude may be shown by the single instance of the Irish question. For the first time in history we refuse to become excited over that. In spite of disagreement, misunderstanding, and plain ignorance on the part of his flock, it is the privilege of a Sage to influence his time and Mr. Shaw has availed himself of the privilege abundantly.

A very acute man of the 'nineties might have discerned in Mr. Shaw possibilities for the future. He began his campaign with certain advantages. To begin with, he was Irish, with a Presbyterian tradition, and he sprang from an impecunious middle-class family which was "well-connected." It is impossible to exaggerate the value of such a start in life. The first circumstance provided him with a tongue in his head and a disciplined, democratic, inquiring mind. The second gave him social confidence and discontent with his environment.

He was born on July 26, 1856. His father, George Carr Shaw, was employed at the Law Courts, until his marriage, at forty years of age,

to Miss Lucinda Gurly, the daughter of a country gentleman. Miss Gurly was disinherited, and Mr. Shaw, Sen., realized his pension of sixty pounds a year and bought an unsuccessful grain business. When his son grew old enough to know him, he was sustaining his illusions with alcohol. His wife was earning just enough to support him and their two daughters and one son in partnership with a teacher of music who contributed his rent. The living adult characters in this pattern were the handsome, active, cultivated woman, the music master, and a vivid maternal uncle. Poor Mr. Shaw, Sen., was little better than a wraith.

A quarter of a century ago Professor Freud burst on the world with the astonishing revelation that some boys love their mothers, and that this fact influences their entire lives. Mr. Shaw's psyche must be a happy hunting-ground for persons deeply interested in such scientific truths. Even those of us who are inexpert could make a fair prognosis as to what sort of character, other things being equal, would evolve from such a ménage. He would be a Puritan. That is to say he would have a *respect* for women as opposed to a series of objectively romantic ideas about them. Marguerite and Manon might fail to charm him and Katisha would certainly not amuse him. And he would pause to consider whether people actually did live happy ever after.

He would be tolerant of most things, but would be very intolerant of two: unearned increment and bad workmanship in the arts. With the virus of snobbery in his blood he would be violently anaphylactic to snobs. Forbearance would be necessary to his survival, so he would fail to understand or to sympathize with cruelty in any shape or form; but he would be expert in battles fought with words and he would exult continually in the exercise. He would be fond of admiration and even flattery, but he would turn a shrewd eye inwards on those failings which were obvious to his mother and sisters. He would value power, position, and money and would take steps to acquire them by the roundabout ways necessary to those who are not born thieves or financiers. His emotions, in part freed from the perpetual drag of erotic questionings and excitements, would wander free, strengthened and disciplined by that great master of the emotions, music. He would be pertinacious, because, in such a household, a young boy's wants are not attended to at the first asking. He would be shy and he would have means to cover his shyness. He would be acutely conscious of his own individuality. He would be ambitious to become an artist, and, if the Lord granted him artistry, he would turn out to be not unlike Bernard Shaw.

At the age of fifteen, Bernard Shaw became clerk to a land agent in Dublin. It is possible that he learned there the habits of application and skill in the manipulations of commerce without which no great

career can ever be sustained. It is also possible that he learned a degree of confidence in himself—that possession without which nobody ever did any original work since the beginning of time. The single-job man, however, was a rarity in those days. At the age of twenty, Mr. Shaw was in London, in the employment of the Edison Telephone Company. At the age of twenty-three, he left the Edison Telephone Company and began to fit himself to swim in the tremendous tide of intellectual progress that was surging all round him. He lived in libraries, museums, lecture halls, concert halls, and art galleries and he wrote novels. These novels did not provide him with a livelihood, but they kept his self-respect alive while his mother kept him in food and shelter. The novels were published *en feuilleton.* He believed that they did not appeal to the public because they expressed an unpopular point of view. The facts of the case, as they did subsequently more than once, had impinged on Mr. Shaw's blind spot. The novels are not popular today, though every other word their writer wrote is avidly read by thousands of people. R. L. Stevenson's letter to Sydney Colvin summed them up not unfairly. Moreover, it was not fair to expect amateurs of fictitious erotics like the novel-reading public to accept Mr. Shaw's appallingly incompetent love stories. The books were offered to the public as love stories. The public was led to suppose that they were love stories. And it is absurd to pretend that the glowing decorations of character and rhetoric and style can alter the fact that they are very "uninteresting" love stories indeed.

The most significant part of Mr. Shaw's early London days was not his novel writing but his association with the local Radicals. Darwin, Wallace, and Huxley had destroyed the old heaven and a number of earnest spirits were busily constructing a new earth. If we are apt to visualize these convenanters as a body of doctrinaires, gray-faced and dyspeptic from a diet of pamphlets peppered with statistics, a list of the names of some of Mr. Shaw's friends will dispel that illusion. Among them were R. B. Cunninghame Graham, William Morris, Hubert Bland, A. B. Walkley, and Annie Besant, truly tropical persons, with Sydney Olivier and Sidney Webb, who later became Lords. It is true that there remained a leavening of the Old Guard. Mr. Shaw made a tentative sketch of one in the character of Roebuck Ramsden and a complete and terrifically accurate portrait in the Elder in *Too True to be Good.* So remote from twentieth century experience was this strange survival that both Mr. Shaw and Mr. H. K. Ayliff, who played the part to the life, were violently attacked by the critics for making a thing not in the likeness of anything on earth or in the water under the earth. There is no oblivion more complete than that which engulfs the real makers of revolutions.

The newer, more graceful revolutionists, of whom Mr. Shaw was

one, had one or two social characteristics which, as they survive to this day in Mr. Shaw, may repay description. They were ashamed to be ignorant of any subject under the sun. They therefore gathered sufficient knowledge of every conceivable subject to be able, at the least, to converse on it in an original and authoritative fashion. They showed more humility than your modern who will admit and even boast of his ignorance of the most important matters; believing that by so doing he will be accepted as a specialist on the matters that do interest him.

The conversation of the Fabian of the 'eighties and 'nineties was almost Augustan in its charm. There were no schoolboy phrases, broken or unfinished sentences, loose allusions, barks, grunts, or snarls. Every sentence was syntactical and properly rounded. If a point had to be illustrated by an anecdote, as much pains were taken to make the anecdote vivid, pithy, and neat as if it had been written down for money. The pace of a conversation was timed to give the effect of leisure without being slow. When a man had developed a phase of his argument he listened to what was said in return and considered carefully his reply. No slang words or slovenly locutions were allowed. It was a time, indeed, when the dignity of language was still preserved; or so it seems to us who are privileged to hear the occasional table-talk of its survivors. Mr. Shaw keeps these rules; and his Dublin accent and a slight extravagance of gesture do not disguise the fact that his mind is a garden and not a piece of casually reclaimed wilderness. Already in the 'eighties he was taking a further step in his training that was to fit him to be a European gentleman—a subtly different kind of person from the English gentleman who is so much admired by his immediate associates and subordinates.

In 1883 Mr. Shaw changed his trade for the third time. He ceased to be a novelist and became a pamphleteer and a professor of the science of revolution. If any one influenced him towards this course, it was probably Henry George, who was making the same sort of appeal to amateur economists that C. H. Douglas is making today. In a course of demagogy he learned the art of keeping audiences in order, though he was never more than a competent orator and he looked like an unkempt Irish terrier. The exquisite speeches of old Hipney in *On the Rocks* give Mr. Shaw's own retrospect of this happy time. The period was more important as a phase of excitement and bustle than as a formative part of a Sage's education. And now we come to the plays.

In 1888 he began to earn a living, and as art critic of the *World*, the literary critic of *Truth*, and musical critic of the *Star*, he began to apply himself seriously to the mechanics of the writing business. His standard of criticism was his own personal taste and he exalted

this standard by asserting it violently week in week out. In music, the standard was built up between two poles, Mozart and Wagner, and the continuous intrusion of Shaw into the structure was made tolerable by superlatively adroit clowning. His work brought him into close contact with Archer and Walkley, who wrote, talked, and dreamed Theater at a time when the writers for the English stage were beginning to make tentative passes in the direction of real life. In 1885 Archer adapted the scenario of a French play called *La Ceinture Dorée.* It is impossible to deduce what this play was about from the final form in which it found a public in this country. Be that as it may, Mr. Archer asked Mr. Shaw to put his scenario into dialogue. Mr. Shaw's first act smashed the collaboration to atoms before it had well begun. His second act put Mr. Archer to sleep, and the two acts were put on the shelf till 1892. Archer's rather dull translations of Ibsen had demonstrated the fact that the drama had again become a possible vehicle for a writer with something to say. Mr. Shaw wrote "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," and his long and successful fight with the grease-painted Lords of the Theater began.

In 1892 Mr. Shaw took a hand in the Independent Theater movement. He finished his play, and Mr. J. T. Grein produced *Widowers' Houses.*

There was nothing particularly novel about the superficial structure of this play. A very able school of English dramatic criticism had swept away certain concretions of doctrinaire rubbish, and the dramatist of the 'nineties had considerably more breathing space than his unfortunate predecessors, but the situations in *Widowers' Houses* were spaced out and built up to climaxes in the time-honored fashion; the acts and intervals were of suitable length; two juvenile leads of opposite sexes, two comic characters of different classes in society, and a heavy father were introduced; there was a strong love interest. It is true that the play embodied a discovery in the art of entertainment—a discovery to be developed later by its inventor into something both characteristic and colossal. But there was nothing offensive about that. On the contrary. The invention consisted in the exploiting of the theatrical value of discussion. It is a common matter of observation that when two men in a railway carriage begin to discuss any general topic the other occupants put down the most enthralling of books and newspapers and listen. In the theater today, if two duelists were to put down their rapiers and daggers to elaborate a casual remark by one of them about, say, the eradication of musk-rats, be assured that the audience would lean forward in its seats and listen with breathless attention. There was, as I say, nothing offensive about that. It was, indeed, a novelty for which to be grateful. What was offensive was the theme of the play, the odd behavior of its characters,

and the damnably judicial way in which the balances were held between vice and virtue.

The theme of the play was not the legitimate one of adultery or the legitimate one of sexual virtue subjected to assault, or the legitimate ones of fraud, theft, blackmail, and murder. The play was about slum landlordism. A dull subject. Worse still, the play was full of jokes in the most appalling taste; for slum landlordism, if it is to be discussed at all, must obviously be discussed solemnly and with appeals directed at the more high-toned of the emotions. Worst of all, after the audience had been worked up to a certain pitch of indignation at the whole business, nobody was beaten or flung downstairs or hanged from a lamp-post. The hero capitulated and everybody went down to dinner.

As to the behavior of its characters, it is hard to realize, at this date, what a painful impression it must have caused. The beautiful, well-dressed heroine suddenly displayed herself as an untruthful, ill-tempered, cruel, underbred, greedy young woman. She might have been our own sister. A comic character, called Lickcheese, burst into an impassioned and perfectly serious indictment of a social system. The heavy father, who was also the villain, combined a crass stupidity with a skill in dialectic sufficient to give him the triumphant best of the whole argument. The hero, whose heart began by being in the right place, was beaten all ends up without once having recourse to his fists or to noble rhetoric. It was most unsatisfactory.

Incidentally, right at the beginning of his career, Mr. Shaw introduced what stupid people persist in calling his stock characters. The most half-witted form of criticism to which Mr. Shaw has been subjected is that which accuses him of creating a series of lifeless and crudely painted talking machines, speaking with the voice of Mr. Shaw in all too perfect rhetorical prose. This criticism is so meaningless that it is difficult to confute. Characterization, like everything else on the stage, is produced by an illusionist's trick. A canvas mountain painted on the flat is still more satisfying than the more elaborately built property mountain. The illusion that we are listening to real people voicing their hopes and fears is not produced by copying a situation, dialogue and all, from life. Stage people have a life of their own—a life that has to be created by the author and the actor working together. Our neighbor, when he drops in after dinner for a chat, does not talk like John Tanner—fortunately or unfortunately—but we have weeks and months and years in which to get to know him. Tanner must be a complete life in the two or three hours' traffic of the stage. The test is, does he come alive? It is idle to say that we have never seen any one just like him and that our friends do not emit long sentences and paragraphs of perfectly pointed prose. Not many of our

friends talk in blank verse; but Hamlet and John Tanner impress their personalities upon us so that we remember them and speculate upon their actions in varying circumstances. The trick is done. How it is done is another matter. But there is no possible doubt that Mr. Shaw can do the trick. It is necessary to mention a string of names chosen almost at random: Alfred Doolittle, Androcles, General Gascoigne, Mrs. George, Hipney, de Stogumber, William the Waiter, Lady Cecily, Marchbanks, Warwick, King Magnus, Colonel Tallboys, Mrs. Gilbey, Bluntschli, Dubedat, Shotover, Higgins, Mendoza, Cusins, the heaven-sent, adorable Gunner in *Misalliance,* Mrs. Warren, Lickcheese, Corny Doyle, Ellie Dunn.... There are two dozen in that list, and it could be doubled easily. This random two dozen stage characters show more variety, invention, and life than any two dozen characters in the works of any other dramatist who ever lived. They are a challenge to the great Charles Dickens himself.

The most disturbing feature of *Widowers' Houses* was the judicial attitude of its author. He repeatedly stepped over from the prosecutor's desk to that of the Devil's advocate. We are still disturbed by this attitude. We like our author to take sides. We like to know what he is getting at and to see him continually getting at it. This juggling with right and wrong destroys the opportunity delighted in by critics of a philosophic bent of taking sides against the author. How can a critic attack an author if he is for ever stating the converse to his own thesis in a much more brilliant fashion than the critic can achieve? How can any one be expected to die for a cause of which its chief protagonist cannot resist pointing out the feeble and ridiculous features?

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy relates an anecdote which tells perhaps half of the truth about this curious habit of mind. He has just drawn a delightful domestic interior introducing the Sidney Webbs, and he goes on to say:

"Late that evening Bernard Shaw arrived fresh from his mother's funeral. He remarked on the soundness of the military instinct regarding such ceremonies: on the way to the grave one wanted solemn music; on the way back, a rousing march. But, divining that I was slightly startled by this detachment, he turned to me and—with a casualness that made a deeper impression—added 'You mustn't think I'm a person who forgets people.' I instantly knew that to be true. What had interested me was not the apparent heartlessness of such a comment, but the light it threw on Shaw the artist—on that extraordinarily *objective* attitude towards emotions which is the source of the splendid penetration of his plays and, in spite of his tolerant sympathy with such a variety of types, of their imaginative limitations."

I do not understand what Mr. MacCarthy means when he says

that an objective attitude is the source of Mr. Shaw's imaginative limitations, or even what he means by imaginative limitations, but that is beside the point. The story illustrates admirably the behavior of an emotional man who has discovered in childhood and adolescence that his emotions can be terrifying masters. He has schooled himself to stand outside them and study them till, to break the metaphor, he can ride them without fear that they will bolt with him. The voices that a playwright transcribes in his dialogue are the disguised tones of his own emotions and his method of controlling and marshalling them is an index of his private way with the movings of his own spirit.

Mr. Shaw had another reason for being judicial. As long ago as 1892 he had the will to be a conscientious Sage. The will survives today and makes him the less uneasy when he finds himself in a generation of *bourgeoisie* that refuses to be *épatée*. He has none of the attitude of the late Duke of Devonshire, who used to fortify himself before making a public speech by muttering below his breath, "I never saw such a stupid-looking lot of devils in my life." He is genuinely anxious to please or, alternatively, to edify. In his bones he is part showman, part schoolmaster, and he holds firm to the honorable traditions of these two professions. He issues his edicts with a real sense of responsibility; and he is acutely conscious that if he is too Sinaitic in his manner they will be as little regarded as the Ten Commandments. He is, it is true, human; and an occasional exotic draught goes to his usually very level head. The instance that springs to the mind is that of Russia. But contact with the Russian, whether White or Red, is one of the headiest of all human contacts. We must remain grateful for Mr. Shaw's long sober periods when he gives, laboriously and wittily, the two sides of a question and leaves us to choose the less preposterous.

In 1925 he became dramatic critic for the *Saturday Review* under the ægis of the inordinate Mr. Frank Harris—who later used Mr. Shaw's name as an excuse for writing a rather slovenly book on Mr. Harris's two main preoccupations. His essays on the theater contained unscrupulous propaganda for the so-called "realistic" drama and the Socialist view of society. They lacked the firmness and conciseness of his prefaces to plays, and they carried (in the best traditions of English dramatic criticism) a good deal of irrelevant erudition. They fully realized the necessity, recently so forcibly enunciated by Mr. James Agate, of putting the whole caboodle of theatrical managers in their places. His genial ferocities against those noble great bulls, the Actor Managers, are still pleasant to read long after the victims and their peers are dead and gone, just as the essays themselves make admirable reading when most of the plays they celebrate and crucify have vanished into the night.

Mr. Shaw learned a great proportion of his mechanics from the auditorium and this was a great advantage to him. If Russia is able to turn the levelest of heads, how much more potent is the theater with its glamour and its make-believe and its delight in tossing emotions to and fro. Mr. Shaw kept his head in that world. It was an exciting thing to make love to Miss Ellen Terry by post, but Mr. Shaw did it with the utmost aplomb [1] and an occasionally astonishing eye to business. His boyhood had prepared him to be a king of the theater and not its slave. He could be sane on the emotional level and it was, accordingly, a simple matter to be sane on the artistic level. He had derided the shibboleths of the Old Theatrical Hands and it was unlikely that he would have an exaggerated respect for them when he entered into his kingdom. This is not to say that he did not make himself acquainted with the rules and keep most of them as a matter of convenience. His plays are as classical in form, to our eyes, as the pictures of Whistler. Whistler excluded spurious appeals to sentiment and informed the most blatant of his tricks with conscience. So does Shaw. Whistler's pictures, though he gave them unusual and impersonal labels, were composed with as much respect for the laws of relativity in form and color as were those of Raphael. He took issue with his contemporaries only in having a clearer conception than they of what these laws essentially were. The same is true of Shaw. He has created no revolution in stagecraft. His contention that the most interesting form of play is a dramatized pamphlet is merely the reiteration of a truth that had been forgotten. His curious conversation piece, *On the Rocks*, moves in the same mysterious way its wonders to perform as did *Richard the Second* long ago. So does *The Apple Cart*. In *Heartbreak House* (his favorite play) there is the introduction of an alien tradition. Mr. Shaw followed Chekhov's rules as closely as if they had been terrace railings after an orgy. He demonstrated his humility, but he cramped his own genius and the high truths he was trying to inculcate came over the orchestra pit with a slightly muffled tone. His own medium, the English dramatic form, he handles with an almost contemptuous ease.

Mr. Shaw no longer abides our question as a member of the succession of the great Masters of English Comedy. His credentials as a philosopher are protected by his office of Sage to the British Islands, and it would be an impertinence to examine them at the tail-end of a very desultory essay. His message has taken over half a century to deliver and is still, happily, incomplete. It has been delivered as

[1] It is significant that it was during this time that Mr. Shaw became engaged to and married Miss Charlotte Payne-Townshend, a lady of great personal charm, fine intelligence, and rare good sense, who has unobtrusively kept him in order ever since.

eloquently as it is possible to deliver a message. It has been delivered clearly, particularly, and at enormous length. If it had been possible to summarize it, Mr. Shaw would have summarized it long ago. In its essentials it is a religious message, for Mr. Shaw is a deeply religious man, if it is permissible to regard a product of the Reformation as religious. If the description seems odd to the old lady who recently tore her copy of the "Black Girl" to pieces before her bookseller's eyes or the people who recall with horror how Mr. Shaw once took out his watch on a public platform and challenged the Almighty to strike him dead within two minutes, I cannot help it. His religious sense is to be compared with that of Bunyan, his literary hero. He believes man to be endowed and moved by the spirit of God working within him. He believes this spirit to be thwarted from day to day and from generation to generation by fear, hatred, greed, superstition, envy, cruelty, lust, and ignorance. He derides these things in their public and private manifestations with that powerful derision which is the Irishman's personal gift. He believes the kingdom of Heaven to be a world where nobody will cheat, bully, or murder his neighbor nor allow him to live a life of misery and shame and hunger. He offends his Socialist co-religionists by refusing to consider the means more important than the end. He is heterodox in that, and if he is not sure whether Jesus or Caiaphas is the more practical politician he is prepared to give Barabbas a run for his money. He is almost, however, persuaded to be a Christian. He hates the fog of mystical sacrifice and thaumaturgy that surrounds Christianity as he hates "Lurve, Goodness, Terewth, and Bewty." But he has discovered a rock-bottom New Testament that is free from sentimentality and strictly to the point. He feels himself naturally a sentimental and romantic man and he clings to this rock.

As to his politics, he calls himself a Communist; but it is some time since he had any real connection with Communists and it is possible that he is not fully informed as to what modern Communism means. We are content that our Sage should have his little joke.

# HINDENBURG

John W. Wheeler-Bennett

IT is given to few men to lead, during one period of existence, three completely different lives, each separated from the other by some three or four years and each progressively greater and more important than the last, yet this is true in its widest sense of Paul von Beneckendorf und von Hindenburg, General-Field-Marshal, and President of the German Reich.

The first of these lives dates from his birth in Posen in 1847 to his retirement from the army in 1911. During this period von Hindenburg lived the life of a normally but inconspicuously successful soldier in the days of Prussia's rise to greatness. Too young to take part in the war against Denmark, he received his baptism of fire from the Austrians at Soor in 1866 and at the close of the campaign was decorated with the Order of the Red Eagle. Four years later, in the Franco-Prussian War, he won the Iron Cross for bravery in the field and was elected by his regiment to represent them at the proclamation of the German Empire at Versailles.

At the end of the war he returned to the ordinary existence of any rising young officer engaged in "military peace work," and during these years even his most enthusiastic biographer, Niemann, is forced to admit that his services "were valuable, though not decisive." He was a part, and a rather insignificant part, of the new German Empire's new army, which was organized and developed during the Wilhelmian era, and through the ranks of which he slowly worked his way in forty years from captain to lieutenant-general. He was never promoted on account of any outstanding service, but rose in the regular advancement of a conscientious officer, and the number of medals and orders conferred on him by the Emperor was the minimum consistent with his rank.

He retired from the army in 1911 at the age of sixty-four, and though he vehemently denied it, a strong rumor was current at the time that his retirement was not unconnected with the fact that a few years before he had made the fatal mistake of allowing the Army Corps commanded by the Emperor to lose the maneuvers. Hindenburg's own reason for retirement, recorded in his memoirs, was that his military

career had carried him much farther than he had ever dared to hope; that there was no prospect of war, and that he recognized it as his duty to make way for younger men.

He therefore resigned himself to a life of well-earned rest and tranquillity in Hanover, and to the congenial occupation of watching and advancing the military career of his son, then a second-lieutenant in his father's old regiment. His name was unknown to most of his fellow-countrymen. He was just one of the many retired generals retained *à la suite* of their regiments, and twelve other individuals were listed on the same page as he in the current issue of the German *Who's Who*.

For four years General von Hindenburg lived a monotonously pleasant existence in the autumn of life. He traveled, and whilst in Rome he began that collection of pictures of the Madonna and Child which, together with hunting, formed his chief hobby. His health began to give anxiety. Work would have suited him better, he had always led an active though not an athletic life, and though he enjoyed freedom from anxiety and responsibility, subconsciously inactivity irked him. It seemed as if he might not live to be seventy.

And then suddenly out of the blue summer sky of 1914 there came that which galvanized him once more into activity. Germany found herself at war on two fronts, and conducting, contrary to the advice of the great von Moltke and of von Schlieffen, three offensives all at once. While in the West her first dash carried her almost to the gates of Paris, in the East the Russian armies swept into East Prussia. The German Army suffered a reverse with heavy losses at Gumbinnen on August 20, and, had the quality of intelligence of the Russian leaders been equal to the fighting quality of the troops, the issue of the war on the Eastern front might have been very different.

In Hanover General von Hindenburg chafed in a fever of inactivity. "I placed myself in the hands of fate and waited in longing expectation." At last in the afternoon of August 22 there came a telegram from the Emperor at G.H.Q. at Coblenz asking him if he were ready for immediate service. Thankfully the general replied, "Am ready," and set about his preparations. Subsequent telegrams informed him of his appointment to the command of the 8th Army in East Prussia with General Ludendorff as his Chief of Staff, and by the small hours of the following morning the two were speeding on their way eastwards to turn defeat into victory.

Thus opened Hindenburg's second "life," which was to close five years later, in 1919, overshadowed by the gloom of Germany's defeat and humiliation, but in which his personal reputation was enhanced a thousandfold and his name became a legend throughout Germany.

Of this period of his life the outstanding feature was the relations between Hindenburg and Ludendorff. In many ways they were

antithetical yet complementary. Hindenburg was modest and retiring, Ludendorff arrogant and egotistical. In his account of the years of their partnership Hindenburg uses the pronoun "we" throughout, while Ludendorff's memoirs are characterized by the constantly recurring use of "I." Hindenburg was a man of slow but accurate judgment and he never lost his nerve; while Ludenorff, certainly the more brilliant, and with a swifter grasp of the situation in the final analysis, was prone to moments of panic. In their combination Ludendorff was the arm and in some cases, not always the happiest, the head also, but if Hindenburg often permitted himself to approve suggestions, he never did so without complete assurance of what he did, for he had great insight, and his mature and assured judgments often restrained Ludendorff's unstable and less perfectly balanced temper.

Hindenburg himself described their relations as "those of a happy marriage" but in that marriage Ludendorff was the dominating husband, for he possessed a strong will, the will of a fanatic, which drives straight to its goal without a thought for those who stand in its way. From the military aspect the combination was vastly effective, but politically it was most unfortunate, for while in the direction of operations their two brains worked in complementary accord, in the political intrigues of the later years Ludendorff made use of his Chief's name and position in the most unwarrantable manner.

Of the military efficacy of this combination there was soon ample proof. Within eighteen days of their departure from Hanover, Hindenburg and Ludendorff had with greatly inferior numbers inflicted a crushing defeat on the Russian armies at Tannenberg, a battle described by General Sir Edmund Ironsides as "the greatest defeat suffered by any of the combatants during the War."

Of all the parts played in the preparation of the Tannenberg campaign, the smallest was that of Hindenburg. From all available sources it would appear that Ludendorff had proposed a plan to the Imperial Chief of Staff, General von Moltke, at Coblenz and had secured Hindenburg's approval of it during their journey from Hanover. On arrival at their new headquarters at Marienburg in East Prussia they found that the G.S.O.1., Colonel Hoffman, had conceived independently an almost identical plan and that disposition of the troops had been made accordingly.

It was, however, Hindenburg who was in chief command; it was he who signed the final order for attack; it was he who took the final responsibility for success or failure and, moreover, it was he who at the critical moment on the evening of August 26 refused to accept Ludendorff's advice to break off the engagement in view of the approach of Russian reënforcements, an action which would have allowed Sam-

sonoff's army to escape from the steel circle, and would have prevented the battle from being the Cannæ it subsequently became.

It was Hindenburg, therefore, who telegraphed the news of the victory to the Emperor, who replied by conferring upon him the *Pour le Mérite* Order, and at once his name became a household word throughout Germany. The legend had grown in less than a fortnight, and it increased to prodigious proportions after his further victory over the Russians at the first Battle of the Masurian Lakes in September, and his subsequent appointment as Commander-in-Chief in the East. By November the field-postmen were bringing him correspondence addressed to "The Most Popular Man in Germany," while shopkeepers vied with each other in stocking Hindenburg cigars, boots, and ties, and restaurants called their choicest dishes after him. During the first Christmas of the war he received over six hundred gifts of wine, tobacco and pipes alone, in addition to thousands of other presents. Old ladies sent him galoshes and young ones pillows stuffed with their own hair. Ludendorff was admitted to be a very fine military expert, but his Chief was already affectionately known as "Our Hindenburg."

In official circles his name stood no less high, and when in November it became evident that the Austrians were about to be overcome by disaster in Galicia, the cry arose "Hindenburg to the Rescue." The result was a bitter and bloody campaign, culminating in February, 1915, in the second Battle of the Lakes, in the course of which the Russians were defeated even more signally than at Tannenberg, losing prisoners to the number of over 110,000. The Austrian front was saved and it seemed as if the Hindenburg-Ludendorff combination was invincible.

In the West the fortunes of war had been less friendly to Germany, and it is of interest to speculate on what might have happened had Hindenburg and Ludendorff been sent West instead of East on August 23. A less able combination might still have triumphed at Tannenberg, a more able general than Moltke might well have conquered at the Marne.

But, after the failure of the Marne, Moltke had been superseded by Falkenhayn, with his policy of "limited offensives." He was convinced that once the Race to the Sea had been lost by Germany it was impossible to repeat the maneuver of 1914. The Allied method of winning the war by blockade and attrition was already beginning to take effect, and the Imperial Admiralty did not consider it possible to defeat this by a naval offensive. All that Germany could hope to do was to hold out longer than the Allies, and Falkenhayn, therefore, embarked upon a policy of "limited offensives" which should injure and weaken the enemy more than they would weaken and injure the Germans.

To this policy Hindenburg and Ludendorff were bitterly opposed, believing that it would end in the long run in the dissipation of Germany's man-power in isolated efforts without achieving any lasting result. For them the solution lay in a great offensive either in the East or in the West. They put this alternative before Falkenhayn, who could not make up his mind.

In the end the "limited offensives" policy, though it achieved much, ended, as Hindenburg and Ludendorff had foreseen, in failure. The mass attack upon Verdun in February, 1916, though it inflicted ghastly losses on the French, cost the Germans equally heavily. Moreover, it failed in its two initial objectives. Verdun did not fall and the Allies were not prevented from launching their own offensive on the Somme in July. By the late summer the German armies were hard pressed on all sides. The Russians took Czernovitz and the Italians Gorizia. Rumania joined the Allies and, though the British attack on the Somme was a failure, the Germans were too occupied elsewhere to organize a counter-offensive.

Again the cry went up, "Hindenburg to the Rescue," and in August the Kaiser summoned him to the General Headquarters at Pless, appointing him Imperial Chief of the Staff, with Ludendorff as his First Quartermaster-General. A month later, when a Supreme War Command (*Oberste Kriegsleitung*) was created for the Central Powers, Hindenburg exercised it in the name of the Emperor. Two years before he had been virtually unknown; now he commanded the armies of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria.

This new appointment provided a much-needed fillip to the flagging spirit of the German people. The Hindenburg legend had grown steadily and now he was coming, the Hero of Tannenberg and Masurian Lakes, Ludendorff with him, to repeat in the West his victories in the East. Hopes grew strong again, courage and confidence returned.

The popular enthusiasm was fanned officially. Hindenburg was promoted Field Marshal. A new battleship was named after him and his wife launched it. In the great cities of Germany enormous wooden statues of the hero were erected and thousands paid their contributions to the Red Cross fund for the privilege of driving iron nails into them. The Hindenburg cult had reached its greatest proportions; he had become a Titan, an epic hero, a Siegfried.

And indeed the victories won by Mackensen and Falkenhayn against the Rumanians seemed to justify the belief that the appointment of Hindenburg to the supreme command betokened a speedy and successful end to the war. But in reality little had been gained but time and a breathing space. For all her many victories Germany was still a beleaguered fortress and, though her sorties might prove temporarily successful, the circle of steel remained unbroken.

It took but a short while to convince the new German High Command that the most powerful weapon of the Allies was the naval blockade. Seventy million people were rapidly approaching a state of semi-starvation, something must be done to alleviate the strain.

It was now that Ludendorff began to appear as the marshal's evil genius. Under his influence the High Command became an *imperium in imperio* negotiating with the Government, with the Reichstag, with the Emperor himself, on terms of equality and even of superiority. Without political ambitions himself yet equally without political judgment, Ludendorff allied himself with the Naval Staff in their demand for unrestricted U-Boat warfare in a desperate effort to break the Allied blockade. He persuaded Hindenburg to support him and together they bore down the protesting opposition of the Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, and secured the approval of the Emperor on January 9, 1917. The result at first was successful, but the policy was short-sighted and suicidal. Three months later the United States entered the war on the side of the Allies and the hope of German victory vanished.

From now on the High Command played an ever-increasing part in the political situation. In its name Ludendorff negotiated with the Pan-Germans and gave its approval to the policy of territorial annexations both in the East and in the West. He overthrew Bethmann-Hollweg, failed in an attempt to make Hindenburg Chancellor, destroyed Michaelis "the Chancellor of a Hundred Days," and rejected a not unpromising offer of mediation on the part of the Pope. He became the virtual Dictator of Germany and ruled its war-weary civilian populations by means of "field service regulations" and a tremendous display of officialdom. All opposition crumbled before the dire threat, "The Field Marshal and I will resign."

Of all this Hindenburg knew little or nothing. He was separated from a nation which regarded him with almost superstitious adoration by an army of officials, and Ludendorff saw to it that only those had access to him who represented the "will to victory" on the part of the nation, a will which was daily growing weaker. Moreover, he was deeply engaged in organizing that great "Siegfried Line" which proved so disastrous to the Nivelle offensive in the spring of 1917, and in preparing for that great offensive in the West which, he was already convinced, must be made to bring about a peace of negotiation. Meantime he did his best to smooth out the differences which continually arose between Ludendorff and the Emperor, Ludendorff and the Foreign Office, Ludendorff and the political party leaders. He was so far successful in that he prevented a violent clash of conflicting opinions, but was unable to insist on the acceptance of a reasonable compromise on account of his deep-rooted objection as a soldier to making concessions to politicians.

On March 21, 1918, Hindenburg and Ludendorff risked everything upon a grand attack which should penetrate the Allied line and bring about a return to open warfare. With troops liberated by the collapse of the Russian front they put forth their last remaining strength and with such success that German troops once more crossed the Marne. The Emperor conferred on his Commander-in-Chief the Iron Cross with Golden Rays which had been created for Blücher after Waterloo, and which even the great Moltke had never received, and the High Command informed the Emperor that he could now conclude a peace compatible with honor. They demanded, however, that Belgium should be annexed and that the territorial additions which Germany had secured under the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk should be retained.

The truth was that by the end of June the German offensive had come to a dead halt and the last ounce of strength was not there to drive home the advantage. An immediate "peace offensive" was necessary if anything was to be saved, yet, when the Foreign Minister, Herr von Kühlmann, made a statement to this effect in the Reichstag, the High Command demanded his dismissal. They wanted an immediate peace as much as he did, but they did not want the country to know how necessary it was. Kühlmann's statement came as a tremendous shock to a people who had never doubted that Germany would win the war, and the prestige of the High Command, and with it the Hindenburg legend, suffered accordingly.

All hope of a peace offer, however, vanished with the Allied counter-offensive of August 8, and within three months the marshal and Ludendorff were forced to inform the Government that it was imperative to treat for an armistice. When, however, President Wilson's conditions became known, Ludendorff for the second time lost his head and, without consulting Hindenburg, issued a statement that they were unacceptable to the High Command. His resignation followed, and Hindenburg was left alone to face the appalling situation at home and abroad.

For the old marshal it seemed as if the end of everything had come. Germany was defeated in the field, revolution had broken out at home, and after seventy years spent in the unswerving faithful service of his Emperor he was at last faced with a clash of loyalties. On November 9 he persuaded his already dethroned Kaiser to cross the Dutch frontier and himself elected to remain at the head of his troops and to lead them back to Germany. The latter was the greatest deed of his life, greater than his victories at Tannenberg or the Lakes, greater far than anything which occurred in his later life. Without sacrificing his personal loyalty to the Crown, he placed his services at the disposal of the Republic.

By so doing he made the new government a little more acceptable

to his fellow officers and made counter-revolutions considerably more difficult. Though he stood aloof from the civil war of 1918-19, he retained nominal command of the army until after the signing of the Peace, in which both his Emperor and he were cited as "war criminals." On July 3, 1919, he wrote to Marshal Foch, as one soldier to another, offering to surrender himself in the place of his Kaiser. On the same day he laid down his command, addressing a magnificent final order to his troops which has now become an historic document. His second "life" was over.

The years of Hindenburg's second retirement to Hanover were not like the pleasant days of 1911. He was seventy-two years old now, he had served his country unremittingly in the highest military positions throughout the war, and had risen to be the idol of his countrymen. This he remained, and there were many touching evidences of their continued admiration during these dark years. With great dignity, and in marked distinction to Ludendorff's unbalanced conduct, the marshal stood aside from all the disturbances which marked the early years of the German Republic. He took no part in the Kapp rising, the troubles in the Ruhr, and the Munich *Putsch* of Adolf Hitler. His public life was over, he rested quietly and hoped to enjoy in peace the years that remained to him.

It was not, however, to be. Fate had a higher office yet in store for him, and he was to pass through greater trials than he had yet been faced with. In 1925 Friedrich Ebert, the last Imperial Chancellor, and the first President of the German Reich, died suddenly, and, when the first ballot to elect his successor proved a stalemate, the conservative elements of the country, the landowners, the big industrialists, and his own brothers-in-arms turned instinctively to Hindenburg as their candidate. He was elected by nearly a million majority on May 12, 1925, and was sworn in as the second President of the Reich, taking the oath to support the Weimar Constitution, and to maintain justice towards all men.

Thus at the age of seventy-eight Hindenburg began his third "life," and just as his war period had been so strongly influenced by his "marriage" with Ludendorff, so now his presidency was dominated by his second "marriage" with his Secretary of State, Dr. Meissner, whom he took over from his predecessor. The part which this very typical German civil servant played in the history of his country has not yet been written, but in his relations with the marshal he assumed the rôle previously held by Ludendorff, that of the "dominant husband," with the same beneficial but eventually tragic results. His knowledge of procedure and custom and all the parliamentary routine so new to the President was invaluable to Hindenburg, who leaned more and more upon him with the advancing years.

The advent of Hindenburg to the presidency coincided with the period of Germany's recovery at home and rehabilitation abroad. The foreign policy of Stresemann was bearing fruit in the Locarno Agreement, the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, and the signing of the Pact of Paris for the Outlawry of War, and renewed confidence in Germany took the form of large foreign loans to industry. Through these comparatively halcyon years the President, with the able assistance of Meissner, performed his duties with ability and discretion. He basked in the adoration of his countrymen, who hailed him as the *Vater des Volkes* and on his eightieth birthday presented him by public subscription with the Manor of Neudeck, in East Prussia, whence his ancestors had originally come. Once or twice he did seem to reveal a certain deviation from the impartiality required by his office, but these deviations were slight and did not last. His high resolve to serve the Republic became a second nature to him, a kind of unalterable instinct.

He was a disappointment to his supporters of the Right who had elected him, and finally broke with them in 1930 when he refused to listen to their request that he should not ratify the Young Plan and The Hague Agreements. The Nationalists tried to raise the country against him and a campaign of vilification was set on foot. The President was denounced as a traitor for signing the documents of ratification and one of his old comrades in arms, who had commanded a division under him, declared publicly that "Unfortunately we have now no *Vehmgericht*[1] to put this signer out of the way." Ludendorff attacked him bitterly and publicly.

Unmoved by the clamor of his former friends, the President, having satisfied himself that the policy pursued by Stresemann at The Hague was the right one for Germany, boldly gave it his support and signed the Bill of Ratification. It was a turning point in his presidential career. The Right forsook him forever, but the Left and Center, who had regarded him at first as a German MacMahon, now began to look at him with new eyes.

But his dark days were on him with a vengeance now. The economic condition of the country, the recalcitrant attitude of the Reichstag, and above all the crushing burden of reparation payments, made it necessary for him to give his Chancellor, Dr. Brüning, power to govern and levy taxation by decree, and the growing strength of the National-Socialist Party was an added source of crisis. Throughout the black year of 1931 the President stood loyally by his Chancellor, but with the beginning of the following year the loyalty began to cool.

[1] The reference is to the summary justice meted out by nationalist secret societies responsible for the murders of Erzberger, who had signed the Armistice, and Rathenau, who had signed the Reparations Agreement of 1921.

The cause of this change of attitude may be found in the activities of a Palace *camarilla* which had grown up around the President and which consisted of General von Schleicher, the *Feldgraue Eminenz* of the *Reichswehr;* Colonel von Hindenburg, the marshal's son and personal *aide-de-camp,* and Dr. Meissner. This group was opposed to Dr. Brüning, partly because of his economic policy, which involved the expropriation of the bankrupt estates of East Prussia, partly because of their fear that the possible success of his foreign policy in the matter of reparations and disarmament would give him too great an influence with the President, and partly because they doubted his ability to cope with the increasingly grave problem of the National-Socialist demand for power. For these reasons, early in 1932 they began to undermine the President's confidence in his Chancellor.

It was necessary, however, to avoid an immediate crisis. The President's term of office came to an end in March, and it was imperative that he be reëlected, the only alternative being Adolf Hitler.

The *camarilla,* therefore, waited until Dr. Brüning, largely through his own personal efforts in mobilizing the votes of the Social-Democrat and the Center Parties, had insured victory for the marshal against the combined efforts of the Nationalists and Nazis at the final poll in April, and then persuaded the President to dismiss him on May 31 and to substitute for him a man of their own choice, Herr von Papen.

This incident, and those which followed, mark the darkest period of Hindenburg's political career and demonstrate how completely he was in the hands of his advisers. Though his great age accounted in large measure for his malleability, it is impossible to exonerate him from personal blame in dismissing a man to whom he owed his reëlection and who had faithfully served him as Chancellor through a period of unparalleled difficulty. Moreover, he had been reëlected by the votes of the parties who represented the Constitution he had sworn for the second time to uphold, and he forthwith proceeded to appoint cabinets for the next six months which openly flouted that Constitution.

The inevitable *débâcle* came in January, 1933, when the *camarilla* quarreled amongst themselves. Schleicher had ousted Papen from the Chancellorship; in revenge Papen threw in his lot with the Nazis, and Hindenburg, who, only a few months before, had contemptuously refused to grant dictatorial powers to Hitler, was now persuaded under pressure from his son and Papen to appoint the National-Socialist leader as Chancellor in a Nazi-Socialist coalition. The betrayal of Weimar was complete.

The one consolation that remained to the Socialist and Center parties was that, above the newly formed Government, there stood the President whom they had reëlected with their votes and who had sworn to uphold the Constitution and liberties in which they believed.

But their hopes were vain, and, in the midst of the persecutions and afflictions which now beset them, there came no support from the man in whom they had put their trust. In the seclusion of Neudeck, soon to be known ironically as "the smallest concentration camp," and even in the Presidential Palace in Berlin, the tragedy of 1918 was being reënacted. For just as Ludendorff had surrounded the marshal at General Headquarters with those who breathed "the will to Victory," so now Meissner studiously "protected" the President from all critics of the new régime, and allowed only those to approach him who would assure him that all was well, that the stories of atrocities were entirely false, and that in giving Hitler the power to regenerate Germany he had performed the greatest act of his career.

There may have been—there must have been—some doubts from time to time in the President's mind as to whether he had done the right thing. Certainly he must have been surprised that many of his old friends and comrades no longer came to see him: for there were many great Germans who tried to acquaint him of the true situation of the country, but who failed to pass that watchful Cerberus, the Secretary of State. But the President was very old and very tired; his health began to fail in earnest and he became the more easily receptive of the reassuring blandishments of Herr von Papen.

But there came a day when von Papen, himself, became alarmed at the degree to which the German mind had become imprisoned as a result of his gratuitous action of January, 1933. The Government which he had placed in the saddle had soon got far out of his control and was rapidly getting out of the control of its own better elements. He, therefore, revealed to the President just sufficient of the truth to gain his agreement for the necessity of making an open criticism. This he did in his now historic speech before the University of Marburg on June 17, 1934, which precipitated in great measure the subsequent internal crisis in Germany.

It did not take long, however, for the ruling clique to "recapture" the mind of the President. How much he was told of the truth of the bloody week-end of June 30 is not known, but his telegrams of congratulation to the Chancellor and General Göring came as a shock to many of those who, while realizing that a purge of the unsavory elements of the Nazi party was long overdue, recoiled from the gangster method of massacre by which it was carried out.

Nevertheless, in protecting von Papen from the consequences of the Marburg speech and from sharing the fate of many of his staff and associates, the marshal displayed a greater sense of personal loyalty than he was wont to show, and the absence of which had marked so deplorably the termination of his relations with Brüning, Groener, Hammerstein, and others. It is pleasant, therefore, to record that the

last occasion on which he exercised his dwindling powers of authority was to protect a friend, for there is little doubt that the mental effort entailed accelerated the final crisis. So at last, on August 2, 1934, after seventy years in the service of the Reich, the marshal laid down his last command.

Essentially Hindenburg's character shows him to have been a man of service. He served loyally the First Reich until it collapsed in ruins about him; he served the Second Reich until persuaded—perhaps against his better judgment and his conscience—that it should give place to the Third, and he served the Third. Without ambition, with no love of pomp and ceremony, and with little regard for reward, he asked simply, throughout his eighty-six years, "Where can I serve?" but he did not always consider sufficiently carefully the answer.

The "marriages" with Ludendorff and with Meissner disclose him as a follower type, prone to trust too unquestioningly the counsel of his advisers. "He will remain the 'good shepherd and protector,'" wrote Theodore Lessing, with terrifying accuracy of prophecy, at the time of the Presidential elections in 1925, "only so long as some clever man is there who will interest him in his duties and arrange them for him." The events immediately preceding the Nazi Revolution proved this assessment of character to be only too penetrating.

In history there are no more tragic figures than those who have outlived their greatness, and it is inevitable that Hindenburg must be numbered amongst these. Had he died at the close of his first Presidential term in 1932, his name would have survived as the greatest German of them all, but the events of the brief period of his second Presidency did little to enhance, and much to tarnish, the laurels of his reputation.

# SIGMUND FREUD

J. L. Gray

THE increase in the expectation of human life in recent times has put out of fashion two of the most pitiful of elegiac themes. Poets no longer die young, nor are prophets any more without honor in their own country. Great age, if not compromised by poverty or professional reverses, carries with it an almost autonomous authority. Indeed, the popular reputation of the modern scientist is never so great as when he has become too old to contribute further to the march of knowledge. The case of Sigmund Freud, now seventy-eight years of age, is a singular exception to this rule. His work has not yet lost its novelty nor his name its power to excite suspicion and dislike. The explanation is a simple one. If the path of roses which the physicist and the chemist may hope to tread is not yet open to the pioneer in the social and psychological sciences, it is because the latter do not appear to minister in the same way to the supreme desire for a rising standard of material welfare. On the contrary, they assert the possibility that our social habits themselves may one day be subjected to the same kind of rational scrutiny that we unhesitatingly allow scientists to give to anything connected with the attainment of our material desires. There is nothing men dread more than the honest and patient examination of new ideas concerning sex and conscience. We act as if our present beliefs were of the corner-stones whose removal would bring the entire structure of our personalities in ruins about us. It is not accounted strange that professors of medicine or psychology should be entirely unacquainted with Freud's writings. Our penal and educational systems remain almost completely devoid of his influence. Neither the prevailing sexual code nor the pattern of our family life has been appreciably affected by the great movement of which he is the founder.

The enemies of Freud have been quicker than his friends to perceive that it is as a moral and social reformer that he possesses world significance. The discovery of scientific knowledge is due to the activity of free minds rationally disciplined, seeking to enhance the power of human beings over the world of nature and themselves. On certain

broad ethical and sociological issues science cannot remain neutral. There is for every scientist a moral duty to see that science is applied in the service of those ideals of freedom and rationality that alone make knowledge possible. Freud and his school have consistently employed their discoveries to emancipate mankind from the slavery of physical frustration, convention and taboo. Implicit in his psychological theory are views so destructive of the romantic, authoritarian, patriarchal, and puritanical ideals of Fascism that they cannot hope to escape proscription wherever reaction is in the ascendant. Already it appears that in the calamitous dethronement of reason that has occurred in Central Europe the work of Freud is suffering the same denigration that has overtaken doctrines held odious as "Marxism." In Germany it is now forbidden to be a Freudian. The enemies of a free culture have killed the hope that one day men may be happier in their sexual and social relations, that women may enjoy their lives as much as men do, that education be more fruitful and crime less prevalent.

Such considerations have not prevented Freud from leading a peaceful and uneventful existence. There is a French saying that the happy nation is *sans histoire*. In the spacious days that now seem to be drawing to a close this was more true of the creative scientist than of nations. Freud was born in 1856 of Jewish parentage in what is now known as Czechoslovakia. He studied medicine and physiology in Vienna, where, in 1886, he set up in private practice as a psychiatrist, after a year spent in Paris studying under the famous Charcot. In conjunction with Josef Breuer he worked out his characteristic methods of treating the neuroses by about 1893. Thereafter he proceeded to publish a remarkable series of books and papers concerned with both clinical material and general psychological theory. "The Interpretation of Dreams" (1900) made him the leading figure in continental psychology. Since 1922, when he wrote "Beyond the Pleasure Principle," his mind has turned more in the direction of the biological and metaphysical implications of his main doctrine. Freud's character lacks any touch of the picturesque. He avoids public controversy and public work of any kind, although he has taken a warm and very paternal interest in the International Psycho-analytical Association. For a time he was much occupied with important theoretical disputes with Jung and Adler, in which he showed himself capable of some degree of acrimony. In his old age he performs the more grateful task of discussing the suggestions made by a large and growing body of respectful, but by no means servile disciples. He has outlived the time when his followers gave him little but uncritical adulation and invested him with an almost papal infallibility. It is permissible to

hope that he will not be spared to see his life's work burned by the public hangman in his native city.

There is a tendency for psycho-analysts to argue that we are entitled to disregard a thinker's opinions when we know enough of his unconscious motives. This point of view invites a *tu quoque*. But I do not propose to ape those bad manners and worse logic by trying to find in Freud's infantile experiences the key to his psychological system. Freud is preëminently an intellectual. As far as one can judge, the enormous changes he has wrought are the product of one who has no moral axes to grind and who started with rather fewer preconceived ideas about psychology than his teachers and contemporaries possessed. But his debt to Central European culture ought not to be overlooked. It is characteristic of Jews that they are most strongly influenced by the cultural tradition of their alien environment precisely at those points where their divergence from it seems most extreme. The influence of Hegelianism upon Marx is well known. Equally significant is the Germanic cast of Freud's philosophy. A profound dualism distinguishes all his thought. Love is contrasted with Hate, the Pleasure-principle with the Reality-principle, Libido with Ego, Life Instincts with Death Instincts, and so on. The same dualism that led Marx to the theory of the class-struggle makes Freud envisage life as a battle-field whereon rival forces struggle for the mastery. His conception of society itself is that of a series of irksome restraints upon the animal instincts, tempered only by Ego-instincts whose nature he has signally failed to disclose.

A similar militancy pervades his nomenclature, which is highly metaphorical and melodramatic. Police-court categories like incest ill describe the complicated behavior of male children to their mothers. Nor is the Œdipus complex a happy name. It suggests parricidal tendencies that are fortunately uncommon. The term Ucs used by psycho-analytic writers is more than an abbreviation for the Unconscious: it represents an attempt at personification which is usually the forerunner of dogmatism and intellectual sterility. Casting a shadow over Freud's "pan-sexual" doctrine is the fatal aptness of the German language for the concealment of thought. The conversion of the scientific movement to psycho-analysis has been further hindered by the exaggerated claims Freud makes for his general theory. Far from being a complete description of human behavior, it tells us nothing about the genesis and nature of intelligence, perception, sensation, emotion, habit, memory, imagination, logic, and sociality.

The opinions of the early psycho-analysts were often fantastic in the extreme, though it is due to them to say that they have since recanted the worst of them. The shape of factory chimneys held for

them an exclusively phallic significance; the only materials they needed for the evaluation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* were the incestuous wishes of the Prince of Denmark. The world of science has also been distinctly shocked, not only by Freud's lack of emotional neutrality, but by his neglect of controlled experiment and statistical analysis. The requirement that every Freudian practitioner must first be psycho-analyzed himself has been held to be both superfluous and obstructive. As well demand of every gynæcologist that he must first have a successful pregnancy. Scientists are suspicious of tendencies that produce the impression that science is a sectarian mystery, known only to an initiated élite, or that support the dangerous fallacy that you cannot know what a thing is about until you first believe it to be true.

Nevertheless Freud has the hall-marks of a scientific man of immense genius. Many of the criticisms of his work ignore the exceedingly backward state of psychology when contrasted with modern physical science. The roots of chemistry lie in mediæval alchemy. Almost as great a gulf separates the physical from the psychological sciences today. The experimental technique that has raised physics and chemistry to their present perfections would require in the case of psychology mass interference with the liberties of human beings which many of Freud's critics would find excessively repugnant. Two obstacles in the path of a scientific psychology have yet to be removed. One is the reluctance to introduce the concept of causation into the study of man. Another is the lack of a natural history of the human mind. None has done more than Freud to demonstrate the merits of a thoroughgoing psychological determinism. None has made accessible so many simple observations concerning how human beings in fact behave. But his interest in facts is not that of the mere connoisseur. The quality in which Freud is supreme is that of an intrepid imagination. There are some men of science who fire off new and original hypotheses which, like rockets, make a great commotion in the world and are extinct a moment after. Freud is not one of these. It is true that he is more interested in conceiving hypotheses than in tending them after they are born. But few of them have failed to throw some light upon the dark places of psychology and some are of enduring significance. Doctrines from which men had recoiled as if from the plague are now seen to be sober versions of what we had long suspected to be the truth. Infantile sexuality, so-called, is not an invention of Freud. What he did was to rename and integrate into a coherent body of knowledge facts whose significance had formerly escaped us. The Roman Catholic Church has for a thousand years practiced in the confessional a rude analytic therapy. Freud's general psychology of instinct and wish is very similar to that of Bergson and McDougall. His pleasure-pain doctrine is of great antiquity. With

his new theory of the Super-ego Freud reinstates the necessity for authority and guidance in education and makes it possible to proclaim the essentially social nature of mankind.

Freud's determinism is nothing more than the characteristic assumption of all science that natural events have causes that we can discover. The associationist psychology of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had indeed laid stress on the degree to which our conscious and reflective life was influenced by our past experience. But when, following the example of Hegel and Schopenhauer, interest in psychology shifted to the problems of will and impulse, those who asserted the "freedom" of the mind seemed to carry all before them. The life of instinct and emotion, unlike that of habit or memory, seemed to be utterly unpredictable. Against this free-will view, common both to academic psychology and orthodox medicine when Freud was a young man, the evolutionary theory of Darwin offered but an uncertain resistance. While man was descended from the brutes and, like them, in part the creature of reflex-action and instinct, the complex nature of human affective responses eluded the simple categories of the physiologists. The physiological approach to human behavior has always been compelled to content itself with tasks that throw little or no light upon the problems of mind that seem most urgent to us. The beginnings of a more fruitful method were found, curiously enough, in the use of hypnosis in the treatment of pathological individuals. The notion of the Unconscious, which is basic in Freud's psychology, appeared to provide the key to the understanding of what had long remained inaccessible to ordinary introspection.

By the unconscious is meant simply those sources of behavior of which an individual himself has no verbal or integrated knowledge, because they arise in his infancy before he has learned the use of words, or refer to impulses or bodily processes which are not as a rule described in language at all, or are repressed from consciousness owing to the operation of some social prohibition. Thus we do not carry any knowledge of the effects of our suckling period on our subsequent behavior, nor are we apt to put into words sensations deriving from the movement of the muscles of the alimentary canal. We conveniently forget the feelings of jealousy that we may have entertained for our fathers. Freud has described in great detail the manner in which the unconscious acts and has thus brought a very wide range of behavior into the category of events whose antecedents are known. His most picturesque discoveries are to be found in his interpretation of dreams and in his explanation of innumerable simple things such as slips of the tongue, forgetting names, wit and humor, fetishes, symbols and fantasies. Of greater importance, perhaps, is the picture he draws of the typical reactions that attend the successive stages of

our physical and social development, the weaning trauma, the attitude of an older child to the situation caused by the birth of a new baby, the triangular child-father-mother relation, known as the Œdipus situation, and so on.

It is a remarkable fact that never in all its history had mankind learned a tithe of what Freud and his school in a generation have got to know of the inner lives of infants and young children. In the past the infant was regarded as "innocent" and somewhat non-human until he reached the stage when he began to walk and talk. From this point he became a microcosm of the adult and was treated as if he were a graduate in moral philosophy. Certain things were indeed noticed, though they were by no means common knowledge. Thus infants were observed to put things into their mouths, to express hatred by biting, to take pleasure in their feces, to explore the genitals, to have inexplicable fears, to be shy, willful, aggressive for no apparent reason. This behavior was either sternly suppressed or put down to mere waywardness which was customarily outgrown. Some boys were seen to be passionately devoted to their mothers, or to be violently jealous of their fathers. But nothing was known of the extraordinary depth and complexity of these feelings, the fear of castration, the identification that often takes place with the mother or the father, nor the extent to which filial affection is accompanied by fantasies of actual physical and often genital possession. Sex was thought to begin at puberty, nor were earlier bodily attitudes thought to have any connection with the character of the sexual or social relationships of the adult.

Freud's interpretation of these facts, known as the theory of infantile sexuality, involves his concept of the "libido." The libido is that stream of psychic energy which is closely allied with the vital bodily processes and the sympathetic parts of the nervous system, and which registers a feeling-tone of pleasure on the periodic completion of its rhythms. It is blind and compulsive, striving for the release of its tensions, causing powerful disturbances if it is frustrated. It normally progresses with anatomical maturation from the oral through the anal to the genital level of organization. Because of the final supremacy of the sexual organs in the production of pleasure, Freud regards the whole libido as sexual and race-preservative in purpose, which is a quite fantastic view. It does violence to ordinary linguistic usage to describe as sexual bodily processes whose function in the economy of the organism is not directly reproductive, even when they may come to be bound up with the individual's adult sex life. Similarly the term "erotogenic," applied to those zones of the body whose stimulation or muscular activity produces pleasure, is ambiguous in the extreme. To Freud the sexual pleasures have always appeared as

the leading species of the larger genus, that of bodily pleasure in general. His psychology of the libido is thus a variant of Hedonism and is far better described in terms of the Pleasure-principle than with the vocabulary of sex.

In addition to the libidinal impulses are what Freud calls the Ego instincts, concerned with the means whereby the individual reconciles the claims of the Pleasure-principle with those of reality, or, as we may paraphrase it, social life. The Ego instincts seem to resemble what other schools of psychology describe as perception and intelligence, which are generally held to depend on the organization of the central nervous system. It also appears that it is through the Ego that we exhibit our noteworthy willingness to lead social lives. It is vital to observe, however, that Freud has no independent theory of social behavior. The opposition between the libido and the ego broke down in the face of Freud's study of narcissism. If persons could be in love with themselves, the ego must be in part a love-object and thus involve at least some libido. Hence Freud proceeded to adopt a new polarity, that of Eros (or Life) Instincts, which include both self- and race-preservative impulses, and the Death Instinct. The concept of the Death Instinct illustrates Freud's overmastering desire to show that all behavior is motivated and purposeful. Suicidal, Nirvana, and masochistic tendencies seemed to call for an instinct for dissolution and annihilation. But the fact that we all die is no proof that we purpose to die, any more than that we are all conceived is proof of a purpose in non-existence to become life.

The conflict of the ego and the libido is the *leit-motif* of Freudian psychology. With consummate ingenuity Freud has described the mechanisms which decide the issue of this struggle. Under this head come his theories of repression, reaction-formation, projection and introjection, sublimation, rationalization and the like, too numerous for detailed mention. In some particulars his work on these problems will require revision, but the notion of Repression, the main pillar of his dynamic view of personality, commands general assent. In quite recent years Freud has introduced several new and interesting features into his system. The chief novelty is the Super-ego or Ego-ideal, which may be roughly defined as the incorporation into the child's psyche of a pattern of behavior derived from what he perceives of the behavior of his parents, of whose paramount early influence it is a permanent expression. It represents primitive and quite irrational modes of response of the type of conscience, strongly tinged with the guilt and anxiety that attach to the Œdipus situation. Instead of finding an independent solution of the conflict between the pleasure- and reality-principles the child takes over one that is ready-made.

Out of this new formulation has arisen one of the most significant

changes in the educational theory of psycho-analysis. Twenty years ago psycho-analysts were exceedingly libertarian. It was held that if children were allowed complete freedom they would grow up without unhappy repressions of any kind. Many psycho-analysts were for liquidating the family altogether. Nowadays it is recognized that children are unable without aid to deal with the adjustment of their animal impulses to the demands of social reality, and require a fairly strongly implanted ego-ideal to bring order into their lives. This is another way of saying that society is made by adults, not by children, and that the latter cannot by mere ego-instincts (or intelligence) learn to face it by themselves. Hence arises the need for a careful and enlightened family life and of wisely exerted authority. It is possible that some part of the unrest and moral chaos that has been followed by authoritarian reaction in many countries may have been due to the changing character of the European family and in particular to the declining importance of the father in the family unit.

The character of Freud's achievement is as ambiguous as it is remarkable. Enormous as are its social implications, his system remains fundamentally individualist. His therapeutic technique asks for no more than the coöperation of the physician and his private patient. Freud's theory lays great stress on the so-called "transference" stage in the treatment, during which the patient responds to the analyst with the same emotional behavior pattern that he had displayed as a child towards his real father. In so far as the Œdipus situation is in fact responsible for the patient's neurosis, all is well. But it must be obvious that the analyst cannot become a substitute for a *group*. Thus Freud has no clinical method for the detection of conditioning agencies that become significant only after the emergence of the individual at the age of seven or eight into a wider social life than that of the family.

Freud continues to underestimate those institutional factors which by determining the pattern of family relations help to decide the reactions of individuals towards their social environment. Social forces enter powerfully into the rise of neurotic conditions. In Roman Catholic countries the Church owed its enormous power over men's minds largely to the mixture of gratitude and fear evoked by the confessional. At one and the same time the Church helped to create hysteria and anxiety-states by maintaining a rigorous standard of sexual purity and provided the only available means whereby the consequent burden of guilt and sin could be rendered less intolerable. This affords a striking illustration of the way in which a great institution acquires indispensability and maintains a state of stable equilibrium. Nevertheless it permitted to its lay members a fairly normal sex life in the married state, and its children were spared much of the

insistence on hygienic taboos that torture the early growth of the more prosperous races. Far different was the case of Protestant countries and of those social classes of industrialism to whom religious faith had become a matter of indifference. Their morality was not less severe, while they lacked the safety-valve of the confessional. The purely secular ideology of such peoples imposed an enormous strain upon the bodily impulses and became the source of characteristic nervous disorders. They enjoyed a higher level of material prosperity than Catholic countries, and were hot in pursuit of economic gain and competitive standards of living. They came to esteem cleanliness infinitely more than godliness and their chief virtues were an ostentatiously elaborate hygiene, temperance and self-restraint. The result of this subordination of every impulse to wealth and social promotion was a puritanical disgust of the excretory functions of the body, a falling birth-rate and without doubt changes in marital habits which were productive of sexual frustration on an unparalleled scale. The great stress on the anal character in Freud's recent writings, where it is linked with many prevalent anxiety-states, homosexuality and paranoia, arises from the predominance of social *mores* inherent in the tradition of capitalism.

These tendencies were gathering momentum in the 'eighties and 'nineties at the time when Freud's ideas were taking shape. It is highly interesting, too, that the psycho-analytic movement should have arisen in Vienna and been most influential in Central European countries. The economic and social changes that had been proceeding in England and France for over a hundred years were slow in reaching Central Europe. When they came, they came suddenly and all together and their impact provoked violent psychological disturbances. In Vienna the commercial and professional classes, islands in a sea of feudal survivals, were forced to the self-conscious defense of the new ideas. Hence arose the late apologia of a consumption morality provided by the individualism of the Austrian economic school. A Viennese who was also a Jew would be equally inclined to maintain an individualist standpoint in medicine and psychology. Typical of Freud's individualism is his doctine of the racial unconscious, which speaks of the similarity of the symbolic and fantasy life of the present generation to that of its ancestors as if it were inherited like eye-color, not due to the continuity of human culture. Even Freud's pessimism, so conspicuous a feature of his recent writings on religion and society, springs from his belief that the sources of maladjustment are in the individual psyche itself and thus unamenable to social and legislative changes.

These considerations would be of theoretical interest only if they did not bear on the question of Freud's claims as a mental healer.

Dr. R. H. Gillespie has estimated that there are at least three million people in England alone who would benefit from psycho-analytic therapy. Now an analysis may involve anything up to four years' continuous treatment, and psycho-analysts demand a fairly high standard of living. The inference is obvious. Society cannot possibly afford to bring mental health to its members at the rate of several hundred pounds per head. Today psycho-analysis, like rejuvenation, is a prerogative of the rich. No wonder that Freud is a pessimist. The truth is that the emphasis in Freudian psycho-therapy is misplaced. There are two ways in which the incidence of tuberculosis may be reduced to negligible proportions. One is to find a certain cure for those who have been permitted to acquire the disease: we might, for example, send all sufferers to Alpine sanatoria. Another is to eliminate the tuberculous cows from the herds that supply our children with milk. Common sense supports the view that prevention is better than cure. It is highly encouraging to observe that an increasing number of younger psycho-analysts are beginning to see that the discoveries of Freud afford us the opportunity of working vast changes in our educational system, in penology and sexual morality, even in our political and economic system, which alone can insure the welfare and happiness of the human race.

# VISCOUNT CECIL OF CHELWOOD

Alan Thomas

I

LORD CECIL had been addressing a large gathering of University students. After the meeting he was invited to sign the Visitors' Book. There were two columns in this book, one for the name, the other headed "description." Having signed his name he hesitated. How should he describe himself? There was considerable choice, ranging from "Peer of the Realm" to, let us say, "President of the League of Nations Union." His hesitation was observed, and a respectful voice beside him suggested "Statesman." Another, less respectful, mumbled "Politician." Lord Cecil smiled. A mischievous gleam came into his eye. He took his pen and wrote the one word: "Agitator."

Apart from the characteristic impishness of it, two things strike one about this description. First, its obvious inadequacy; second, the element of truth which it contains.

To take the second point first. Agitation does not easily find a place among the virtues of Conservatism, and there is excuse for inquiring how it comes about that a man of Lord Cecil's family and political traditions, a man whose ancestors have earned what fame they possess by the diligence with which they have sought to preserve the stability of our national institutions and by the devotion they have shown in their allegiance to the cause of "Church and State," a man, moreover, who has inherited these traditions and himself believes in them—how it comes about that such a man can truthfully set himself down as an agitator.

The answer lies partly in a distinction between Conservatism and Toryism. Lord Cecil is a Tory. He dislikes the word Conservative. For him Conservatism—modern Conservatism, at all events—means that negative, "Keep-things-as-they-are" policy which is ultimately bound to spell disaster. The word was invented by Sir Robert Peel (though he could scarcely be called a Conservative himself) and was denounced by Disraeli in "Coningsby." Later it was crossed with the commercial Imperialism of the end of the nineteenth century, and the outcome differs as chalk from cheese from the spirit which inspires

true Toryism. This latter finds expression in the discharge of a duty rather than in the exercise of a power, in the service of a cause rather than in the extension of a frontier. It implies, too, a constructive attitude. "It is no good imagining," Lord Cecil is fond of saying, "that you can stand still in this world. Either you must go forward or else you will inevitably go back." The only way to preserve our civilization—as a good Tory would wish to see it preserved—is to keep pace with the times. Outworn creeds must be shed; principles must be restated in the light of twentieth-century conditions. Above all, the people must be made aware of their responsibilities if the tradition of England as a self-governing country is to be preserved. Thus, in order to preserve, you must progress. It is precisely because Lord Cecil is a Tory that he is also an agitator.

The particular cause which he has chosen to serve is not only one of the greatest of Tory interests, but is also one of the greatest of human needs—the cause of peace. This choice may be traced to two main influences. In the first place he was brought up in a home where peace was regarded as the only desirable condition. His father's hatred of war was almost fanatical, and the bitter disappointment Lord Salisbury experienced at the outbreak of the South African war was echoed sixteen years later by his son who, in the early days of August, 1914, before the world could have any idea of the horrors in store, was already referring to the war as "an orgy of cruelty and lust." This detestation of war, together with its corollary, the quest for peace, formed the essential atmosphere of Lord Cecil's education.

In the second place there was his experience as Minister of Blockade. The post was not of his seeking. Indeed, it was almost an accident that he ever went to the Foreign Office. And it was only after several others had refused the appointment that he consented to accept it. The result was inevitable. The more he saw of war, the more clearly did he see its consequences. In his own words: "I saw miseries piling up day by day, miseries inflicted on the innocent and helpless. Most of all I was impressed with the fact that, whatever the result of the war, it would in the end settle nothing, but would leave almost inevitably the seeds of future international quarrels and, unless something could be done to prevent it, a future renewal of war."

The constructive attitude at once asserted itself. Something had to be done, if not only his country but the world was to be preserved from a repetition of this tragedy. In the autumn of 1916 he wrote a paper for the Cabinet in which he pressed for the establishment of some kind of international organization, the basis of which was to be an agreement among the nations that no nation should go to war until every other method to settle differences had been tried. In September,

1917, he sent a copy of this memorandum[1] to Colonel House. The letter which heralded the memorandum is illustrative not only of Lord Cecil's early preoccupation with the maintenance of an as yet unattained peace, but also of his breadth of vision in the contemplation of human affairs. The letter—or rather an extract from it—reads as follows:

FOREIGN OFFICE,
*Monday, September* 3, 1917.

I have ventured to send you ... a copy of a memorandum I prepared for the Government here in September, 1916, dealing with a particular proposal for diminishing the likelihood of war. I should be very grateful to you if you could find time to read it. You will understand that it was written for the Government here ...

That we ought to make some real effort to establish a peace machinery when this war is over, I have no doubt; and I have very little doubt that an attempt of that kind will be made. One danger seems to me to be that too much will be aimed at. In the present state of public opinion in Europe, I am very much afraid that, if anything like a complete system for the judicial or quasi-judicial settlement of international disputes be aimed at, it will infallibly break down and throw the movement back for many years. Nothing did more harm to the cause of peace than the breakdown of the efforts after Waterloo in this direction. It is now generally forgotten that the Holy Alliance was originally started as a League to Enforce Peace. Unfortunately, it allowed its energies to be diverted in such a way that it really became a league to uphold tyranny, with the consequence that it was generally discredited, besides doing infinite harm in other ways. That particular danger is perhaps not great nowadays, but the example shows how easily the best intended scheme may come to grief.

People here have suggested to me that it might be worth while if in America, and perhaps in this country also, some commission of learned and distinguished men were entrusted with the duty of examining all these schemes, in order to see what was possible and useful. I am not myself a very great admirer of or believer in commissions of any kind, but I should be very glad if some machinery could be hit on which would direct some of our best brains to the consideration of this problem.

The agitation was already beginning. In the midst of war Lord Cecil was already the pioneer of peace. In 1897 Lord Salisbury had said:

"The one hope we have is that the Powers may gradually be brought together to act in a friendly spirit on all questions of difference which may arise, until at last they shall be welded in some international constitution which shall give to the world, as a result of their great strength, a long spell of unfettered and prosperous trade and continued peace."

[1] It was out of this memorandum that the covenant of the League of Nations ultimately evolved.

Twenty years later Lord Salisbury's son was seeking to lay the foundations of such a structure as might realize his father's hopes. And in doing so he was in line with his political as well as with his family traditions. Pitt might have established a League of Nations had he lived, and had the world been ready for it.

But when all is said, neither the traditions which he inherited nor the experience which he subsequently gained will suffice to explain the tireless persistence or the unwavering faith which Lord Cecil has shown in the prosecution of his cause. Other men have been brought up to believe in the futility of war; other men have seen its horrors at first hand. Yet how many are there who having reached their seventieth year have kept the lamp of faith so brightly burning, have borne with such unfaltering step the crusader's banner?

It is at this point that the description of him as an agitator immediately becomes inadequate. We are in the presence here of something more than the activity of a social conscience. We have arrived, in fact, at the central point of our inquiry.

Lord Cecil's life is founded on the Christian Faith.

2

Lady Frances Balfour in her memoirs, describing the life at Hatfield where young Robert Cecil spent his early years, says: "[There] the Christian life was lived, and Church principles were illustrated by the daily example. To live in that home was to know the hidden springs, and the deeper influences which were the lode-stars of existence. I learned many things in their midst, a charity which was never prone to think evil, a breezy tolerance of other people's views, with an intolerance of all talk which was scandalous or untrue." And since those early days it has ever been true that the lode-star of Lord Cecil's existence has been this Faith. In small things as in great the underlying cause of his action is to be found in the religious motive.

In this fact lies his strength as a statesman and his weakness as a politician.

There is no intention here to suggest that the politician is incapable of holding religious convictions. But there is little doubt that in the great days of party politics, when Lord Robert was serving his political apprenticeship, the prime consideration for every politician had to be the party. And when conflict arose, as it was bound from time to time to arise, between loyalty to party on the one hand and "private conscience" on the other, it was perilously easy to confuse what was defensible with what was right, and to sink one's conscience "for the general good." Lord Cecil has never done this, at all events when any matter of principle has been involved. His reputation as a "good party

man" has suffered accordingly. And to that fact must be attributed his failure to attain the highest offices in the State. For, whatever the future may hold for this country, it still remains true that no man can attain high office in the State unless he have a party following—or at all events the semblance of one!

Moreover, though his cause is that of the common people who desire nothing but peace and work, yet his appeal to them goes out unaided by many of those arts or artifices upon which a popular agitator is accustomed to rely. His type of oratory in particular is more suited to the council chamber than to the market place. His style is polished, weighty and rotund. It is also transparently clear. His speeches, which are never pompous, never boring, are informed with a loftiness which appeals rather to the conscience than to the emotions —as in the oration which began: "I do not envy the mentality or attitude of mind of any one who has had the same experience as some of us have had during the war, and who is now resolved to do everything in his or her power to make the recurrence of such a catastrophe impossible." Oratory—but not mob oratory.

That his eloquence, however, can soar to great heights is not in question. There was the famous occasion when in October, 1919, at the Cambridge Union he debated with the late Duke of Northumberland, a fluent speaker whose directness and common sense always stood him in good stead with English audiences. The subject of the debate was, of course, the League of Nations. The hall was packed. Towards the close of his speech Lord Cecil momentarily abandoned those forms of periphrases with which he habitually clothes his inmost thoughts, and speaking in a voice of burning sincerity he declared:

"I am not satisfied to leave the condition of the world as it is. (*Cheers.*) The whole system of armaments and counter-armaments, of alliances and counter-alliances, is wrong and bad. (*Cheers.*) The League of Nations may be idealistic, but (*and here he raised his right hand so that it was almost directly above his head, his forefinger pointing upwards*) it is a preference of spiritual to material things" (*thunderous and prolonged applause*).

The motion (considering the League "worthless as a guarantee of international peace and to be a radically unsound and dangerous project") was lost by 723 votes to 280.

But Lord Cecil could never make a "Limehouse" speech. He is too detached. He has no artificial rhetoric, and only very rarely "the power of speech to stir men's blood." His power is of another order. It is the power, the very great power, which springs from the fire of sincerity. Indeed, if a single word is required to describe him, it is not agitator or politician; it is not even statesman. The word is "prophet." To him the day-to-day success or failures, the ups and downs of the

struggle, the victory here, the defeat there—these things have their significance; but this significance is as dust in the balance compared with the Faith for which a man fights. It is the Faith that matters. It is the Cause that counts.

Viewed from this standpoint the progress or otherwise of man's achievement on this planet may be regarded almost *sub specie æternitatis*. It may be regarded, at all events, with a certain equanimity. The average individual after all can do very little. And if he be above the average, well, even then he cannot do very much. "Science," as the late Lord Salisbury once observed, "like any other Truth, never suffers from the loss of any individual." It is the attitude implied in such an observation as this that has earned for Lord Cecil—for all the Cecils, in fact—a reputation for something very like Olympian detachment. There is no doubt that there may sometimes be detected in him certain traits which might naturally adhere to a family that has been for several centuries resident on Mount Olympus. He has even on rare occasions been known to exhibit impatience, particularly with "tiresome" people; a very gentle impatience, it is true; far more gentle than such people probably deserve. But this attitude of detachment forms no more than a flimsy and often transparent outer covering. Behind it lies the realization that he himself is but an individual and that the first quality which befits an individual, if he is to see things in their true perspective, is humility.

Lord Cecil is a very humble man. Indeed, his self-renunciation (another inherited quality) sometimes has peculiar results. There is the story of the Russian *émigré* who came to England during the war and started gathering material for a book which he had decided to write on the English aristocracy. In discussing his experiences with a friend he related how on a very hot afternoon, when he happened to be in the Foreign Office, he came upon Lord Cecil toiling up the stairs. "Why, my lord," he asked, "do you not take the lift?" "The fact is," Lord Cecil replied as he mopped his forehead, "whenever I go up in the lift the lift-girl will insist on talking to me about the weather. And I can't stand it!" The Russian was flabbergasted. "Any other man," he told his friend, "would either have told the girl to hold her tongue or else would have had her dismissed!" This was doubtless an overstatement on the foreigner's part. But there are few men who, finding themselves in a like predicament, would have gone to such trouble in order to spare the feelings of the offending lift-girl. The case is on a par with the ingenuity exercised by Lord Cecil's father, who intensely disliked being interrupted while at work in devising expedients for eluding his secretaries without at the same time hurting their feelings.

Sometimes, strangely enough, Lord Cecil's natural modesty has

been mistaken for exactly the reverse. He was to speak at a meeting and was being entertained to dinner beforehand. There were a dozen or so people present including Miss —— who, though expert on certain League of Nations questions, enjoyed a more localized reputation than Lord Cecil. One of the guests (an alderman, if memory serves aright), seeking to engage the great man in conversation, and choosing a subject on which he thought Lord Cecil might enlarge, put a question concerning the constitution of the International Labor Organization. Lord Cecil, conscious that there was some one else present who knew far more about the I.L.O. than he did, replied: "Ah, you must ask Miss —— about that." Whereat the alderman, whose eagerness to talk with Lord Cecil far outweighed any desire to listen to a lecture from Miss ——, felt that he had been snubbed!

3

Lord Cecil as a prophet is not without honor even in his own country. But, like other prophets, he is held in still greater honor abroad. Throughout the British Dominions, throughout the English-speaking world, and among the governments and peoples of foreign countries, there is no name that stands higher as that of an idealist and a man of peace than the name of Robert Cecil. His international following is enormous. At Geneva, whither he journeys from time to time to represent the British Government, he is listened to not only with the deference which is due to him in his official capacity, but also with that peculiar respect which is naturally extended to one of the founders of the League. The number of these founders is rapidly dwindling, and when his tall, commanding figure mounts the rostrum the hall fills up. He stands facing the Assembly. His clothes, dark and faintly suggestive of the Church, hang loosely upon him, well fitting the gravity of his thought and character. His long, gracile limbs, the heavy bowed shoulders, and the forward poise of the head form a contour like that of some huge bird. His features—the noble expanse of forehead, the prominent and powerful nose, the lawyer's clean-shaven upper lip, the eye arresting in its depth and challenge—convey in their ensemble an impression of austerity and vigilance. His rich, sonorous voice, rising at times to a note of passionate sincerity, reaches to the farthest corner of the hall.

It is beyond the scope of this study to enter upon a discussion of his views on foreign policy or of the merits and demerits of his attitude towards the problem of Disarmament. It is enough to say that for him the limitation and reduction of armaments by international agreement constitutes the acid test of the sincerity of governments in their desire for peace. The test is one of action rather than of words; but

the fact that governments have so far proved more voluble than practical over the question is not in Lord Cecil's view an excuse for despair. On the contrary, it is a call to further action, a challenge to the peoples of the world to redouble their effort. For it is in an instructed and organized public opinion that he sees the chief hope for the future.

This recognition of the value of public opinion is an essential factor in any estimate of him as a tactician and negotiator. His powers in this sphere are grounded on long experience at the Bar and in Parliament as well as at the Foreign Office, where the sum of his achievement, particularly during 1917-18 when as Assistant-Secretary for Foreign Affairs he not infrequently acted for Lord Balfour when the latter was away, has yet to be recorded. It is, however, at Geneva as a champion of the "new" diplomacy that his tactics and his methods of negotiation are most observable. Again and again one finds him making use or striving to make use of this weapon of publicity.

There was, for example, his famous duel with M. Hanotaux. In July, 1923, the Council of the League was discussing the administration of the Saar. Lord Robert (as he then was) began by asking that the Council should meet in public session in order to hear a statement by himself on the proposals submitted to the Council by the British Government. The French delegate, M. Hanotaux, was of opinion that such a delicate question should first be examined in private. Lord Robert agreed that the Council should meet in private, but after he had made this statement in public. M. Hanotaux called to witness the usual method adopted by the Council, namely to begin in private and to end up in public. Lord Robert, remarking that there was "no real difference of opinion" between himself and M. Hanotaux, felt that private sessions led to inaccurate reports; besides, on the point of usage, when a member of the Council expressed a desire to make a statement in public, the Council had usually allowed him to do so. M. Hanotaux said that the object of the Council was to attain a spirit of conciliation: a public discussion in the preliminary stages might become acute: he regretted having to insist. Lord Robert also regretted having to insist. *Impasse.*

At this point M. Branting took a hand: he suggested that not only Lord Robert's statement, but also any statement in reply should be made in public. This suggestion was supported by the President, M. Salandra. It drew from M. Hanotaux a polite but firm refusal: he had no desire to cross swords with Lord Robert: he pressed his argument for a private session first: afterwards by all means a public session. Lord Robert "could not fully agree" to this proposal: the matter was of some importance: members of the Council were representing not only their governments, but also their peoples, and it was necessary that the peoples should know what was going on. "If," Lord Robert

continued blandly, "M. Hanotaux attaches very great importance to his own observations not being made in public, I will accept the President's suggestion and make a statement myself." To this M. Hanotaux replied that it was impossible to divide a debate up like that—to make part of it public and part of it private. Lord Robert thereupon declared that he would ask the Council to vote on his proposal.

M. Hanotaux was aghast. Such a procedure would be an entire innovation! Lord Robert pounced on this remark: it constituted, he said, the strongest argument in favor of publicity; up to now all sorts of things were being said about the administration of the Saar, most of which were without foundation; public procedure could do nothing but good; in a reference to democracy, he quoted the old saying: "When we make the people our masters the next duty is to educate our masters." M. Hanotaux was adamant. He repeated his arguments.

The deadlock was complete.

Then M. Quiñones de León spoke up. He reminded the Council that he had never missed a session yet and that Lord Robert had been "his godfather at the League." Why not adjourn the matter for a couple of days in order to reach a compromise? ... Lord Robert agreed that normally an adjournment would be the best course; but this matter happened to be urgent. At this point the Japanese delegate brought forward an ingenious suggestion: let the Council examine the matter in private, but allow Lord Robert complete freedom to make any communication he liked to the Press afterwards! The Council shrugged their shoulders. The Press? Any member was free to make a communication to the Press. But Lord Robert objected: if each member were to give his impression, think of the confusion that would be created in the public mind! He thanked Viscount Ishii for his proposal, but he could not accept it. He invited the Council to take a decision.

It was decided that the meeting should be held—in public.

It is a tribute both to Lord Robert and to M. Hanotaux that at the public session, after Lord Robert had spoken, M. Hanotaux should have begun his remarks by saying: "The Council will recognize with considerable satisfaction that, thanks to the authority and wisdom of Lord Robert Cecil, the discussion of this question, which it was expected would be somewhat stormy, has assumed the tone of our ordinary debates."

"It is so much easier," to quote a frequent saying of Lord Cecil's, "to be unreasonable in private than in public."

4

His powers as a negotiator are based firstly upon the very temperate nature which he invariably accords to his demands, and secondly, upon the rare ability he possesses to understand "the other

man's point of view." A distinguished foreigner, who had conducted many duels with him across the Council table, once observed that "there is one thing about Lord Cecil: he always states the case against him with complete fairness before he starts to answer it." Having stated his opponent's case and having admitted perhaps that "there is a good deal to be said for it," he then proceeds to subject it to an analysis from which the fact soon emerges that there is considerably less to be said for it than appeared at first sight. Having thus cleared the ground, he then states his view of the matter and puts forward his own proposals. These proposals are invariably moderate. They also have this peculiar property, that they place any one who opposes them in what appears to be an unfavorable light. It is an odd but frequently observable fact that in any committee or assembly of persons where Lord Cecil is advancing a particular case, any one who argues against him finds that he has somehow or other been maneuvered into a position of taking sides against the angels.

When the mind of a visionary is fortified by the astuteness of a King's Counsel, one may look for results. Lord Cecil is a dangerous adversary.

Two other qualities call at least for mention. One is his courage. The problems confronting the world today are of such complexity that the average man, if he faces them at all, may be excused for doing so with caution, even with timidity. "Safety first" is a very human motto. It is an excellent motto for the pedestrian—as Lord Cecil himself would be among the first to admit, seeing that he is President of the Pedestrians' Association, an organization which he joined as a result of reading one of the annual Police reports and being profoundly shocked at the number of street accidents which it recorded.[1] But "Safety first" as a slogan is unconstructive, devoid of inspiration, unprovocative of high endeavor. Lord Cecil's attitude is very different. It is summed up in the undying words which are engraved on Danton's pedestal, words which Lord Cecil himself quoted at a League Assembly: "*De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.*"

"I can see no way," Lord Cecil wrote to the Conservative Prime Minister in August, 1927, "in which I can be of further service in the Cabinet to this cause [Disarmament] which I regard as supremely important. But outside there is much to be done. The hope of the

[1] His support of this organization was a characteristic piece of agitation, as was also the Bill which he introduced in the House of Lords designed to mitigate the danger of the roads by the introduction of various ingenious devices including the creation of "slight depressions" in the surfaces of the roads at dangerous points; the Bill, which numbered among its supporters Lord Buckmaster, whose interest in its objects had no doubt been quickened by the fact that he had recently been knocked down by a taxi-cab, unfortunately came to nothing.

future lies in an aroused and instructed public opinion. That is an object which may employ all and more than all the energies which remain to me." The man who wrote these words may or may not have been misjudging his colleagues, may or may not have been placing too much faith in the intelligence of the people. But he was not devoid of courage.

Finally there is his humor. One may imagine that in his younger days he shared something of his great ancestor Burleigh's fondness for practical jokes. The practice of them has probably long since ceased, but the impish spirit which inspired them still remains. Today that spirit finds expression in a grave irony depending for its full effect upon a pleasant and calculated modulation of the voice. There is an air at times of great profundity about it. It is frequent in its manifestations and productive of great mirth.

5

The present picture of him then is that of a great man whose life is given in service. Most of his time is devoted to the affairs of the League of Nations Union, attending committees, addressing meetings. When the House of Lords is debating foreign affairs he will usually take part. His week-ends are spent often at his country house at Chelwood Gate in Sussex. For exercise he will play an occasional round of golf. For recreation his taste in books is wide, extending sometimes to detective stories. But the author he prefers beyond all others is Jane Austen, to whose tranquil novels he is constantly reverting. It is perhaps their tranquillity that attracts him. For in his personal life the atmosphere about him is never anything but tranquil.

It has been observed of Lord Cecil that his is a passion for reforming things, not people. In that he is not given to "lecturing" individuals this is true. But if reform is to come, it must find its source in a change of heart. And if the world today seems hostile to the things Lord Cecil stands for, it is not so much because men are not sufficiently idealistic; it is rather because they are too often blind to what is in their interest. There are some who would dismiss this man as an unpractical idealist. What such people do not see and what he sees with the inner eye of wisdom and of faith, is that whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are of good report—these are the things which form the finest test of what is practical, these are the things that men must think on if they are to be saved from some catastrophe greater than the world has ever known.

# MUSTAFÀ KEMÀL

Arnold Toynbee

MUSTAFÀ KEMÀL is likely to be remembered in history as one of the outstanding representatives of that small company of political leaders who have discovered, and applied, the secret of performing miracles in a "post-war" age in which statesmanship, on the whole, has been singularly impotent to interpret and execute the desires of mankind.

This Turkish leader's name will be associated with those of his contemporaries: Lenin in Russia and Mussolini in Italy and Hitler in Germany and Roosevelt in the United States and Riza Shah Pehlevi in Persia and Gandhi in India and Sun Yat-sen in China; and when we compare these eight men's personalities and achievements, and set them against the foil of the general paralysis of statesmanship in this age throughout the world, we can put our finger at once upon their essential distinctive common characteristic. They have all alike succeeded in striking the imaginations and arousing the emotions and awakening the consciences of "plain people" in the mass, and then gathering up, and guiding towards the fulfillment of some definite social purpose—simple enough to be understanded of the people—the dynamic spiritual forces which they have thus evoked and released. In fact, they have done something like what Mowgli did in one of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stories in "The Jungle Book," when he brought the herd of buffalo down, in a kind of living avalanche, to trample the life out of the tiger, Sheer Khan. Without Mowgli's leadership the buffaloes would have been at the tiger's mercy, whereas, with the leader at their head, they were able to bring their latent corporate strength into action and thereby to carry all before them. The union between the leader and the masses, when they find one another, liberates energies which could not have been liberated, and works miracles that could not have been worked, by either of the two partners without the other.

This is the common characteristic of those leaders—of diverse nationalities and races and religions and regions—among whom we have just numbered Mustafà Kemàl. In other respects, they display obvious differences. While Roosevelt and Gandhi and Sun Yat-sen have

been men of peace, the rest have been men of violence; and while Lenin has set before his followers a universal aim, embracing all humanity, the rest (not excluding even Gandhi) have been more or less narrow nationalists. Lenin and Gandhi and Sun Yat-sen, again, have had the greatness of soul to be able to work with their equals (if they have found any), while most of the others have shown themselves sensitively jealous of character and ability in their entourage, and have eliminated their peers in order to surround themselves with mediocrities or worse—to the serious detriment of their own life-work. This last-mentioned weakness of dictators has been illustrated conspicuously in the career of Mustafā Kemāl. Yet, when all is said, the power of performing miracles by inspiring the masses is common to all these leaders and is by far the most important thing in each of them; and Mustafā Kemāl has been one of these miracle-workers. His miraculous achievement has been to raise up the Turk—"the Sick Man of Europe"—from his death-bed and to make him leap and run and dance and sing and shout for joy with all the motions of youth and health.

In this connection, Mustafā Kemāl (together with the other contemporary leaders of non-Western peoples whom we have named in our list) will also be placed by history in another gallery of statesmen: the gallery of the great "Westernizers," which includes the Russian arch-"Westernizer," Peter the Great, and the Japanese "Elder Statesmen" who deliberately "Westernized" their country in the eighteen-sixties, as well as Mustafā Kemāl's own Turkish predecessors Sultan Selīm III and Sultan Mahmūd II and Mahmūd's contemporary Mehmed 'Alī, the Viceroy of Egypt. The greatest single movement in human affairs during the last four centuries has been the spread of our own local Western civilization over all the navigable seas and habitable lands of the globe, and its impact—first on the economic and next on the political and finally on the cultural plane—upon all the other living civilizations and primitive societies. As this Western pressure has risen *crescendo*, these threatened non-Western societies have been confronted with an inexorable choice between three alternatives: either doing nothing and so going under (which is a counsel of despair); or kicking against the pricks (which is a forlorn hope); or else attempting the *tour de force* of holding their own against the West by adopting those Western techniques and institutions and ideas which are the source of our Western society's strength. This last alternative reaction (which one may call "the Japanese reaction," after the classic example of it) seems to be the only alternative that has a chance of success. And Mustafā Kemāl is the Turkish statesman who has looked these alternatives in the face, elected the third of them, thrown himself into it with all his own soul and strength, and succeeded, through his gift

for leadership, in carrying the Turkish people with him along this uncharted and difficult and formidable path. Mustafā Kemāl has been the first Turkish "Westernizer" to welcome "Westernization" as a positive and desirable good, instead of submitting to it regretfully as a necessary evil. In the strength of this conviction, he has set himself and his countrymen a maximum instead of a minimum program. And, in carrying this program out, he has overcome opposition more easily and thoroughly than his predecessors, who attempted to bring about their less radical changes half-heartedly and against the grain.

This "Westernization" of Turkey, which Mustafā Kemāl has carried to completion, began about a century before he was born. It began under the shock of Turkey's defeat in the great Russo-Turkish War of A.D. 1768-74; and it also began as an attempt to "Westernize" the Turkish Army—not as an end in itself, but as an unpleasant necessity, dictated by the urgent requirements of self-preservation. This professional military origin of the "Westernizing" movement in Turkey has governed its subsequent history, and it is no accident that a band of junior army officers, Mustafā Kemāl among them, were the founders of the Committee of Union and Progress and the makers of the "Young Turk" Revolution which overthrew the autocracy of Sultan 'Abd-al-Hamīd in 1908 (though the fact is surprising to Western observers in whose own countries the officer class, on the whole, is not revolutionary but conservative).

The "Westernization" of the Turkish Army which was initiated by those eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century Turkish military reformers carried things much further than the reformers either foresaw or intended or desired. A modern Western army is perhaps in essence an anachronistic relic of barbarism; but in a number of secondary ways it is a characteristic product of our modern Western civilization: a product of this civilization's special virtues and achievements as well as an expression of the unregenerate element in its moral nature. A modern Western army presupposes the modern Western standards of administration and finance and hygiene and education; and it cannot be maintained in countries where it exists, or established in countries where it has not previously existed, except on this broad social foundation. Accordingly, the Western leaven which was introduced into the old Turkish body social, about a century and a half ago, for the strictly limited and immediately practical purpose of army reform, did not remain confined to this patch of Turkish life, but began at once to work its way through the lump.

Within less than thirty years of the Turkish "Westernizer" Mehmed 'Alī's seizure of power in Egypt, a maternity hospital, frequented by native Egyptian Muslim women, had sprung up within the precincts of the naval arsenal which Mehmed 'Alī had established at

Alexandria—thanks to the initiative and public spirit of the Western physicians whom the viceroy had taken into his service there on the demand of the Western naval experts whom he had imported in order to build him a Western-model fleet. At a later stage of the process, again, when Sultan 'Abd-al-Hamīd tried to dam back the inflow of the Western tide into Turkey by discouraging the introduction of Western education and positively prohibiting the import of Western books, the unavoidable, and fatal, exception which he found himself compelled to make was in the education of the military cadets, who must still study the Western art of war in French, German, and English text-books if the Turkish Army was to have any hope of holding its own in an exceedingly dangerous world. The cadets who received their military training under the shadow of the Hamīdian despotism naturally imbibed something more than a knowledge of military technique through the channel of their acquaintance with Western languages. They also drank in what the Japanese call "dangerous thought"—the ideas of the French Revolution and of English and American self-government—and one of these receptive-minded cadets, who took this mental inoculation strong, was Mustafā Kemāl, who was born in 1880, four years after 'Abd-al-Hamīd's accession.

Mustafā Kemāl's father (like Adolf Hitler's) was a minor customs official. The father afterwards left the public service, went into the timber business, and died obscure when his famous son was still a child. The father's influence was fainter than the mother's, and perhaps the local environment in which the boy was born and brought up counted altogether for more than his parentage; for Mustafā Kemāl was born and brought up in the city of Salonica; and Salonica, during the reign of 'Abd-al-Hamīd, was the most lively center of the Turkish opposition, both political and intellectual, to the reactionary Sultan's obscurantist tyranny.

The largest single element in the variegated population of the city was the enterprising and unoppressed community of some eighty thousand Castilian-speaking Jews (descended from the Jewish victims of Spanish persecution in the fifteenth century, to whom the Turks had given asylum). The Dönme—a sect of *ci-devant* Jewish converts to Islam—were a link between the Salonican Jews and their Turkish fellow-citizens; and it has been said that Mustafā Kemāl himself has some Dönme blood in his veins—though, if outward appearance is anything to go by in matters of race, the Ghazi's fair hair and blue eyes proclaim him a Nordic man with a better physical certificate than Adolph Hitler's. (If anybody who did not know what either Mustafā Kemāl or Adolph Hitler really looked like were confronted with both and were asked to guess the nationality of each, he would undoubtedly take Hitler for the Turk and Mustafā Kemāl for the Austrian!) In

any case, leaving racial speculations out of account, the preponderance of the Jewish element in Salonica before the city passed out of Turkish into Greek sovereignty, undoubtedly gave the place a cosmopolitan character, with world-wide affiliations. Its links with Western Europe had recently been strengthened by the opening of a continuous line of railway from Salonica via Belgrade to Budapest and Vienna and thence to Paris and Berlin; and the Turkish minority among the inhabitants of this European railway-terminus had also recently received a formidable ocular demonstration of the potency of modern West-European ideas and institutions: Nationalism, Democracy, Parliamentary Government—but Nationalism first and foremost.

By the year in which Mustafā Kemāl was born at Salonica, the Turkish dominions in Europe, which had once extended over the whole of the Balkan Peninsula, and beyond it into Central Europe up to the gates of Vienna, had shrunk to two patches of territory: Thrace in the hinterland of Constantinople and Macedonia in the hinterland of Salonica itself. The frontiers of alien, hostile, and aggressive States—recently carved out of Turkish territory and eager to enlarge their borders further at Turkey's expense—now ringed Salonica round on every side: a Greek frontier on the south, a Serbian frontier on the north, a Bulgarian frontier on the east. While Salonica was the spiritual home of the "Young Turkish" movement, it was also the coveted prize, and future apple of discord, of the encircling Balkan States. And it was through the whole-hearted adoption of Western ideas and institutions that these upstart States had been making their fortunes at Turkey's expense. A hundred years before the date of Mustafā Kemāl's birth, not one of these States had figured on the map. The Turkish Empire had then embraced them all, and their peoples had been the Turks' subjects. It was in the strength of the alien civilization which they had borrowed from the West that the non-Turkish Balkan peoples had succeeded in shaking off the ancient Turkish domination and setting up their own national States. To any open-eyed observer, it was manifest that the Balkan States must increase at Turkey's expense, and Turkey decrease to their profit, so long as the Turks forbore to follow the example of the Greeks and Serbs and Bulgars by imbibing Western civilization—not as a nasty medicine to be taken in the smallest possible doses at the latest possible moments, but as an elixir of life to be drained joyously to the dregs. This truth was manifest to the Macedonian Turks of Mustafā Kemāl's generation, while it was still overlooked by the Anatolian majority of their countrymen, for whom the new portent of successful Balkan nationalism was still remote and unreal. The Macedonian Turks saw that, if they did not quickly do for Turkey what the Bulgars had lately done for Bulgaria and the Greeks for Greece, Turkey would lose Salonica and most of

her Asiatic territories into the bargain. It is no accident that the "Young Turk" Revolution of 1908 was proclaimed in the interior of Macedonia, within a few miles of both the Serbian frontier and the Bulgarian frontier; or that Mustafá Kemál, the Turkish prophet of "totalitarian Westernization," who has succeeded where "the Committee of Union and Progress" failed, is Salonican-born.

Mustafá Kemál's early career was much what was to be expected from his age, birthplace, and education. Being educated at a military cadet school, he became imbued with revolutionary and political ideas; and, being a boy of obvious ability, he was not cashiered (since promising military officers were so rare and so valuable that even 'Abd-al-Hamíd, who went very far in sacrificing Turkey to himself, was unwilling to forgo their services on political considerations). So this revolutionarily inclined cadet was duly gazetted in 1904 and then duly put out of harm's way by being posted to a regiment at Damascus. He reëmerged at the "Young Turk" Revolution of 1908; but, fortunately for his own prospects, he was not one of the young officers of his generation whom that Revolution brought prematurely to the front in order to bring them prematurely to ruin, ten years later, in the debacle of 1918. That destiny was not to be Mustafá Kemál's but Enver's; and, during those ten years, Enver's jealousy kept Mustafá Kemál in the shade. Mustafá Kemál did take an active part in the 1908 Revolution; he subsequently served against the Italians in Tripoli in the war of 1911-12, and against the Bulgarians when the Turkish Army reoccupied Adrianople at the end of the Second Balkan War in 1913. He was next appointed Turkish military attaché at Sofia; and, when Turkey intervened in the World War, he gave evidence of his consummate military ability in the Dardanelles campaign, where he is said to have done more than any other single officer, Turkish or German, on that front to defeat the efforts of the Allies to break through. The best evidence that this account of his prowess on the Gallipoli Peninsula is correct, and is not a legend generated by his subsequent fame in a different sphere, may be found in the fact that, after the withdrawal of the enemy from Gallipoli, Enver took care that Mustafá Kemál should have no further opportunity to win great distinction until Enver himself fell from power upon Turkey's collapse at the end of the war.

The fall and flight of the Union and Progress Triumvirate—Enver, Tal'at, and Jemál—left Mustafá Kemál unscathed; and, as an officer of proved ability who was not implicated in the discredit of the fallen military camarilla and was yet undoubtedly a patriotic Turk, he was marked out for important future service—if a Turkey still existed to give a Turkish officer employment. In the spring of 1919, however, that seemed to be an open question; for, by then, Turkey had lost the

Arab half of her Asiatic territories and been forced to admit the victorious Allied fleets into the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. She also saw her Anatolian citadel—the homeland of the Ottoman-Turkish people in Asia Minor—placed in deadly jeopardy when Greek troops were landed at Smyrna on May 15, 1919, by permission of Great Britain, France, and the United States, as a roundabout means of rapping Italy over the knuckles for having withdrawn from the Peace Conference at Paris on April 24.

From the signing of the Armistice between Turkey and the Allied Powers on October 30, 1918, down to this Greek landing at Smyrna, the Turkish people were prostrate, and they were virtually resigned to the prospect of passing under the dominion of one or other of the principal victors. But a British or French protectorate was one thing; a Greek conquest another. The news of the Greek landing galvanized the Turkish soldiers and peasants in the interior of Anatolia into a mood of desperate recalcitrance. They began to refuse to continue the surrender of their arms in accordance with the terms of the Armistice; and this was equally awkward for the Allied Powers and for the Sultan, who hoped to recover 'Abd-al-Hamīd's autocratic authority with the Allied Powers' support. Accordingly, the Sultan sent Mustafā Kemāl from Constantinople to Eastern Anatolia, as Inspector of the Ninth Army Corps, to quell this effervescence; and the appointment received the Allies' *exequatur*. The appointee was indeed a dark horse, for he had no sooner reached his destination than he put himself at the head of the local Turkish nationalist resistance, gave it a lead, nursed it into a formidable fighting power in spite of an extreme poverty of material resources, and carried it to a triumphant victory in little more than three years. On July 11, 1919, Mustafā Kemāl was outlawed by the Constantinople Government; on September 9, 1922, his Turkish nationalist army entered Smyrna and drove the Greeks into the sea; and on November 20 of the same year his chief-of-staff, Izmet Pasha, presented himself at Lausanne to re-negotiate the peace-settlement between Turkey and the Allied Powers on equal terms. In the realm of foreign relations, the Turkish national savior anticipated the achievement of the German, Adolf Hitler, by at least a dozen years.

If one asks oneself how Mustafā Kemāl achieved this military and political triumph, which will doubtless stand out in retrospect as the most sensational thing in his whole career, one can put one's finger on three points.

First, he succeeded in gathering round him promptly, in voluntary coöperation under his leadership, a band of companions who included, between them, most of the finest characters and ablest wits that the nation possessed: soldiers like Izmet and Refet and 'Alī Fu'ād and Nur-ed-Din and Kyazym Qara Bekīr and Fethī; a naval officer like

Re'ūf Bey; and civilians like Dr. Adnān and his wife Khālideh Edīb. (Unhappily, these war-time comrades have all—except Izmet—been driven into private life or into exile, since the restoration of peace, by the man who could never have done what he did do if he had not had their loyal and devoted aid at the start.)

In the second place, Mustafā Kemāl and his companions succeeded in winning the enthusiastic support, and reawakening the courage and energy, first of the local Turkish notables in Eastern Anatolia, and soon of Turks of all classes in the territories under Greek and Allied occupation, as well as in the country within the nationalist lines, by giving them clearly defined and manifestly vital and reasonable war-aims. These aims were declared in the National Pact which was signed by the members of the Turkish Parliament at Constantinople (under the guns of the Allied fleets) on January 28, 1920. Substantially, the Pact renounced Turkish claims to rule over former Turkish territories of non-Turkish nationality: Arab territories in Asia, and Greek, Serb, and Bulgar territories in Europe; but it insisted on the recovery of Turkish territories that were mainly Turkish in nationality as well as historically: that is, Constantinople and Thrace in Europe, and Smyrna in Asia Minor. The war-aims set forth in the National Pact were realized in full in the Peace Treaty of Lausanne which was signed on July 24, 1923.

There was also a third point in Mustafā Kemāl's leadership which was perhaps at the heart of its success. In calling upon a war-worn nation to fight once again, and this time for its very existence and with its back to the wall, he did not present the war-aims simply in terms of territory. The salvaging of the Turkish national home by a supreme military effort was presented as the means to an end far greater than itself. It was to provide the opportunity for a regeneration of the whole of Turkish life; and Mustafā Kemāl did not wait until the war was won in order to put in hand these works of peace which were to make the winning of the war worth the cost. While he was driving out the Greeks and defying the British and the French with one hand, he was reconstructing the very foundations of Turkish society with the other. It was a stupendous combination of tasks; but it was perhaps precisely the audacity and the scope of the enterprise that swept it through to success.

The works of peace which Mustafā Kemāl and his companions inaugurated during the Anatolian War of 1919-22, and which he has carried on, without his companions, since, are his, and their, enduring achievements; and a mere catalogue shows how great they are—whether for good or for evil.

Politically, Turkey has been transformed from a multi-national empire into a uni-national republic. The Ottoman Dynasty, which

originally created the Ottoman Turkish Empire and endowed it with its own name, has been deposed, and the sovereignty in the New Turkish Republic has been conferred in theory upon a parliamentary body, the Great National Assembly, and in practice upon a dictator, the perpetual President of the Republic, the Ghazi Pasha Mustafā Kemāl himself (one may compare the relation between Marshal Pilsudski and the Seym in post-war Poland). Though the title of Ghazi which the President now bears, in commemoration of his victory over the Greeks, is properly an Islamic religious term signifying a victorious champion of the Faith in a Holy War against unbelievers, this latter-day Turkish Ghazi has carried through a complete divorce between Church and State in Turkey—a divorce which is utterly contrary to the spirit and the practice of Islam, in which our Western distinction between the civil and ecclesiastical aspects of social life is not recognized. By a law of March 3, 1924, he has abolished the Ottoman Caliphate, which had been formerly held in a personal union with the Ottoman Sultanate but had been temporarily spared when the Sultanate was abolished by the Great National Assembly on November 1, 1922. Since then, the Islamic religious orders have been abolished in Turkey by three decrees of November 2, 1925; and the statement that "the State religion of Turkey is the religion of Islam" has been omitted from the constitution of the Republic by an amendment of April 9, 1928. In the legal sphere, Turkish public life has been secularized and, so to speak, "de-Islamized" by the adoption of the Swiss Civil Code, virtually unmodified, on February 17, 1926, and of the Italian Criminal Code, with certain modifications, on March 1 of the same year.

The adoption of the Swiss Civil Code incidentally abolished polygamy, and thus set the seal upon one of the greatest of the social changes over which Mustafā Kemāl has presided: that is to say, the change in the social position of women from the traditional Islamic to the modern Western basis. The women of Turkey have been permitted and encouraged to put off the veil, to exchange the coif for the hat, and to take part in public life and in gainful occupations. (Incidentally, the men of Turkey have been compelled to wear hats with brims—a headgear which makes it impossible for a good Muslim to perform his devotions properly.)

Another social change, which in the long run may prove to be of equally far-reaching effect, has been the substitution of the Roman for the Arabic alphabet in 1928: a change of script which involves a transfer of intellectual allegiance from the Persian and Arabic classics to the vernacular literatures—English, French, etc.—of the modern West.

Finally, Mustafā Kemāl also aspires to turn the Turks into a nation of shopkeepers and mechanics, as well as a nation of peasants and soldiers and officials.

Can any man in any country really hope to carry through, in a single life-time, so radical and so comprehensive a revolution as all this? The question is pertinent; and perhaps the answer is that if any man can do it, that man is Mustafā Kemāl. An observer who has met him face to face, and has seen his brow contract as he pounces upon his interlocutor like a tiger springing at his prey, will hesitate, as he calls up his mental image of that formidable countenance, to question this Turkish dictator's power of making his will prevail, whatever be the task that he may have set himself to execute.

# ALBERT EINSTEIN

(Born March 14, 1879)

J. W. N. Sullivan

EINSTEIN is a genius of the first order. There are only three or four names in the history of science that can be ranked with his. He is a physicist, and the two great methods of investigation in physics are the mathematical and the experimental. There have been more masterful mathematicians than Einstein, and any number of greater experimentalists. What ranks him in the supreme order to which he belongs is the quality of his imagination. His greatest achievement, the theory of relativity, is the most original contribution to science that has ever been made.

The attacks that were made on the theory of relativity are interesting testimony to this originality. Some of them were the result of completely honest misapprehensions—the theory is a difficult one. But some of them were, in reality, passionate protests against what their authors felt to be an alien mind. Einstein's utterly original way of seeing the universe not only bewildered them, but outraged them. We had an interesting proof that it is not only in matters involving morality and religion that man's emotions are deeply engaged. Even as late as 1922 a group of physicists, mathematicians, and philosophers signed a protest in the German Press concluding: "The undersigned consider it irreconcilable with the seriousness and the dignity of German science that a theory extremely open to attack is prematurely and vulgarly broadcast to the lay world and that the Society of German Scientists and Physicians is used to support such endeavors." But this sort of opposition has now pretty well died out. In fact, Einstein's more abstract way of regarding the universe has now become the general intellectual complexion of scientific men—of the mathematical physicists, at any rate. There is no longer the old dependence on familiar images; a more abstract kind of imagination is now triumphant in every field of physics. It is not too much to say that Einstein, in revolutionizing the scientific outlook, has also changed the

quality of scientific thought. This is an achievement possible only to genius of the highest order.

"It is a lonely thing to be a champion," said Cashel Byron. It is an even lonelier thing to be a genius of the Einstein order. Einstein is not in the least misanthropic. The sort of society he avoids is only the sort of society that every intelligent man would like to avoid. But, from a boy, observers have noticed in him a quite unusual inner loneliness. He has been able to accommodate himself to this world only with great difficulty. As a child he was so backward at acquiring the normal adaptations, such as learning to talk, that his parents gravely doubted whether he was not mentally deficient. On the other hand, at four years, his first sight of the compass needle's mysterious persistence made him tremble and grow cold. He was sensitive and responsive enough, although his sensitiveness was not of the usual kind. At six years of age he entered his primary school at Munich, a school with a harsh and brutal discipline, and here he first became conscious of the great difference between the lots of the poor and the rich. He also had an illustration of the workings of anti-Semitic venom. He remained mentally awkward, and isolated both from boys of his own age and from older people. The world, from the beginning, did not seem to him a homely place.

The first dawning of one of his great passions, his feeling for nature, seems to have been evoked by the visit of his small cousins from Genoa. They told him about Italy, its sunshine and scenery, its ships and harbors. They made the visual world of nature real to him. The young Einstein listened with awe, and found in all this a revelation of God's majesty. He began to long for religious instruction; he yearned to live a religious life. This awakening only accentuated his inner isolation, for he found no sympathy or understanding at home. His father, easy-going and fairly well-to-do, prided himself on his emancipation from Jewish dogma and ritual. He had accepted the philosophic materialism of his time. So the boy was driven to composing little songs of his own in praise of God. He set these songs to music, and sang them at home and on the street. Music came to mean more and more to him, but he was twelve years of age before his violin playing, which he had begun at the age of six, was pursued with passion.

Nevertheless it was not till a year or two later that the world of art opened to him as something as beautiful and wonderful as nature itself. The occasion of this was a lecture on Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea." This seems to have been a dramatic revelation to the young Einstein, and he preserved a feeling of profound gratitude towards the teacher who had opened this new world to him. Years later, after he had published his first paper on relativity, he paid a visit to the

old man. But nothing happened as it should in stories of the great. His old teacher had no recollection of him, and was uneasy and distrustful. He could see no reason for the visit. Did the young man want to borrow money from him?

But although Einstein was, and is, profoundly responsive to music and literature, it is in mathematical science, of course, that he is a supreme creator. As a small boy he had worked out the Pythagorean theorem for himself and now, although it was not yet a school subject, a small book on geometry fell into his hands. He was seized with a tremendous excitement. Here was the key to truth itself, and fashioned in constructions of indescribable beauty. He went on, of course, to other branches of mathematics. He has described this period as the most beautiful adventure of his youth. By the age of fourteen, it was manifest, both to his teachers and his fellow-students, that he was a mathematical genius. At other school subjects he seemed, if anything, rather dull. But he was growing in other ways. His early religious faith now began to waver, and his perception of the hypocrisies on which society is founded grew daily more keen.

And now came the great Italian adventure. The family moved to Milan and the young Einstein was for several months left free from all schooling. In these circumstances he found Italy to be a complete paradise. He read widely, he visited art museums, and he went on long walking tours. And his dreaminess, his unfitness for ordinary life, markedly increased. He renounced his German citizenship, and refused to be in any way bound by his Jewish descent. He had no dreams of fame, and not the slightest desire for "success." His ideal was complete freedom from all ties, complete abstention from the world's affairs, and with responsibility only towards himself. But the fortunes of the family were declining, and it became necessary for Einstein to finish his schooling with the idea of getting some sort of job afterwards. Accordingly the boy was sent to Switzerland, where he tried to enter the Zürich Academy. He failed completely at the entrance examination, and was forced to go to a lower-grade school. Here he found himself unexpectedly happy, and he has preserved a high opinion of Swiss schools ever since. A year of this tuition enabled him to enter the Zürich Academy.

A curious change now came over Einstein. He read devouringly, but his appetite was for facts of all kinds. The empirical facts of physics, biology, geology, he devoured them all. Observations and experiment, he was convinced, were the keys to reality. Mathematics he now viewed with skepticism and indifference. Nobody could persuade him to attend the mathematical lectures. But after three or four years Einstein came to see that this amassing of facts merely creates thrice-armed specialists; it gives no insight into the nature of what he meant

by "reality." With this discovery came a skeptical attitude towards the whole scientific endeavor; indeed, something very like a dislike for science and its intellectual technique remained with him for some years. He thereupon took up the study of philosophy, and the most skeptical of the philosophers he read, Hume, was the one for whom he felt a special kinship.

During all this time he led a distinctly solitary existence, which he supported on a very small income. By systematic under-nourishment, which in later life led to a troublesome stomach disease, he was able to achieve this. His one recreation was music.

It had been his father's intention that Einstein should secure a position in some engineering firm, but this proposal, which meant that he would have to make contact with the great outer world of business and finance, filled Einstein with horror. Accordingly, on leaving the Academy, he answered advertisements for teaching posts. After failing to hold one or two of these positions, he was appointed, in the autumn of 1902, at the age of twenty-three, to a subordinate position at the Patent Office of Berne.

Einstein, like that other great Jew of modern times, Spinoza, feels strongly that creative genius should be shielded from the ordinary commercial world. But he is strongly of the opinion that young scientists of real ability should provide themselves with a "shoemaker's" job. The purely intellectual university life, he thinks, becomes an empty business, without depth or content, and leads to scientific over-production. It is better to have some practical work, sufficient to support existence, and yet leave one free to meditate. At the Patent Office at Berne he seems to have been content, and it was while there that he worked out his Theory of Relativity in its first form. The problem involved had occurred to him much earlier, during his second year at the Academy, but the solution had hitherto eluded him. This is not surprising, for the solution he offered is an almost unprecedented feat of the scientific imagination. The only feat with which it can be compared is the invention of the non-Euclidean geometry of a hundred years before.

Einstein set himself the problem, based on very accurate experimental results, of how it can be that the velocity of light is the same whether it be measured from systems in motion or systems at rest. He reached his solution by analyzing the notion of "simultaneity." He saw that the relation of simultaneity is not absolute. Two events which are simultaneous for one observer are not simultaneous for another observer with a different motion. This fact necessarily leads to a revision of our notions both of time and of space. When this revision is given precise mathematical expression we find that the constancy of the velocity of light is accounted for. But many other consequences

of the greatest importance follow from this principle, that, for example, the mass of a body increases with its velocity, and that mass and energy are convertible terms. Indeed, the theory of relativity, even in its early form, is one of the greatest of scientific discoveries. The publication of this theory, in 1905, immediately showed the greatest of his contemporaries, such men as Poincaré, Lorentz, Planck, that a new scientific genius had arisen. But this paper by no means exhausted his new creative activity. It was speedily followed by other papers on "The Brownian Movement," "The Quantum Theory," etc. The young genius had come fully alive. Einstein has said of that wonderful time, "it was as if a storm had broken loose in my head."

Two years before Einstein had married Mileva Maric, a Serbian fellow-student, and in 1904 his first son was born. With these family responsibilities he was more than ever content to remain at the Patent Office, but in 1909, yielding to pressure, he accepted a minor professorship at Zürich. But his official duties interfered with his peace, and he felt that his lectures, which he described as "performances on the trapeze," did not bring him in real contact with his students. He regretted his quiet life at Berne.

His outward life now proceeded on accustomed lines. The scientific world became fully aware of him; he was invited to lecture in various parts of Europe, and different countries offered him distinguished positions. He finally accepted a professorship at Prague, but after eighteen months he returned to Zürich as full professor at the Zürich Academy. His reputation drew large numbers of students, and his duties were numerous and important. The strain on Einstein was very great, for, besides his official duties, he was meditating, again in a state of tense excitement, his greatest achievement, the generalized Theory of Relativity. Fortunately the University of Berlin was now awake to his importance. He was offered a professorship without any of the duties. They offered, in fact, to subsidize him to do his research work. Einstein accepted this offer, and at Easter, 1914, moved to Berlin. A year later he pubished his generalized Theory of Relativity.

Einstein was ten years working out this theory. The need for it had dawned on him immediately after he had published his first relativity paper, in 1905. That paper had shown that the laws of nature do not depend on the observer's motion, provided that motion is in a straight line and takes place at a uniform speed. It was already known that this statement holds good for the laws of *mechanics*. On a moving train, for instance, provided it is moving in a straight line with a uniform speed, the collisions of billiard balls, stones thrown in the air, the ticking of a clock, etc., would all proceed in the same way as if the train were at rest. Einstein showed, in his 1905 paper, that all optical and electrical phenomena are equally unaffected by such motion,

and this statement, as we have said, is so extraordinary that it cannot be accepted without a revision of our notions of space and time. It occurred to Einstein that this statement does not go far enough. Why should it not hold good for any motion whatever? The lay reader would hardly understand how daring, even absurd, this question seems to be directly one thinks about it. For one thing, the force of gravitation, the most indisputable and omnipresent of all natural forces, seems to stand in the way. We do not know if this question occurred to any of Einstein's contemporaries. If it did, we may be quite confident that it was immediately dismissed. For its solution required so utterly different a way of looking at the universe that we cannot believe that more than one man possessed it. If it were not an accomplished fact it would still be unimaginable. Everything that Einstein had to go on was common knowledge. He had performed no secret experiments—as a matter of fact he performed no experiments. The physical data on which he based his theory were known to the whole scientific world. The mathematics necessary was not created by Einstein, as Newton created his calculus. Einstein had to learn it like anybody else. And his 1905 paper, which embodied the principle he had to extend, was understood by other people quite as well as he understood it himself. Where Einstein differed from all of them was in the quality of his imagination.

It was the theory contained in this paper, with its exhibition of gravitation as a geometrical characteristic of a four-dimensional continuum, that gave Einstein his world-wide fame. Not immediately, of course, for the war was still raging. But on May 29, 1919, a total eclipse of the sun occurred, and this gave an opportunity to test one of the predictions of Einstein's theory. Even as early as March, 1917, English scientists had seen the opportunity, and made arrangements for fitting out an eclipse expedition to North Brazil and West Africa. The result brought Einstein's name into all the newspapers of the civilized world, and let loose a flood of articles, pamphlets, and books about him and his theory which has not yet abated. Yet in spite of this immense popular interest it cannot be said that there is even yet any general understanding of Einstein's theory. Its difficulties are of two kinds, technical and conceptional. Its abstractions are so very abstract, and its mathematics is so very mathematical. Yet, in a sense, it is a simple theory. Its primary assumptions are very few, and commend themselves to the mind as being very natural. Also, the sheer coherence of the theory, the unstrained way in which the results drop out, give it a very great harmony and beauty. One is forced to say that if nature is like that, then nature is certainly beautiful.

We see that Einstein's attitude towards science must have changed very much since those student days at the Zürich Academy. He is no

longer the pure empiricist, rather scornful of mathematical speculation. Indeed, in an address delivered in 1918 Einstein gives the predominant rôle in scientific discovery to intuition. It is by a process of intuition, very like the intuition of the artist, that the scientific man discovers the fundamental laws of nature. Deductions from these laws are then compared with the facts, and so the intuition is tested. Nowadays Einstein is willing to go even farther. At the root of both scientific and artistic creation, he has said, lies a profound religious impulse.

After the war came the great period of fame, with its wearisome concomitants of banquets, receptions, speeches, interviewers, photographers, and an immense correspondence. Although Einstein is far from finding this sort of thing altogether to his taste, he has not always avoided it, and that for two main reasons. He was very strongly of the opinion that men like himself, whose work knows no national boundaries, could play a very useful rôle as ambassadors between antagonistic nations. The internationalism of science was something he felt it his duty to maintain and to exemplify. He was the first of the German intellectuals to visit formerly hostile capitals. The fact that he was welcomed and honored by these countries is precisely what gave point to his visits. Peace and international amity is something that Einstein has very much at heart. He was willing to endure the boredom and even acute discomfort that attended his peregrinations for this reason. Others of his campaigns resulted from his conversion to the cause of the Jews. In the year 1919 a number of Jewish intellectuals met in a back room of a Berlin restaurant to discuss the formation of a general Jewish congress. Einstein attended this meeting, silent and attentive. The arguments he heard impressed him. His aloofness vanished. For the first time for many years he became, as it were, race-conscious. Judaism became to him a living reality. As a result, he has since then concerned himself untiringly with the worries and problems of the Jewish race, and many of his public appearances have this concern as their *raison d'être.* Einstein saw the dangers of Jewish nationalism, as of any other nationalism. His interest in Judaism is merely part of his interest in the general betterment of humanity—an interest which is for him a passion. Although the life he proposed for himself was the life of a scientific recluse, his wider interests will not permit it.

"I have no choice about it," he says. "If I am in a position to help, I must help."

Einstein's interest in these wider questions accounts also for his love of travel. Besides Europe he has visited North and South America and Japan. He attaches great importance to the insight into different peoples, and cultures that he has so gained. He has kept a very careful diary of his impressions and of his reflections upon them which, it is

to be hoped, will one day be published. The East, as one might expect, appeals particularly to Einstein. "When one inspects these people closely," he says, "one can scarcely any longer care for Europeans, because they are more effeminate and more brutal, and look so much coarser and greedier; therein, too, unfortunately, rests their practical superiority and ability to conceive big things and to carry them through."

Einstein is probably, in the popular estimation, the greatest of all contemporary figures. It does not seem possible to account for this fact solely by his scientific eminence. Something of his personality, of his broad humanity, his humility, his integrity, has got through to the popular mind. In the enormous mass of his correspondence are letters every day asking his advice and help in every conceivable perplexity. To thousands of people he is something more than an eminent professor of physics. Some of these letters are absurd, some are pathetic, and many are both. Most of them betray, of course, a complete misapprehension of Einstein's peculiar excellence. To their authors his powers are unlimited; he is regarded both as a priest and as a magician. This is perhaps inevitable in the modern world, where the cultural differences in a community are so very marked. Einstein was at first disconcerted by this phenomenon, but he is now more used to it. The journalists who ask him whether he takes his coffee before or after his bath, what he thinks of the future of the safety-razor, and so on, are no longer the completely bewildering phenomena they were. Einstein, since those early days, has acquired a certain tincture of worldly knowledge.

But he remains abstract and serene, kindly and humorous. All this is obvious in his photographs which, as one of his biographers has justly said, have had a great deal to do with his popularity. In his presence all these impressions are reënforced. He is a patient and receptive listener, completely open to new ideas and impressions. But at the same time one senses a most unusual stability and integrity in him. No man is less at the mercy of any form of insincerity, however fashionable and powerfully supported it may be. He is eager to discuss ideas in many subjects other than his own, sociology, economics, literature, music. In men he expects a certain amount of intelligence, while he likes women to be unaffected and free from self-consciousness.

His literary tastes are fairly orthodox. He shares the universal admiration for Shakespeare, while Dostoievsky is to him the greatest of novelists—particularly in "The Brothers Karamazoff." He sees little to admire in recent literature, and he does not share the general German opinion of Nietzsche and Ibsen. The first he has described as "too brilliant" and the second as "too scientific." Painting means relatively little to him. His deepest love is for music, and by this he means

chiefly the music of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven. In its combination of significance and beautiful form he finds in music the highest of life's manifestations. His own violin playing is quite good, and he seems to find his daily improvisations on the piano almost a necessity to him.

Of Einstein's religious beliefs it is difficult to say anything definite. He has often spoken of the scientific man's religious awe in face of nature, and he once said, "My concept of God is an emotional conviction of a superior intellect manifested in the material world." He feels no need, however, of dogmas, and is not an adherent of any of the great religious systems.

The chief scientific problem that engages him at the moment seems to be his "general field theory," by which he hopes to provide a geometrical interpretation of electromagnetism, as well as gravitation and mechanics. He has already published papers on this subject, but the solution he has so far reached does not seem to have secured universal assent. In dealing with these questions, Einstein has admitted, we are in a region where philosophical and æsthetic predilections play an active part. We have probably arrived at some curious borderland of scientific speculation. However that may be, and whether or not this research is destined to be the greatest of Einstein's triumphs, the work he has already done suffices to establish him as one of the greatest of scientific leaders, one of the supreme geniuses in the history of thought.

# CHALIAPIN

W. J. Turner

AMONG the celebrated singers of our time Feodor Ivanovitch Chaliapin stands out as an incomparable artist surpassing all others by virtue of his personality and his combination of musical and histrionic talent. There have been great actors who have not been singers, great singers who were mediocre actors, some even who could not act at all; but Chaliapin is unique among the great singers of his age in so far as he, alone among them, is one of the most gifted and remarkable actors in the history of the theater.

He was born at Kazan, a town about five hundred miles due east of Moscow on the Volga, on February 11, 1873, and was the son of a peasant. Whenever in London (he tells us in his autobiography) he finds himself before the statue of Sir Henry Irving behind the National Gallery he raises his hat in respect and, as he says, "salutes, in the person of this great actor, all the actors of the universe. A monument to an actor in a public place! That is indeed rare. Usually one has to look for them in neglected cemeteries. . . ."

I do not know what idea the average man has of an actor or an opera singer, but it is probably neither very high nor very low. Singers and actors, like executive musicians, belong to a special group of artists whom we may call reproducing or recreative artists, in distinction to the creative artists whose work they interpret. It is sometimes thought that they do not need gifts of the highest order to achieve their successes; but in truth one may find almost every degree of talent among them, and the finest of these reproducing artists are so rare and so revivifying in their activity that we can hardly deny genius to them. Sometimes another distinction is attempted and the qualities of executants are described as more physical than intellectual, or more technical than spiritual. There may be something in this distinction, but experience shows that the few outstanding personalities in any generation of actors, singers, or musicians are of exceptional intellectual power and vital force and, as I shall show, Chaliapin is not to be represented merely as a man of great natural physical gifts and a remarkable specific talent, but as a truly extraordinary man, an artist who under-

stands thoroughly what he is doing and moves freely and naturally on the same plane as the creative artists whose work he performs.

Indeed, reflection can lead to no other conclusion. The actor who would completely realize for us on the stage Hamlet must understand Shakespeare, and it would obviously be absurd to expect to find such an actor every year or even every decade in all the theaters of London, Paris, New York, Berlin, and Moscow. The fact, as we know, is that we do not find one such actor even in a generation in all the theaters of the world. This is one reason why the play *Hamlet* is never a complete success on the stage. If an adequate Hamlet were suddenly to step upon the boards in the play *Hamlet* in London tomorrow, the theater where he appeared would be sold out for weeks ahead and we should all be going again and again to reënjoy an experience not to be had in many a lifetime.

A similar experience has been actually the lot of musicians in our generation. I do not think I exceed the truth when I say that nobody alive had adequately heard the pianoforte music of Beethoven until he heard Artur Schnabel play this music. Beethoven's reputation, like Shakespeare's, was great enough to make all who listen to music listen with patience to every pianist who seemed competent to interpret or reproduce the master's work. The Philistines declare frankly their boredom, thinking that it does them credit; the more enlightened sigh inwardly because they have not enjoyed this great music as much as they rightly think it must be possible to enjoy it if it is truly so great. This is the habitual state of things in the concert-room and the theater. The great names do not live up to their reputation as habitually represented. And then suddenly the great reproducing artist comes along and there is an immediate revelation. Instead of boredom, intense excitement; instead of excuses, panegyrics; instead of polite acquiescence, frenzied applause; and everybody realizes that this is the first time that he has heard the real work, all previous performances of it having been pale, lifeless, meaningless imitations.

This also was what happened at Drury Lane Theater on the evening of June 24, 1913, when Chaliapin upon a white horse rode upon the boards as Tsar Boris in Moussorgsky's opera *Boris Godounov*. I was a young man in the gallery on that famous occasion and I shall never forget the tremendous effect of Chaliapin. Spellbound we gazed upon the terrifying figure and listened to the even more terrifying tones of that astounding Tsar. Acting as ordinarily conceived bears no relation to the presentation of Tsar Boris by Chaliapin, who, by the force of his genius and the mastery of his art, swept one out of the theater into a world of imaginative reality more real than the benches we were sitting on. Never before had I known what acting could be,

and having once had this experience I was provided with a new standard for the rest of my life.

Since then I have heard Chaliapin many times, both on the stage and on the concert platform. Apart from the great Eleonora Duse (whom I only saw once, in Ibsen's *Ghosts*) I have never known acting of this caliber; just as from none of the famous pianists of the world had I ever heard Beethoven's C minor Sonata Opus CXI or the Diabelli Variations until I heard Artur Schnabel play them and so show me that previous pianists had never been able to get up to the plane on which this music was conceived. They had merely given one what, strictly, was only a travesty of it. I have seen Chaliapin walk upon the platform of the Albert Hall on a bleak dismal Sunday afternoon with nothing on the platform but a grand pianoforte and his accompanist, and with a mere slight gesture of his hand alter the mood of five thousand people. That is acting. How is it done? It is done by a terrific concentration of imaginative power. But let us consider what Chaliapin himself has said on this subject. Chaliapin has written two books in Russian, and I take the following from a French translation of one of them, entitled "Ma Vie," which was published in Paris in 1932. He is discussing his method of working and he says:

"There are in art things which cannot be expressed in words. I believe there are also such things in religion. And this, perhaps, is why one can say many things about art and religion, but yet find it impossible to express oneself fully. One reaches a certain bound or, rather, a certain barrier, and although one knows that beyond are immense distances, one can never explain what one finds in those distances. Human words fail for describing it. One finds oneself in a region of inexpressible feeling. The alphabet has its letters, music has its signs. You can write everything with these letters, mark everything with these signs. But... the intonation of a sigh—how write or mark this intonation? There are no letters for that."

Nevertheless, adds Chaliapin, these indescribable things, which are the life and spirit of art, are not merely capricious, accidental, or at the mercy of a sort of mere haphazard inspiration of genius:

"I do not in general believe in the saving grace of talent without desperate work. Without this work the greatest talent dries up as the spring dries up in the desert if it cannot find a passage through the sands.

"I do not remember who said: 'Genius is an extraordinary patience.' No doubt there is exaggeration in that remark. However 'patient' Salieri might have been—did he not dissect music as if it were a corpse—it was not he, but Mozart who wrote the *Requiem*. Nevertheless in this exaggeration is a great truth. I am convinced that Mozart,

considered by Salieri as a slacker, was in reality extremely hard-working and that he labored greatly at his genius."

This last remark of Chaliapin's is specially interesting because it provides us with an example of how intuition can discover a truth. Chaliapin does not appear to have read Mozart's letters, but actually we have Mozart's own declaration that nobody could have worked harder at music than he did; to his father he writes: "You know that I am, so to speak, swallowed up in music, that I am busy with it all day—speculating, studying, considering."

So, Chaliapin continues: "Following the best models, I continued to take every opportunity to learn and to work, even after successes which would have been enough to turn the head of the most well-balanced young man."

It is, indeed, not being "well-balanced" that makes a great artist go on working, seeking ever a further perfection which is unimaginable to any one but himself; it is the very nature of his gift. It is the "gift" in the artist that drives on inevitably towards its fulfillment as a flower of a plant seeks the light.

"No work," adds Chaliapin, "can be fruitful if it has not as its basis some ideal principle. The basis of my work upon myself was the fight against the tinsel which darkens the inner light, against those willful complications which destroy beautiful simplicity, against vulgar effects which disfigure grandeur.... It is possible to have different conceptions of beauty. Each may have his personal opinion, but about truth of feeling there can be no discussion, it is evident and palpable. Here there are no two truths. That is why I recognized that the only road leading to beauty was that of truth."

Chaliapin's observations upon his method of working are of the greatest interest to all actors and, indeed, to artists generally. One sees at once that they proceed from a man who knows what he is talking about; in other words, they come not from a theorist, a journalist, or a dilettante (exercising his ingenuity, being as clever as he can with the materials he has picked up here, there, and everywhere, but without any touchstone to distinguish the relative value of what he picks up), but from the genuine first-hand experience of an artist.

"How the scenic image comes to birth and takes form in an actor is," he says, "only to be told approximately. One can reveal merely the half of the complex interior labor—that which is on this side of the barrier. Nevertheless, I would say that the conscious part of an actor's work has a very great, even a decisive importance—it awakes and nourishes the intuition, it fertilizes it. To raise oneself in an aeroplane into the heights of the stratosphere one needs in fact to start from a piece of earth intelligently chosen and prepared in a certain way. Whatever inspirations come to visit the actor later in the study

of his rôle he will discover—later. He can't know them and ought not to think of them. That will come without his knowledge and cannot be determined in advance by an effort of the will. But from where to start, from where to wrench himself forward in his creative impulse, that he must know exactly. I say 'know,' because it is by a conscious effort of the mind and the will that he must form an opinion of the work he undertakes. All the observations which follow on my method of working concern exclusively the conscious and voluntary side of the creative work. As for its mysteries I know nothing of them and if at times in the sublimest moments of inspiration I feel them confusedly it would still be impossible for me to express them."

When Chaliapin receives the score of an opera in which he has a rôle to play he first studies the personage he has to represent and asks himself what sort of character it is, good or bad, fine or ugly, intelligent, stupid, honest, wily; or a little of all these? If the work is well written these questions can be answered exactly, but it is necessary for the actor to study the whole work, not only his own rôle, but every other rôle, even down to a mere remark of one of the chorus. All this may seem superfluous to relate, but one knows from experience in the theater that this is not so; also Chaliapin immediately adds one of those enlightening comments which reveal how when a man seems to be saying something banal, something that everybody might say, he is not doing anything of the kind, if he is an extraordinary man:

"In a piece one must feel completely as if at home. And even more so. For it doesn't matter at home if I am not sure of the position of a chair—at the theater I must be sure. This is so that there may be no surprise, so that I may feel myself completely free."

On the subject of "make-up" Chaliapin has much that is interesting to say, but the essence of it may be expressed in his remark that "make-up" is only of secondary importance and that its chief function is to hide the too personal traits of the actor. He finds the soul of the actor's art in gesture, but points out that although all actors would agree about this there is a great deal of misunderstanding of gesture. By "gesture" Chaliapin means the slightest movement of the face, the eyebrows, the eyes—as well as of the rest of the body—but what determines the value of the gesture is its origin.

And he tells a story of a young actor who came to him in perplexity in Moscow one day because his master was teaching him that it was not right to underline words with gestures, but false and a very bad practice. This, says Chaliapin, was the correct Russian teaching in their best schools before the Revolution, but the young man would not believe it.

"What! Not illustrate words with gestures? But what do great actors all do then? . . ."

"Tell me," said Chaliapin, "what do you understand by gesture?"

The young man hesitated a moment and said that gesture was the movement of the arms, the legs, the shoulders, etc.

"And for me, I said to him, gesture is not the movement of the body, but the movement of the soul. If, without making the least movement, I give to my lips the expression of a smile it is already a gesture. Has any one at your school prohibited you from smiling after a remark if this smile came from the soul of the person with warmth of feeling? No, but you are prohibited from plastering your words with mechanical gestures. As for the gesture which is born of the word, which expresses your feeling parallel with the word, that is quite another matter. Such gesture is useful, it describes something living, born of the imagination."

I don't suppose Chaliapin's explanation enlightened the young actor, for we know from bitter experience in the theater that the majority of young men and women who go on the stage do not possess even that modicum of talent which would enable them to profit by the instruction of real masters. But why indeed should they? Is there any regard shown anywhere for the art of the theater in Europe or America today? Is it not a mere business in which actors are compelled to vie with one another in securing immediate effects by the crudest and most obvious means? There is no standard but that of pleasing instantly the largest possible public. The public should never be allowed to be the judge of the goodness or badness of the work of artists. In fact the uncontaminated public does not ever wish to do so; it is too aware of its own ignorance and insensibility; it desires to be instructed and have its taste and judgment developed, and there is nothing that it is more thoroughly sick of, ultimately, than its own native and raw predilections, which it knows cannot possibly be the best.

The Russian theater which produced Chaliapin and other great Russian actors was a subsidized theater not dependent on "business," or "business men," as these syndicates of gamblers who try to flatter the public by playing down to ignorance and helplessness call themselves. And we shall never have an art of the theater worth contemplating until we get a subsidized theater. Let that fact be repeated aloud to himself by every lover of the theater daily so as to proof himself against the lies that he will constantly meet with in the Press on this subject.

Chaliapin deplores that there has been a great change for the worse during his lifetime. Everywhere nowadays one meets, he says, people who do not know their job; and to an artist nothing is so insufferable as this incompetence, this inability even to aim at perfection in one's *métier*. The artists, however, are not chiefly to blame, for they are the

victims of circumstances. Yet they are to blame in so far as they accept the present situation of their dependence on popularity, on making money for the theatrical *business* as a legitimate or even a tolerable one. Business is not and never can be art. That is a fact that the artists have to insist on, because obviously it is not for the business world to know it. The artist is not selling something, but he is offering love, his love for his art in which we are all to share. Clearly if his love is for sale it cannot be real love, for it means he loves his art less and money more. There is no dodging this conclusion.

Like every true artist Chaliapin is filled with enthusiasm by the spectacle of any first-rate piece of work and one of his most agreeable stories is his description of an old Russian actor whom he saw as a young man.

"The most perfect model of actors who were complete masters of the plastic of their art was, in my opinion, Ivan Platonovitch Kiselevski. This remarkable actor predominated at the end of the last century in rôles of noble fathers and 'gentlemen' generally. As a young man I saw him play at Kazan. Later I made his acquaintance at Tiflis in the salon of a lady I knew who had given a party in honor of the company from the capital which was playing in that town.

"Being still too timid to talk to Kiselevski I remained in my corner and watched him. His hair was white, as white as a swan; clean-shaven, he was not handsome but expressive to the faintest wrinkle. He wore a frock coat and his tie was perfect. His voice was ravishing, absolutely like velvet. He spoke softly, but very distinctly. I let myself contemplate this magnificent figure. He was invited to the buffet. He approached the table and before drinking a glass of vodka he took a plate, put some salt and pepper on it, poured out a little oil and vinegar, mixed it all with his fork and sprinkled the salad on another plate. The reader will ask, no doubt, what I am driving at. This man had merely made a salad and taken a glass of vodka. Yes, but how had he done all this! I still remember it as one of the most magnificent plastic tableaux that it was possible to see. I recall how his extraordinarily beautiful hand took each object, how with the fork in his hand he made this mixture and in what a voice he said: 'My dear friends, actors, let us raise our glasses in honor of our hostess, who has offered us this splendid reception!'

"Everything in this man breathed nobility. 'Surely,' I thought to myself naïvely, 'this is what an English nobleman must be like.' Since then I have seen many aristocrats, lords, and even kings, but always I think with pride of the actor Ivan Platonovitch Kiselevski."

This sort of bearing, which comes from a complete plastic harmony deriving from the spirit and the discipline of the spirit over the body, is in itself so beautiful that an actor who possesses it starts with

the power of bewitching us. But where do we see it nowadays? Whoever among our actors or dramatic critics is even aware that such things may be? In fact, it would be entirely out of place on the stage in the West End of London or in any other European or American capital today, for it is utterly alien to the spirit of the contemporary theater.

But, as Chaliapin himself says, art never dies; it passes into decadence, but it revives. The dramatic art is, at the moment, in a phase of decadence; but when it revives it will revive through a memory of its past greatness. And we who remember Chaliapin may live to see another era begin and with it the possibility of another Chaliapin, another Kiselevski, and another Duse.

# PRESIDENT DE VALERA

Francis Stuart

FEW modern figures have been presented to the popular mind with such distortion as de Valera. He must be let fall back into the perspective out of which he has been pulled by the Press for several years, placarded as a fanatic, an extremist, an unpractical idealist, and so on. For de Valera, in the deepest and rarest sense of the word, is a democrat. He does not impose his ideas or his personality on his followers, but he makes that remarkable personality a vehicle for the expression of his people's aspirations. Such a statement requires a great deal of qualification, and that it will get as I briefly study, on the one hand his development from an obscure schoolmaster into a political leader, and on the other the peculiar characteristics of, and the immense divergences of outlook among, the people to which he belongs. But from the very beginning it is essential that this instinctive and passionate democracy should be recognized in him as a key to all his activities. When I use the word democrat I mean something far more fundamental than the merely political significance that has become attached to it. De Valera has a democratic genius as men have a genius for music or for painting. Once, when asked how he knew that a certain course of action he was taking would be approved by the people he was representing he said simply: "My heart tells me." There are very few statesmen who would dare to use such a phrase or who, if they did, would for a moment be believed; but in the case of de Valera I think that was the simple truth. He had so identified himself with these people of his that instinctively he knew what they would wish him to do and not to do. And his own desire is simply this, neither to exceed nor to fall short of their desires. But who these people are whom I have called his and whether he can always remain their heart and brain, as it were, will become clearer if we study all the circumstances that have led up to his present position as their leader and servant. For with him the nomination used by dignitaries of the Church is no empty formula—the servant of the servants of Christ. He has striven to become in fact the servant of the people of a free and Christian Ireland; and there have been times, as we shall see, when he might have said to them,

like St. Paul: "If you are weak I too have become weak." He has tried one of the greatest experiments that have ever been tried politically. He has attempted as a political leader to live for his people as a father and a shepherd, taking his inspiration from saints rather than from statesmen. The outcome of such an attempt has an interest far beyond the mere political future of his party, beyond even the Irish question alone. Its success, it seems to me, might be the one effective answer that has yet been given to such impersonal systems as Communism and Fascism. Its failure would, I think, be the greatest and most telling blow yet struck against the democratic ideal, because it would show that democracy at its highest interpretation was only possible in a community held together by some common inspiration, such as a religious one, and bound to fail in a community with such varied and isolated groups and interests as are inevitable in any modern state, and which are present in an exaggerated form in Ireland.

Up to 1916 little or nothing had been heard of de Valera. Not only was he unknown outside Ireland, but within it too. Born in New York a little over fifty years ago of an Irish mother and a Spanish father, he was sent back when he was three to Co. Limerick to be brought up by his mother's brother, a small farmer. He won a scholarship to the Royal University, as it then was, in mathematics and later became a teacher of mathematics in various colleges.

Here, then, circumstances began to conspire to push into the limelight this man who never for himself desired to be pushed. And from then on they have never stopped so conspiring. The most ambitious genius could never have made for himself the opportunities that for de Valera came unsought.

To be, as he was, a young intellectually minded man of strong nationalist tendencies in Dublin in the years before the war was, as it turned out, almost certain to lead him either to death or rapid political progress. Ireland was on the eve of some of the most momentous years in her history. And those who were then prepared by sympathy and intellectual qualifications to play a part in what was so soon to come were very few. And of them the ones who were to survive the 1916 rebellion were even fewer.

According to Tolstoy's philosophy of history, great figures have been the pawns of forces much stronger than themselves. They have not so much molded the events of their time as been pliable enough to be carried along by a wave, until from their position on the crest of events they became the focus rather than the instigators of those forces that made history. Applying this idea to Napoleon in his great work, "War and Peace," Tolstoy has attempted to interpret thus the course of that period of European history. One might with much less difficulty show de Valera to have been such a pawn of circumstance

in the course of recent events in Ireland. And yet that is not the complete truth. There is this peculiar genius in the man that made events serve him rather than that he should make much conscious effort to dominate them. There is in him that extraordinary passivity which is very different from mere lethargy, a sort of faith in his own destiny, which for him is really faith in Ireland's destiny. He believed that he would be used to further the cause of Ireland's freedom and he did not much care how he was used, or when, or for how long. That sort of faith, that complete detachment, is very nearly invincible. When a man has that inner faith in himself, not an egoistical faith, but a faith in his own usefulness for some great cause, whether he is an artist, a saint, or a politician, that being always rises to the greatest heights, leaving far behind those who are merely ambitious in a positive, personal way.

Here, at the first then, one sees in him that desire to be used, to be the servant of his country, that grew into a conscious philosophy with him and that later dictated his every action. Up to the outbreak of the 1916 rebellion de Valera had shown no special military ability. He had joined the Irish Volunteers soon after their foundation at the end of 1913. He rose to the rank of commandant more perhaps by reason of his intellectual abilities than on account of any military talent.

The plan for the 1916 rebellion could not by any means be called a piece of well thought out strategy. In any case the rebellion was never meant to be more than a gesture by those responsible for it. They knew the impossibility of its being militarily successful. So it would seem, merely by chance again, that one of the few strategically sound positions occupied was entrusted to de Valera. This was Bolands' Mills and the district around them. The position commanded the approach to Dublin from Dun Laoghaire, or Kingstown as it then was; that is to say, it commanded the road from which reënforcements sent from England via Holyhead would have to approach the city. And very surprisingly, seeing his almost complete lack of experience and his anything but soldierly appearance, de Valera proved himself the astutest commander during that week of warfare. An English colonel who had taken part in the fighting said to me some years ago: "If all your commanding officers had had the ability of de Valera the 1916 rebellion would have lasted at least three times as long." That is probably true. But whether any purpose would have been served from the point of view of the Irish leaders in prolonging the fight is open to question. It was de Valera who ambushed the Sherwood Foresters on their march from the boat to Dublin and his position in the mills was one of the few positions, if not the only one, never actually stormed or leveled by shell-fire. This was partly due to the

fact that he stationed a handful of men with a machine-gun in an adjacent distillery from which alone he flew the tricolor, thus distracting the English fire from the main position.

In action this tall, gaunt, black-eyed figure, wearing glasses and a rough home-spun suit, proved a cool and resourceful soldier. At the windows they used the flour-bags for a barricade. One can imagine his somber face, with even then the deep lines from nose to the corners of his long, rather thin mouth, streaked with flour from the ripping bags, peering out into the dusk, red-lit by the blazing buildings, half like a clown and half like a martyr. There is something moving and poignant in that picture. Below him the huddled roofs of Dublin's slums; a little to the north the Liffey flowing back and shining now and then as a searchlight swept it, the red sky and the roar of the shells bursting. And it seemed to those whom he commanded that he was always confident. But confident of what? Could he and a few men in the old mill hold up an army that was driving the Germans back from the Somme? And had he been asked that question he would no doubt have replied simply and sincerely: "If it is God's will." And in his heart he believed that it was God's will. If not that day, then another day. It did not matter. It did not even matter to him so much whether he himself would live to see it. He was being used for Ireland, and whether he would be used to gain that victory that he believed would come about did not concern him very deeply. Such detachment may seem incredible and superhuman. So it would be in an ordinary soldier, even more so in an ordinary politician. De Valera was neither one nor the other. He had and has still in him something of the mystic whose eyes are set on a far and unchanging goal to which he believes Ireland is journeying. That for a time he should be used to lead her towards it is an honor of which he feels himself unworthy both then and now. But of the ultimate outcome he has no doubt, and for his own part he wishes to be but the faithful servant or at most the shepherd who goes before the flock.

It may be said, however, that in 1916 he must have felt that there was no flock. The people of Ireland were opposed to the rebellion. He was then at least no true democrat. But here I shall have to make the first qualification of my original statement. To de Valera the people of Ireland are not only the people living and present at any given moment. A student of the history of Ireland, the people who have lived and died in Ireland and sometimes for Ireland are to him also of that flock. Just as another statesman will legislate with an eye to future generations, so de Valera has always had this deep consciousness of past generations. He has prized that tradition which is part of a country's individuality. He has realized its value as the inspiration of nationalism. In 1916 I do not believe he considered the rebellion in

the light of anything but an attempt to reëstablish the sovereignty of a people who had lost even the desire for it. "First," he would have argued, "give them back the power to decide for themselves and then we will carry out that decision." But that sovereignty, that right to be their own master, was for him the important thing. He fought in 1916, not to attempt to force a republic on a lethargic and uninterested people, but to rouse them to a sense of their own sovereignty, to give them back the desire to be their own masters and he, if they came to be that, was quite ready in his turn to be their servant.

At two o'clock on Saturday the garrison of the Post-Office, the head-quarters of the Volunteers, surrendered. Pearse had sent out the order to his officers commanding the various posts earlier the same day. De Valera did not surrender till Sunday morning and then it seems very much against his will. He walked out into the debris-strewn street at the head of his men without any illusions as to what was in store for him. That had been discussed before the rising and each leader knew that he could look forward only to death during the fight, or execution afterwards. He was sentenced to death.

But here again things worked together for this man who had been chosen to lead his people. Morning after morning the other leaders were shot in batches. By the second Friday after the surrender fourteen of the Volunteer commanders had been executed. De Valera was saved, without again any effort on his own part, because of his American citizenship.

He was sitting in his cell reading the confessions of St. Augustine when the news was brought to him of his reprieve. He thanked the messenger and turned again to his book. He was still to be made use of for Ireland. He was still to serve those people who were growing from a shadowy host of past generations into a clearer and more definite little flock. So far he had fought and suffered for a people whom he had resurrected from the past and whom he loved and felt kinship with in a dream-like way. From now on he was to come closer and closer to a present and living people into whose service he was to give himself completely and whom he was to love with a compassionate love. But as yet they had scarcely heard of him. And if they now heard of him for the first time they looked on him as a misguided fool, as an impractical idealist, as a fanatical schoolmaster who had got himself mixed up in this abortive and on the whole undesirable rebellion. That, however it may have been since whitewashed over, was the attitude of the majority of the Irish people during and immediately after the rising. A few days after, when the executions were in full swing, this attitude began slowly and subtly to alter and it never ceased altering, the mass of those won over never ceased growing, for the next four or five years.

De Valera was sentenced with six others to penal servitude for life. Thousands received lesser sentences. He was sent at first to Dartmoor as a convict and in December, 1916, he was removed to Lewes. And in Ireland there was again a lull.

The first wave had broken and a lull succeeded it. But the full storm was yet to burst. And there in Lewes prison de Valera was made leader of the Irish prisoners as the senior surviving officer of the fight. Again circumstances were preparing to push him forward on the next wave that as yet was unformed. Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith were released and returned to Ireland. But they returned more as his heralds than as themselves leaders. Neither was the dramatic figure in Ireland that de Valera's conduct during the rebellion and his last-minute reprieve after it had made him in the eyes of those who were beginning to come over to the national cause.

Meanwhile he organized a revolt in the prison against convict treatment. He was then removed to another jail. And all this did not fail to make an impression in Ireland. The name of de Valera, heard of for the first time a few months previously, was growing into a legend, a legend that went on growing, a name whose power and magic went on increasing up to a certain date, difficult to determine definitely, but after which a lot of the magic seemed to dissolve, the legend became partly discredited. That tragic period is much later on and when I come to it I will try to explain its significance.

In June, 1917, de Valera and the other prisoners were released. They received an overwhelming reception in Dublin. The Dublin he had left handcuffed under the surly and even hostile glances of the few who happened to see him for a moment before he was put on the boat, received him back with a great acclamation. The people who had occupied his thoughts so much for the last year in prison were there to greet him, and his heart outflowed with love for them as they met in the flesh face to face, the leader and his people, for the first time.

No doubt that is one of the memories that de Valera cherishes most. After that his vow to serve them was made with renewed passion. How hard it has been to keep that vow and whether it has been worth keeping no one knows. But one must remember this: when that vow was made de Valera could not dream that the difficulty in keeping it would lie, not in preserving an unwavering front to the enemy with his people behind him, but in the heartbreaking effort to serve them and keep his allegiance to that ideal Ireland, that free Ireland, that "Dark Rosaleen" or "Kathleen ni Houlihan." It is essential that this should be clear. In de Valera there have existed these two allegiances. He has felt his mission as the leader, almost as the father of his people, and again he has felt that inspiration, that fiery love of Ireland herself, the ancient holy Ireland claiming at once, and without counting

the cost, her complete freedom. And in the end, as I shall show, he put the people before all else, so that he could say: "If you are weak I too have become weak."

From the date of his release onward he became more and more of a politician, seeking to serve the Irish cause not as a militant rebel, but constitutionally. It was not until 1922 that he was again to take up arms in a forlorn cause. And yet it is at those times, in 1916 and in 1922-1923, that I like to think of him best. In Bolands' Mills with his few weary men with their old rifles and the flour-bags against the windows trying to keep Ireland against the victors of Ypres and Vimy Ridge. Or in 1922 on the run in the country or in Dublin, hunted and repudiated by his own people, a simple Volunteer, turning in his thoughts again to the early dreams of the dead hosts of Irishmen whose tradition he guarded for a generation that did not want it. Those were the times when he rekindled in himself that dark flame that burnt within him and made his name a magic name and a legend. That is the de Valera least known of all, completely lonely and on fire with an impractical and wild love.

In the summer of 1917 he was elected as a Sinn Fein member of Parliament for Clare by a large majority. From that moment his political career may be said to have started. He now began for the first time to find wherein the real difficulty lay in his double allegiance. On the one hand there were the people of Ireland who were now definitely symbolized by his own constituents, and on the other this ideal Ireland with her unalienable rights about which he knew no compromise could ever be accepted. At the head of one group, of what one may call the people's party or Sinn Fein, was Arthur Griffith and of the other, the extreme militants, was Cathal Brugha. At the Ard Fheis, or convention of Sinn Fein, de Valera was elected President. This was partly due to the influence of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, known as the I.R.B., a secret revolutionary society to which de Valera had belonged but of which he was no longer a member. The I.R.B. were impatient of Griffith's moderation and pacifism. In May, 1918, de Valera was again arrested, was first imprisoned in Wales, and afterwards, with other Irishmen, in Lincoln prison. His arrest and the arrest of others was an attempt by the Government to break the resistance to conscription in Ireland which it had decided to impose. That spring of 1918 things were going badly for the allied armies on the Western Front. Field-Marshal Haig was calling for more troops, and these were not easy to get. England had already been combed. For the first time in Ireland for many years an almost unanimous wave of anger and hostility to England swept the country. Up to now there had been too much to lose by a definite siding with the rebels; but now it was better to suffer in Ireland than die on the foreign

battlefields. Again circumstances quite outside his own control pushed de Valera forward. His name was now not only a battle-cry appealing to the more hot-headed and idealistic, but a sort of protection to the masses against this threat of being dragged from their homes to some bloody warfare about which they cared not at all. A new and more lasting magic was added to the existing magic of his name. He was now not merely the heroic champion of a glorious cause, but the protector and father of an outraged people. A rôle that he was to fill courageously and devotedly for many years. No one in modern times, not even Michael Collins, has ever had the same deep love from the Irish people as de Valera, because in no one did they put such trust. Others may have cut more dramatic figures in the later fighting, but while the people admired them and even worshiped them as heroes, it was a different feeling from that which they had for de Valera. The difference between the feeling a boy has for his elder brother and his father.

In January, 1919, the first meeting of Dail Eireann, the Irish Parliament, took place. Very few of the members could be present; some were in jail and others on the run. The first guerrilla fighting began. Policemen and military were ambushed and shot and barracks were burnt. And just when the whole country was waiting breathlessly for what would happen next de Valera made his dramatic escape from Lincoln Jail. Again all the growing emotion of nationalism was focused and had its center in him. He remained in hiding in Manchester for several weeks and, so careless was he of personal ambition, he never thought of sending any message to the organization that comprised all nationalist Ireland and of which he was the President. When, at a Sinn Fein demonstration in the Mansion House in Dublin, the members asked for news of him, for some word, there was none to give. Michael Collins made up a message on the spur of the moment purporting to come from de Valera and read it out: "I have escaped from Lincoln prison to do the country's work, and I am doing it." That was true, but de Valera would never have thought of saying so. He merely took it for granted that he was to be used for the Irish cause and the circumstances that made his escape possible were merely another proof to him that he was still needed. He was smuggled back to Ireland soon afterwards. The Dail of which he had been elected President now attempted to govern the country and as far as possible to ignore the English Government. For this, money was urgently needed, and the only place where it could come from was America. De Valera, still seeing himself as a servant rather than as a President of a young nation, young, that is, in its new precarious attempt at freedom, was smuggled on board a liner for New York.

It is not necessary to dwell on the story of his American mission.

He went there primarily to get money with which to carry on the war in Ireland, both politically and militarily, and in this he was amazingly successful. Meanwhile, in Ireland things were becoming worse and worse. In 1920 the Black-and-Tans had been sent over and from towards the end of that year until the truce in July, 1921, the guerrilla warfare was kept up with unflagging intensity. De Valera returned to an Ireland in the throes of war. But, while he suffered for what his people were going through, it was a clean, unclouded suffering compared with what was to come later. Ireland was single-hearted during the Black-and-Tan war. The people were ready and anxious to go through with the fight. He was still the leader of a unanimous and trusting, if suffering, people. He was still their protector, in so far as he could be, against a cruel and unjust persecution. Then came the truce and after it the treaty signed by the delegates that de Valera himself had chosen and sent to London to meet Lloyd George.

So much has since been written around that disastrous business that it is not easy in a few words to present a clear picture of de Valera at that time. One thing is certain, that he had given implicit instructions to the delegates not to sign any treaty without first submitting it to him. If they did sign a treaty without submitting it, it was only under threat made to them by Lloyd George of "immediate and terrible war."

In the Dail, de Valera repudiated the treaty as granting Ireland an insufficient measure of freedom. He was outvoted, and Arthur Griffith, who had been one of the delegates, replaced him as Irish President.

When de Valera repudiated the treaty he was swayed, as he had been in 1916, by the old proud emotion that is half mystical, as all pure patriotism is half mystical, and altogether non-social. He was no longer thinking of his people throughout the country; he was remembering only the long tradition of Irishmen fighting and suffering through the generations, and knowing they had not died for some half-measure, but for the lost sovereignty. Knowing they had not died in order that the small Munster farmers should be freed from the tyranny of English landlordism, and prosper, or even that the Connaught peasants should be able to clothe their children properly. No, they had not died for any social reform, no matter how urgent, but, as I say, for that half-mystical belief in Ireland and the passionate desire to see her free not primarily for any ulterior sake, and that is so hard for any one outside Ireland to understand, but for her own sake purely. That she might take her place once again, a nation among nations, older than most of them, in the full glory of her sovereignty.

But afterwards de Valera thought of his people, of the children shivering and hungry in Connaught, of the slums in Dublin. But now he could not turn back. When the civil war started he joined the Re-

publican army as a simple volunteer. He was no longer the leader and protector and father of his people, but an outcast, a fanatic, an embittered extremist in the eyes of the majority of them. Perhaps those days were the bitterest of his life. Worse even than the aftermath of 1916. Then he had been reviled by his own too, but he had not had any trust to forfeit. Now he had forfeited the trust and affection of those who meant so much to him. That his own political career should be crumbling troubled him not at all. But that he was no longer of use to the people of Ireland, this was the thought that was so bad. The other Republican leaders were frankly contemptuous of a people who had so blatantly let down the cause (the Republicans, as the anti-Treaty party was called, were defeated at the general election in May, 1922, a few months before the civil war started). But to de Valera it was not so simple as that. He had the two allegiances, and the one that was dearer to him he had appeared to desert. Because, for all his flashes of pure, unearthly patriotism, it is the Irish people and their happiness and prosperity that are his lasting concern. He is the natural and instinctive democrat. He feels in his heart the needs of his people and puts that before all else. I say this, fully conscious of the facts of 1922-3. When de Valera repudiated the treaty he was not then sure that he was not voicing the wish of the people of Ireland. And in a sense he *was* voicing it. Had the issue been clear, had the treaty not been already signed, it is certain that the electorate would have rejected it. And again in an amazing way circumstances were conspiring to bring him low only to raise him up again. Had de Valera accepted the treaty he would doubtless be where Cosgrave and the others of the pro-treaty party are today, completely, and, I think, finally discredited. As it is, he is still the strongest force in Ireland because he has shown himself in 1916 and in 1922 capable of going his own way towards the goal that he sees, whether the people whom he loves follow him or not. And as long as he does that they will always come back and follow him, as they came back when they returned his new party, Fianna Fail, to power in 1932.

Of the immediate present and the future it is difficult to speak. If de Valera fails now it will not be through what most of the Press of England and Ireland calls his fanaticism or his economic blunders. His economic policy may well yet turn out to be supremely successful. But the test for him will not be fought on any economic or social ground. It will be, as it has always been in Ireland, the old test of carrying on the undying tradition. Already there are signs that he has finally bowed to the wishes of the people whose servant he considers himself, has finally renounced those flashes of undemocratic fire that led him into the 1916 rebellion and into the civil war of 1922. If that is so there can be only one end. The people for whom he has sacrificed

himself will finally throw him over. Because, in their hearts, although it may take a long time for those hearts to realize it, they will only follow, year in, year out, a leader who dares to lead them to the heights; to those heights of national aspiration which it is so hard for any one outside Ireland to understand. Up to now they have felt that he was leading them, shepherding them there. Lately a doubt, a slight doubt only, it is true, and amongst a handful only, has arisen. But in Ireland a little spark grows quickly into a flame and a flame into a conflagration. Within the last few months, for the first time in his life, de Valera has definitely ranged himself against the extremists. He has reëstablished the Military Tribunal brought into force by the Cosgrave government and has used it to try Republicans and to suppress the Republican weekly *An Poblacht*. Abroad such actions may appear necessary and the only possible ones for a statesman in his position. But in Ireland, when statesmanship, no matter how capable, opposes itself to that smoldering fire of extreme nationalism which from time to time blazes up through the centuries, then that statesmanship has always proved inadequate to deal with the result of its opposition.

When the next wave forms and sweeps on de Valera may not find himself on its crest. At last he may be left and it may roll over him. At last he who desired so much to be used for Ireland may be of no more use. I pray that this will not happen, because of all those who have arisen as leaders in Ireland in this century there is none in whom such qualities of nobility, of personal detachment, of self-sacrifice have been found. And it would be fitting and just that he should lead his country to the goal that he first perhaps clearly visualized looking across the flour-bags at the red night sky of Easter, 1916. But in the history of Ireland so little has been fitting and just. Whether in the end he fails or not, he will always be remembered as the father and protector and inspirator of his people during the darkest times through which they have ever been.

# JACOB EPSTEIN

Louis Golding

JACOB EPSTEIN is a sculptor. He has carved, with his own hands, eighteen figures on the one-time British Medical Association building in the Strand, the tomb of Oscar Wilde in Père Lachaise cemetery, the Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park, the "Day" and "Night" figures on the St. James's Park Underground Station, an abstract figure of "Venus," an heroic figure of "Genesis" and of a "Sun God"; and for all these there has been an outcry in the sensational Press, and an amount of public and private discussion remarkable in a country which, apart from Alfred Stevens, has never had a sculptor of more than local quality or reputation. In addition to this he has modeled portrait busts by the score, has done hundreds of drawings—working drawings for sculpture, figure drawings, illustrations to the Bible—and landscape water-colors of Epping Forest.

His career is of the simplest. He was born in New York in 1880 of Jewish parentage, studied drawing and painting at the school of the Art Students' League, and modeling in the evening class. From the beginning museums and exhibitions meant much to him—the casts in the Metropolitan Museum, and the exhibition of Rodin's sculptures. He contributed drawings from life to Hutchin Hapgood's "The Spirit of the Ghetto" in 1902, vivid portrayals of old men, Jews in praying shawls, going to the synagogue, at morning prayers, at Friday night prayer, in the *Chayder* or Hebrew school; intellectuals in the cafés; scholars poring over the Talmud; Rabbis giving weighty decisions concerning the ritual purity of a chicken; brilliant portraits of Jewish wedding-bards, dramatists, and actors—Jacob Gordin, Jacob Adler, Moshkovitz, David Kessler; glimpses of Ghetto newspaper offices, of theater galleries, sometimes in careful detail, sometimes with bold essential lines showing kinship with Steinlen and Forain. From these and from drawings of New York life bought by the *Century Magazine* he made enough money to take him to Paris in 1902, where he studied sculpture at the École des Beaux Arts.

As a young man of twenty-two he eagerly took part in the teeming life of artistic Paris, spending much of his time in the Louvre, where he found the impressive Chaldean sculptures, the archaic Greek

figures from Delphi, the unfinished slaves of Michael Angelo, the portrait busts of the Renaissance, and elsewhere the modern sculptures of Rodin and Maillol, and, greatest excitement of all, the African sculptures, which were just being collected by Paul Guillaume, and by the artists Picasso, Vlaminck, Matisse, and Derain. It was then that he laid the foundation of his own collection of African and Oceanic art, one of the largest and finest of private collections. The battle around Cézanne was at its height. He saw the first Salon d'Automne, and welcomed the paintings of Van Gogh and Gauguin. In 1905 he came to England; in 1906 he married the charming and forceful personality whose busts are among his finest creations, and settled down permanently as a sculptor in England. With the exception of a short stay in America he has worked in England peacefully, save for interruptions from the Press, and a short period of war service.

In 1907 he began carving the figures on the Strand building of the British Medical Association, a building then modern in its severity of architecture, and demanding adequate sculptural decoration. Mr. Muirhead Bone, a lifelong friend of Epstein, recommended him for the task, and he spent fourteen months carving the eighteen figures. Instead of the customary allegorical figures copied by workmen from clay models and then applied to the building, Epstein chose to do first-hand carving on the stone, and on the building itself, with a degree of distortion and abstraction which then appeared startling, but now surprises by its comparative moderation. There were figures of "Form Emerging from Chaos," "Primal Energy," "Chemical Research," "Academic Research," "Infancy," "Youth," Manliness," "Maternity" and others. The outcry and journalistic sensation began almost immediately. Censorship, public and private, was invoked. Father Bernard Vaughan objected to the "brutal commonplace" with which the "sacred subject of maternity" was treated, and Frank Harris made counter-allusion to the "disgraceful realism" of the statues in St. Peter's, Rome, "showing progressive advances in maternity and then the Virgin Mary at the end with a normal figure and the Bambino in her arms." Epstein himself tells with great gusto of the policeman who mounted the scaffolding on which he was carving, examined one figure, pulled out his notebook and wrote the word "rude," then went on to another figure and wrote "very rude," and departed to make his expert report to his superiors.

Even more exciting was the adventure of Père Lachaise cemetery. A woman admirer of Oscar Wilde arranged with Robert Ross, his executor, for a monument to be carved by Epstein. It was commenced in England in 1909 and carved direct by the sculptor from a twenty-ton block of Derbyshire stone, a vast figure swiftly moving forward with stylized wings, vaguely Assyrian in character, with a formalized

head surmounted by small figures in relief, an impressive symbol of the "poet as messenger." It was exhibited in England in June, 1912, without offense to public morals or private feelings. In September it was moved to Père Lachaise, and the trouble started. In England, the land of prudery, no objection was taken to the fact that the angel was provided with masculine sexual organs. In enlightened France truck drivers and stone-masons indulged in lewd pleasantries, and finally the keeper of the cemetery was moved to action. Gaudier Brzeska has a vivid if exaggerated account of a meeting with Epstein in November, 1912. "He spoke to me about his 'Oscar Wilde' in Paris. When he arrived he found the sexual organs had been covered over with plaster; later the Prefect of the Seine covered the whole monument over with straw, as being altogether indecent. Epstein took off the straw, then the plaster, and restored to his 'Wilde' his *couilles de taureau,* and through the petition of some artists he was able to get the better of the civil authorities."

The full story from France is better still. After Epstein's direct action on the monument he was enabled to complete the work with the aid of local bribery, but meanwhile the keeper of the cemetery had appealed to the Préfet de la Seine, and Robert Ross received a letter headed—

RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE
LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ
Préfecture du Département de la Seine.
Paris, le 10 Février, 1913

pointing out that the monument was insulting to those families who came to honor their dead, that the monument had been condemned by "le Comité esthétique de la Préfecture de la Seine," and by virtue of the powers conferred on him by Article 16 of the decree of the "23 prairial an XII," the préfet ordered the removal of the abomination within fifteen days. The whole of literary and artistic France was immediately in arms against this "comité esthétique," and in April a strong petition was launched, Remy de Gourmont, Willette and Emile Verhaeren, among others, gave their support and the Préfecture gave in.

In England the treatment of Epstein was purely capricious for a while. His "Romilly John" exhibited at the Allied Artists' Exhibition at the Albert Hall in 1910 was regarded as "most attractive, almost as simple as a Japanese doll, perhaps, but then the best of these dolls have fine plastic qualities." His "Head of an Infant," done in 1907, was purchased by H.M. Queen Alexandra. "Nan" of 1909 is now in the Tate Gallery, the bronze head of "Lady Gregory" of 1910 is now in the

National Gallery, Dublin. But soon came his first one-man exhibition in 1913, with his impressive achievements of that year, the "Two Doves," "Cursed be the day wherein I was born," the "Carvings in Flenite," the "Rock Drill" in bronze, and the remarkable abstract drawings. Epstein had now turned his attention to abstraction. He was one of the earliest of modern artists in England to be concerned with the problems of form. Ezra Pound once said, "So far as I am concerned, Jacob Epstein was the first person who came talking about form, not the *form of anything*"; and of his exhibition the *Athenæum* wrote, "He seems to be obsessed by certain fundamental facts of life usually excluded from artistic representation, and we are not sure how far hieroglyphics based on the obvious physical aspects of these things can be considered to symbolize adequately their significance."

It was clear to independent observers that England was now ready to take its part in the newer movements of art practiced in Europe. Cubism had made considerable headway, the severe analysis of form so familiar and fundamental to the contemporary artist had already taken hold of serious workers, Futurism with its inclusion of movement had come from Italy, and Expressionism with its psychological formalism had shaken Germany. The final recognition of the new machine age had evoked a masterpiece in Epstein's "Rock Drill." Mr. Frank Rutter pertinently observes that "before August 1914 the masses were not familiar with this belief, and his sculpture consequently was not understood. If he had exhibited it a few years later with the title 'The Prussian War God' it might have been as popular and universally accepted as the war paintings of Mr. Nevinson." Epstein himself regards it as "prophetic of much in the great war."

On the very eve of the war, in June, 1914, came the first organized expression of the new movement in England in *Blast,* edited by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, a "Review of the Great English Vortex." Born as it was of Futurism, Cubism, and Expressionism, it nevertheless, in its self-styled "Vorticism," was a definitely English effort. The artists included Wyndham Lewis, Frederick Etchells, Edward Wadsworth, William Roberts, and Jacob Kramer. The poetry in a second number included some work by T. S. Eliot, and sculpture was represented by Gaudier Brzeska, who had begun under the stimulus of Epstein some time before, and by Epstein, who contributed two of the abstract drawings of the 1913 exhibition. The sculptural manifesto was aggressively put forward by Gaudier Brzeska. "Sculptural feeling is the appreciation of masses in relation," "Sculptural ability is the defining of the masses by planes," admirable mottoes for the marble "Venus" begun in 1914 and exhibited in 1920 with renewed sensation.

Epstein, however, has since extended his interests, and for him purely sculptural considerations include "the balance of the parts,

essential rhythms, subsidiary rhythms, light and shade," and for a sculptor who works in close coöperation with the architect there is the important consideration of the position from which the carving is to be viewed. The distortions and broadening of effect by the Greeks and by Donatello in order to fit a work of art to its site are equally to be seen in the "Rima" panel and the "Day" and "Night" figures. "Rima," though an illustration, was a sculptural illustration, designed to be seen at a distance of thirty yards. "Day" and "Night" were misjudged because they were photographed away from the building of which they were an integral part, and at eye level instead of from the ground. One of the most remarkable and least appreciated of Epstein's gifts as a sculptor is the instinctive harmony between his carvings, with their autonomous existence as sculptures, and the form of the buildings on which they are placed. The Strand carvings blend into the building; the "Day" and "Night" repeat in uncanny fashion the main lines of those parts of the building which form a background to each figure—the archway between the child's legs—the horizontal sweep of the recumbent figure leading up by means of the poised arm to the brooding mass of the figure above. "Rima," seen in a picture-postcard reproduction, is almost meaningless aggression, but seen as part of a designed panel, set back in the peace of its inclosure, it is almost reticent in its fitness for the site, and its literary relation to the passage which inspired it: "What a distance to fall, through burning leaves and smoke, like a white bird shot dead with a poisoned arrow, swift and straight into that sea of flame below."

Propaganda against Epstein has always been ignorant or unscrupulous and has always been used to bolster up rival systems of beauty. A policeman, perhaps the same who had commenced his æsthetic education with the Strand figures twenty-one years before, in 1929 says of "Day" and "Night," "It's not my idea of beauty." It was inevitable that the author of the Nurse Cavell monument should pay the supreme compliment, "Epstein does not know the A.B.C. of Sculpture." It was obvious that the Hon. John Collier with a purely literary attitude towards the arts should evade the problem of sculptural criticism by describing "Rima" as "a bestial figure, horribly misshapen with the face and head of a microcephalous idiot," but what is less clear is the practical criticism which the Hudson memorial received in the form of a coating of green paint. This was regarded by a section of the Press with approval, while the tarring and feathering of "Peter Pan" which modern psychology calls a writhing mass of sexual symbols, menacing the future peace of infants with its rabbits, snails, and other phallic and fertility emblems, was merely a puzzling and wanton outrage. To those who watched the effect of "Rima" on the public it was instructive to observe schoolmistresses of dubious physical structure taking

crocodiles of high-school girls to see how ugly the human form could be made, and equally instructive to see passing navvies pausing to admire the severe physical labor overlooked by the literary critics who had no idea that it was possible, and even customary, to exhibit as "sculpture" masses of stone which had never been touched by the hand of the "sculptor." Epstein's answer to the journalists' description of "Genesis" as "a joke in marble" was: "No artist can afford to give over a year of intense concentration to amuse a few gossip writers."

So far this essay has dealt with Epstein as a direct sculptor in stone. It is as such that he regards himself. In "Who's Who" he gives his career entirely in such phrases as: "The tomb was carved by the sculptor out of Derbyshire marble"; "the monument was carved by the sculptor on a block of Portland stone." "Commissioned to carve two groups in Portland stone 1928 to 1929"; "carved marble figure 'Genesis.'" But he is also a modeler of portrait busts and bronze figures, and herein lies the main source of the quarrel that art critics have with him. Bloomsbury condescends by regarding him as an interesting portraitist but no sculptor. The followers and fashionable imitators of Maillol and the epigoni of Brancusi are alone accepted as sculptors proper. A further complaint brought against Epstein's portrait busts is that they are too "psychological," that they show an untoward interest in the sitter's character. Epstein has undergone the same evolution which even Mr. Clive Bell confesses in his latest pronouncement: "I was one of the first to study the possibilities of the abstract. Today I am far more interested in a closer expression of humanity." From the powerful abstraction of the "Rock Drill" and the "Two Doves" to the equally powerful subtlety of "Paul Robeson" and "Albert Einstein" is a long journey, but there are two halting places very little observed by the critics. There is perfect abstraction combined with expressive naturalism in the portrait of "Admiral Lord Fisher" of 1915, one of the most brilliant bronzes since the Renaissance; and there is archaic stylization in the bronze of the "Duchess of Marlborough" of 1917 that should be an answer to any complaint. If further answer is required, it can be found in the mask of "Mrs. Epstein," and the head of "Dolores," 1923, both worthy to stand alongside the summits of Greek or Egyptian portraiture, and infinitely above the photography of the Græco-Roman commercial snapshot. The "Peggy-Jean Asleep" of 1920 and the "Joan Greenwood" of 1930 are child studies of which Donatello or Mino da Fiesole or Desiderio da Settignano would not have been ashamed.

The quarrel about carving and modeling is purely a piece of modern snobbism, born of the *nouveau-riche* rediscovery of the direct handling of stone in very recent years, and manfully backed up by critics ignorant of art history and helped out by the new jargon of

"glyptic" as opposed to "plastic." For a century and more academic sculpture has had nothing whatever to do with carving. The sculptor so called built up his figure in clay and from a plaster cast a workman made a mechanical replica, exact as only an elaborate system of measuring devices could make it. This, never once touched by the hand of the artist, was exhibited for admiration and purchase. With the return to direct carving, in which the finished work was made by the sculptor himself, modeling was regarded with scorn. But the whole history of sculpture proves that such a distinction is illusory. In the amazing contents of the El Amarna sculptor's studio exhibit in Berlin, there is Nefertiti the famous colored bust, there are carvings in stone, and a series of unbelievably realistic and psychological clay portrait heads. Every sculptor of importance from Donatello and Michael Angelo to Rodin has been both carver and modeler. Epstein has said, "the distinction is purely an imaginary one, except to the artist in the actual execution of his work." There is the famous letter of Michael Angelo written in extreme old age in which he says that painting and sculpture are in essence the same, but that sculpture is distinguished by the greater difficulty of thinking in the round, and the greater physical energy involved, that sculpture in essence is taking away, and modeling is building up. Epstein, whose method of working is much the same as Michael Angelo's, hacking directly in stone without any other intermediary than a rough drawing, or a tiny sketch model in clay or wax, such as still can be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum, has put forward the paradox that modeling is more genuinely creative than carving, that, as Michael Angelo said in a famous sonnet, the block of stone may contain a hint of the form to be freed from it, whereas modeling is the creation of something out of nothing. His method of working with added pellets rather than smoothing a surface is consciously an art of building up, since "the face is made up of numberless small planes and it is a study of where those planes begin and end, their direction that makes the individual head." A double interest, in the play of lighting and of structure seen from within, and the play of character in the service of as faithful a likeness as possible is the interest of Epstein's portraits. It is no exaggeration to say that he has created a larger number of great portraits than any individual artist in the whole history of sculpture—"Jacob Kramer," "Cunninghame Graham," "Old Pinager," the superb "Joseph Conrad," the imposing "Lord Rothermere," "Rabindranath Tagore," "Ellen Jansen," "Isabel Powys," "Oriel Ross," the vivid "Mrs. Phillips," the monumental "Paul Robeson," the supersubtle "Albert Einstein," are obvious and durable masterpieces.

A word must be said on the vexed question of "influence." From the very earliest days, Epstein has been accused of showing Assyrian,

Chaldean, Egyptian, African, Oceanic, and other influence. It is a strange paradox that the sculptor alone should be denied the profits of tradition. That Keats should learn from Milton, Milton from Shakespeare, Shakespeare from Marlowe, Marlowe from Spenser, and Spenser from Chaucer, is considered legitimate, but when a man such as Epstein lives his whole life among masterpieces and learns from them he is rebuked. It would be no exaggeration to say that no living sculptor has a greater knowledge of art than Epstein. His days are spent in museums and exhibitions; no new object remains unscrutinized, no discovery from Ur of the Chaldees or from Mexico is hidden from him, either in illustration, museum, exhibition, or in saleroom. It is inspected and assimilated, and its lesson learned. Anything that a piece of sculpture can teach it teaches Epstein, who learns as only a master can learn. Some will remember a rare moment in the old Armenian Café just at the end of the war where, amid the din of conversation, there was a hushed corner where Epstein reverently caressed a Tanagra figure and minutely expounded its making to a listening learner. His own collection of Gothic carvings, Negro sculpture, Chaldean figures, Marquesan idols, Gold Coast bronzes, is of superb sculptural value. He has not passed through a succession of influence, but has recreated in his own practice the whole history of sculpture, adapting newer methods to modern problems. "African work," he says, "has certain important lessons to teach that go to the root of all sculpture. I have tried to absorb those lessons without working in the African idiom." His clearest affiliation to African art is the experimental "Cursed be the day wherein I was born"; whose head has learned from the exquisitely refined Gabun heads only now beginning to be adequately appreciated. But the essential unity of his work may be observed in the essential structural identity of the naturalistic head of "Lydia" and the stylized head of "Genesis," both done in the same year.

There still remain the groups and the fragmentary figures. Epstein once conceived a grand "Pietà" of which "Kramer" and "The Weeping Woman" are fragments. He has made the superb bronze "The Visitation," presented by the National Art-Collections Fund to the Tate Gallery, and the provocative "Christ" in which he threw overboard the Carlo Dolci *cum* Holman Hunt tradition and replaced the lay-figure by one deeply rooted in religious shock, the personal interpretation of the Gospel *Gestalt* which every Jew must one time or other fight out for himself. But supreme among his achievements, not only the finest sculptural achievement of the twentieth century, but one of the great landmarks in the history of sculpture, is the monumental "Madonna and Child." For this alone, harmonious and sublime in conception and execution, Epstein deserves the homage of his contemporaries.

And lastly the gossip element. For years Epstein has been a figure of public notoriety. Wherever he has gone, he has been observed and followed. His conversations in the Café Royal with that genius, the late T. E. Holme, were watched by the envious. The Armenian Café was thronged because it was known that he frequented it. The ill-fated Harlequin was one of his haunts. Chinese cafés were made uncomfortable by sightseers and would-be interviewers, but for years now Epstein has lived in the warmth of his own rich family life, with Peggy-Jean as a hearth flame, at home to his friends, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians above all, and even mere human beings. In his home are the signs of his enthusiasms for contemporaries or kindred sports—dozens of paintings by Matthew Smith, pieces of carving by Henry Moore, who for him is "the one important figure in contemporary English sculpture," huge idols from the South Seas—garlanded with flowers by Peggy-Jean, and fed with offerings of fruit from Joan Greenwood or the infant Paul Robeson, Chaldean statues, Gothic figures, drawings by Modigliani—all these give proof of his catholic and generous tastes. Conversation with Epstein is a tonic. No humbug escapes castigation. Fake reputations are bowled over like ninepins. Craftsmanship and vision are the supreme tests, and when he can be drawn on the subject of his own art, rather than on painting, music, or fiction, on all of which he is deeply informed, his comments are memorable. "The Sculptor Speaks" is a faithful synthesis of the conversation of a man physically attractive, rugged and childlike in character; a believer in tradition, frankly admitting that sculpture is a sensual art; and above all, a craftsman for whom sculpture is a full outlet for physical and mental energy. More can be learned of the personality of Epstein from his bust of Einstein than from any other of his works. The confrontation of two shy boys both making order out of chaos, two Jews dabbling in the raw matter of Genesis, marks an epoch in the history of the modern spirit.

# RAMSAY MACDONALD

Robert Bernays

IN 1895 when Ramsay MacDonald stood as Labor candidate for Southampton he polled 866 votes; in 1931, when he left the Labor Party, it had 288 seats in the House of Commons and had twice been in office. That is really the measure of his achievement. Whatever he may do in the future, he will never accomplish anything comparable to that.

The day he ceased his association with the party of rebellion something went out of him that he is never likely to recapture. It is visible most of all in his platform appeal. He was once the most formidable platform speaker in the country. I saw him often in the roaring meetings in the North of England that preceded the great Labor triumph of 1929. I recall, in particular, an eve of the poll meeting in the Middlesbrough by-election. The platform for some reason was rigged up as a boxing-ring. I can see him now striding up and down behind the ropes in the fury of his denunciation of the Conservative Government and all its works, scorning the microphone, his deep resonant voice reaching the remotest corner of the vast drill hall. His peroration was magnificent electioneering. "You have a great chance tomorrow. You can strike a blow that will resound not merely through England, but through Europe. See to it here in Middlesbrough that when on the day after the declaration of the poll you go to your work —those of you who have work to go to—you are able to beat out with your feet on the pavements the music of another great Labor victory." There was little in that speech, or indeed in any of his speeches, of extravagant promises, still less of constructive policy, but in some indefinable way he did give the impression that he was on the side of the toiling masses.

His appearance alone was a recruiting poster. His voice in itself was a spiritual message. It was not a mere party that he was leading; it was a religious movement. In those elections the Labor Party relied upon one poster. It was a drawing of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with the inscription underneath—"Make him Prime Minister again." That was all, but it was enough.

Watch him on the platforms of the National Government now. He is hesitant, uneasy, verbose, involved, sometimes almost unintelligible. The confidence has gone, the appeal has lost its vibrance, the message is not there.

Not that he was wrong to desert his old friends in August, 1931. It was impossible for him to do anything else. He believed that anything but a policy of drastic cuts spelled disaster. His colleagues were willing to accept nine-tenths of the economies, but refused the formidable fence of a cut in the dole of the unemployed. But that was regarded as the most important of all. Confidence could not be restored abroad as long as it was believed that no Government could successfully stand up to the demands of the unemployed. He resigned. The King pressed him to form a National Government to carry the program that the Labor Government had refused. He agreed. What else could he do?

But a Government cannot exist for five years merely on negatives. It has to have a positive policy, and it is over this that Mr. MacDonald has had inevitably to undertake tasks which he has opposed all his life and for which he is temperamentally unsuited. He has been maneuvered into the position of defending an organization of society which he has devoted all his political life to destroy. He does not know how to do it. "I have had my cuts too," he told the miners' wives at Seaham Harbor early in 1934, when they were heckling him on the cut in the unemployment pay. His Conservative colleagues shuddered. They know that it is impossible on a platform to place the woes of the super-tax payers against the coppers of the unemployed. There can be no real equality of sacrifice between an unemployed man on 15*s.* a week and a man on £5,000 a year, even though by cuts and taxation it is reduced to little more than £3,000 a year. The Capitalist system cannot be defended in that trench and realists in the Conservative Party do not attempt to do so.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald represents the tragedy of all men who change their party. Brought up in one school of electioneering, they are constitutionally unable to adapt themselves to another. The blunt fact is that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, from being the spear-head of the Labor attack, is the worst apologist for the National Government in defense. The paradox of the National Government is that on the platform its leader is one of its greatest liabilities.

It is the same in the House of Commons. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is seldom at his ease there. What that elegant and tragic figure, the late Edward Marjoribanks, described as "the Cavalier Parliament" is quite unsuited to Mr. MacDonald. There is no real contact between the Ramsay MacDonald of a thousand Labor gatherings and brotherhood meetings and the polite, well-groomed, and rigid products of Eton and the Guards. From the first day of this Parliament he failed to

impress himself upon the new House. There is no man more sensitive to atmosphere, and he detected his failure at once. He seldom speaks now; indeed, he is not often there. "Do you know that Ramsay has never once heard me speak in the House," said one of the brightest of the under-secretaries to me, somewhat ruefully, one day. Of all the Cabinet none has a worse record of attendance on the Treasury Bench than the Prime Minister. He is becoming like that other obscure Prime Minister, Lord Goderich, a "transient and embarrassed phantom."

Indeed, he visits the House of Commons almost as if he had retired from active politics and were just a benevolent spectator of our struggles. I recall an all-night sitting when, owing to some unfortunate remark of Mr. J. H. Thomas, the Opposition kept the House sitting from 2.45 one afternoon to 1.25 the next afternoon. About breakfast time the Prime Minister looked in on our deliberations. As we shuffled through the division lobby, hungry, unshaven, ill-tempered, he joined us with a kindly word and an inquiry as to how we had enjoyed it. He had, he told us, just taken a sharp walk in the Park, and that there was quite a nip in the air outside. It was as if a royal prince were visiting a midnight bakery just as the men were coming off their all-night shift.

Mr. MacDonald radiates, nowadays, the atmosphere of the constitutional monarch. When he appears in the Members' lobby one almost instinctively bows. It must be admitted that he performs the dignified functions extremely well. No man could be better at opening an exhibition or presiding at a Burns dinner. It is a strange rôle for a man who was chosen leader by the votes of the Clydesiders in preference to the more staid appeal of Mr. J. R. Clynes. The country expects something more of a man that it invested at the polls, to all intents and purposes, with the powers of a Dictator.

In fairness it must be admitted that in foreign affairs it does get something more than mere amiability. Mr. MacDonald still has an immense reputation in Europe, and following on his visit in 1929, in the United States as well. He is a superb chairman of a conference. He has a unique power of keeping the atmosphere sweet, and securing an accommodation of antagonistic views, when all agreement seems impossible.

Indeed, it is not fair to judge Mr. MacDonald as he is today. He has had a remarkable career. It reads like a chapter from Smiles's "Self Help." At eighteen he left his home at Lossiemouth to seek a fortune in London, penniless and without a friend. His first lodgings were in a drab block of tenements called Duncan Buildings, just off Gray's Inn Road. His first position was that of a clerk in a London warehouse at 15*s*. a week. He determined to be a schoolmaster and studied science by means of night classes at the Birkbeck Institute. As in the case of

Philip Snowden, a long illness diverted his mind to other activities. He embarked on that combination of politics and journalism which, though it is the recognized avenue of advancement in France, seldom brings a man to high office in this country. He became private secretary to Mr. Thomas Lough, then Liberal Member for Islington. It was the days when the Liberal Party was the only expression of Radicalism, and it must have required high courage to break loose from it as he did, and fired by the Fabian movement, set to work to create an independent Socialist party.

But courage is a quality that Mr. MacDonald has in abundance. The war proved that. There was that extraordinary scene in the House of Commons on August 3, 1914. Sir Edward Grey had announced with that measured understatement that was his most vital characteristic that "in the present crisis it has not been possible to secure the peace of Europe."... "If in a crisis like this we run away from these obligations of honor and interest as regards the Belgian Treaty, I doubt whether, whatever material force we might have at the end it would be of much value in face of the respect that we have lost." Before he sat down the war fever had captured the House. It swept the Conservative Opposition, it gripped the Liberals, even the Labor Party, then a group of less than fifty members, was caught up in it. The whole House was behind the Government. Only MacDonald remained unmoved. He alone was unaffected. "I should," he said, when his turn came to speak, "had circumstances permitted, have preferred to remain silent this afternoon. But circumstances do not permit of that. I shall model what I have to say on the two speeches we have listened to, and I shall be brief. The right honorable gentleman, to a House which in a great majority is with him, has delivered a speech the echoes of which will go down to history. The speech has been impressive; however much we may resist the conclusion to which he has come, we have not been able to resist the moving character of his appeal. I think he is wrong. I think the Government that he represents and for which he speaks is wrong. I think the verdict of history will be that they are wrong. We shall see. I do not know, but I feel that the feeling of the House is against us. I have been through this before and 1906 came as part recompense. It will come again. We are going to go through it all. We will go through it all."

But he went through it almost alone. The main body of his party deserted him. What he must have suffered in those years! Seldom a meeting did he address that he did not have to leave by the back door under the protection of the police as if he were some convicted criminal. He attempted to attend a Peace Conference at Stockholm and the crew refused to man the ship that was to take him there.

The unpopularity did not cease with the Armistice. He was

hounded out of Leicester at the "Khaki Election" of 1918 by a fourteen-thousand majority. He tried again at Woolwich in 1921. It was regarded as a safe Labor seat. It had been held by Will Crooks since 1918. But the embers of the war mentality were still there. They were fanned into a flame by the Jingo Press. Poor Mr. MacDonald was chased over back gardens by Bottomley's hirelings. A winner of the Victoria Cross was put up against him. Every device known to the astute electioneer was in shameless evidence to rouse the patriotic cry. They worked admirably for their purpose. When the poll was declared he was out by 683 votes.

This time the blow nearly crushed him. I have seen the letter he sent to Charles Masterman, who had written to condole with him. "I realize now," he said, "that my public career is over." But the only thing that can be said with certainty about English politics is that nothing is certain. Within two years he was not merely back again in Parliament for Aberavon, but Prime Minister in the first Labor Government.

It is this story that needs to be understood before justice can be done to this baffling personality. This dour struggle against misfortune helps to explain much in Mr. MacDonald's career and outlook. He knows what poverty and obscurity are to the ambitious. He knows the cruel lot of the political Ishmael. It has made him a fierce, somber, difficult figure. He may forgive, but he does not readily forget. Men who know him intimately tell me that he will remember a hostile speech long after it has passed out of the memory of the man who made it. It is characteristic of Mr. MacDonald that he never rejoined the Lossiemouth Golf Club, from which his resignation was forced, though in after years he received pressing invitations to resume his membership. Rather than that he will motor fifteen miles from his home to get his holiday "round."

The great tragedy of his life is that she who might have done so much to soften the blows of Fate was taken from him. His marriage with Margaret Gladstone seems to have been as perfect as any human relationship can be. He has himself expressed what he owed to her in one of the most beautiful tributes in the English language—"to turn to her in stress and storm," he writes in his memoir, "Margaret Ethel MacDonald, was like going into a sheltered haven where waters were at rest, and smiling up into the face of heaven. Weary and worn, buffeted and discouraged, thinking of giving up the thankless strife and returning to my own house and children and household shrines, I would flee with her to my Buckinghamshire home and my lady would heal and soothe me with her cheery faith and steady conviction, and send me forth to smite and be smitten. No one, not even I, can tell with ac-

curacy how much of the steadiness there is in the Labor movement is due to her." Her death in 1911 was a crushing misfortune.

It explains much. Few men have reached such heights with so aloof a manner and such a lonely spirit. Though no man can talk better the language of rotary, there is no man who is less of a rotarian. The House of Commons has been described as the "best club in Europe." It is not true from the point of view of creature comforts, but there is about it a comradeship that no club I have ever visited has ever rivaled or even approached. Mr. MacDonald seems never to have caught that atmosphere. He has never been at ease in the world that he has conquered. He has none of the infectious gayety of Mr. Lloyd George, the quiet scholarly charm of Mr. Baldwin, the breezy, engaging impudence of Mr. J. H. Thomas.

In the House he is easily upset by interruptions. In his Labor days some insolent gibe from a Tory back-bencher would leave him gesticulating in impotent fury. He would neither treat it with disdain nor give it the smashing answer. Least of all could he counter with raillery. He jokes with greater difficulty almost than any other man in public life.

It has meant that he was never really at home with his party. Socialists may appear tight-lipped and unresponsive on the platform, but away from it they are as gay and friendly as any other body of men. Mr. MacDonald never unbent. I remember seeing an instance of this one night at Westminster Underground Station. The Conservatives were in power and there had been a stormy sitting in the House. At one end of the platform was a group of Labor members in the highest spirits refighting the battles of the evening; at the other end was Mr. Ramsay MacDonald brooding in solitude. Though a few minutes before he had been leading them in the skirmish, there was now no contact between them. I thought at the time that it boded ill for the future of the partnership.

This aloofness has increased with the years. His Labor colleagues began to complain of the "vein of insufferable superiority which has become almost habitual with Mr. MacDonald." No Prime Minister of modern times has been on less intimate terms with his Cabinet colleagues. It is said that in the last few months of the Labor Government he never spoke to Mr. Arthur Henderson outside the Cabinet room though he was his second in command. With this habit of keeping his own counsel went an increasing inability to make a direct statement or expound a policy in intelligent terms.

It has led to terrible mistakes. There was the destruction of his own Government in 1924. In that Parliament there was a real opportunity for the coöperation of the Liberal and Labor forces which, properly fostered, might have produced the responsible Radical alter-

native to Conservatism, the absence of which most sensible men deplore today, not least the Conservatives themselves. But Mr. Ramsay MacDonald never forgave the Liberals for making him dependent on their support. Though many of his principal colleagues were willing and even eager to make the association fruitful, he would have none of it. All through that spring and summer of the first Labor Government he bided his opportunity to destroy the party that had made his triumph possible. It came on the Campbell prosecution. The Conservatives tabled a vote of censure following on the announcement of the withdrawal of the proceedings against the Communist, Mr. J. R. Campbell. The Liberals asked for the appointment of a Select Committee.

It was an olive branch. Mr. MacDonald rejected it with scorn. "The Liberals," he said, "propose to drive us into the jails of the Inquisition whilst their special pleaders and the executioners at their leisure prepare the biased indictment, the rack and the block. What a gorgeous game! If there is to be an election the responsibility is not ours. It will be caused by partisan abuse of parliamentary votes, and the resentment against this chicanery which will be in the heart of every Labor supporter in the country will make our victories all the more numerous when the country is allowed to judge our work. Some fresh, clean fighting in the constituencies may clear the air and give us strength in the House of Commons which will make us independent of partisan interests."

It did not. He pulled down the pillars of the Temple and crushed not merely his Liberal supporters but the Labor Government itself. The Liberal Party in the election that followed was reduced to forty members and the Conservatives were returned with a two-hundred majority. Slowly and painfully Liberalism recruited its strength. After the 1929 election, though it numbered only fifty-nine compared with one hundred and fifty-eight in 1924, it again made MacDonald Prime Minister. Again he made the partnership difficult, if not well-nigh impossible. From the first he was unfriendly, even rude, to his allies. "There must be no monkeying with the Constitution," he said, the first week after the election. Again the combination broke down and again Conservatism was enthroned with a stupendous majority. The only difference was that this time he was its prisoner. It is a mournful story, and one that may have tragic results for the future of democracy in this country. The battle seems now to be set for a struggle at the polls between the so-called constitutional forces and the party of catastrophe. The Radicalism that might have been the responsible alternative is out of the fight, and for that no single man is more responsible than the head of the National Government.

But though Mr. MacDonald is not a great man, he has some great qualities. No man could have guided the Labor Party as he did from

an academic rump to Downing Street merely on a mellifluous voice and a fine appearance.

He stood above them all in moral and intellectual stature. His very presence was enough to quell incipient mutiny. He had that power possessed in a supreme degree by Asquith of making the Right and Left wings of his party work together. For many years he performed that miracle of attracting the intellectual without repelling the street-corner Socialist. His power is best exemplified in the first Labor Government. It was a fascinating amalgam of forces—Lord Chelmsford, the Conservative Viceroy of India, and the late Mr. Wheatley, one of the few able figures the extreme Left has thrown up in our time; Stephen Walsh, the typical product of the Trades Unions, and Sidney Webb, the creator and inspirer of the Fabian movement. It really deserved Burke's famous description of the Government of Lord Chatham—"a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and so whimsically dove-tailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic." But it was not like Chatham's Government—"A tessellated pavement without cement." Mr. MacDonald provided the cement. He dominated the Labor Cabinet as Mr. Gladstone dominated the Liberal Cabinets of the 'eighties.

He gave inspiration to the platform appeal as no man before or since has done in the Labor movement. Indeed, he all but captured the middle classes without whose aid no Government, even in these days of universal suffrage, can hope to grasp the power that comes with a complete House of Commons majority. Sometimes it seemed that the extraordinary coalition must break up. There was the crisis of the General Strike. Mr. MacDonald was against it. He said so before the General Strike and he said so again after it was over. He spoke in the plainest terms. "The General Strike," he said, "is a weapon that cannot be wielded for industrial purposes. It is clumsy and ineffectual. It has no goal which, when reached, can be regarded as victory. If fought to a finish as a strike it would ruin Trade Unionism, and the Government in the meantime could create a Revolution." But the unity of the Labor movement must in his judgment be maintained at almost any cost and when, in 1926, the General Council of the Trades Union Congress declared for battle he did not stand in their way. "If constitutional means fail, we are there with you," he said, at the Council meeting at the Memorial Hall in London that fateful Saturday before the attack was launched, "taking our share uncomplainingly until right and justice have been done."

He kept step with his party with really remarkable astuteness and, until he resigned in 1931, the Labor Party, more naturally fissiparous even than the Liberals, wheeled right and left at his command with almost perfect precision. He had other characteristics which, if they did not create affection, at least inspired respect. He might be aloof and

arrogant, but he never lost sight of the class from which he had sprung. To this day there meets in Downing Street the same sewing party that his wife organized in one of the poor districts of London more than a quarter of a century ago.

The suggestion that he is a snob is really a slander. He is the favored guest at great London mansions, but he is still happiest at Lossiemouth. He enjoys London society, but it has never captured him as it has captured other men. Like the Shunamite woman, he prefers to dwell among his own people.

I have already referred to his personal courage. It cannot be exaggerated. There are those who sneer at his constant anxiety about his health. Like so many men with a tendency to be hypochondriacal, when the real crisis came, he faced it unflinching. There was the time during this Parliament when he was faced with a serious eye operation. It was timed for the afternoon. Up to the last moment he was presiding at a Cabinet meeting apparently quite unconcerned, and when he left for the operating table only one man in the Cabinet knew that he was threatened, if the operation were unsuccessful, with total blindness. In politics he never shirks his fences. A lesser man would have run away from Seaham Harbor in 1931 and sought a haven in many of the safe suburban constituencies that would have gladly created an opening for him. Instead, he went up and faced the shouts of "Traitor" that assailed him on every platform, and turned the safest Labor seat in England into a National Government gain. It is characteristic of him that, in spite of all the entreaties of his friends to seek shelter elsewhere, he has announced his intention of fighting there again at the next election.

This is not an age of giants. The events are too big for them. Man cannot stand out in his full stature against the background of Niagara. But when the tumult and turmoil of these terrific years subside, and it is possible to get in real perspective the men who have sat in the seats of power, Ramsay MacDonald will not have an ignoble place. He saw in the crisis of 1931 with a clear eye what he conceived to be the right and, whatever the cost in personal friendship and party loyalties, he crashed his way to it.

His tragedy is that, having reached it, his strength seemed to fail him. Lord Cecil, viewing the Lloyd George Coalition Government of 1918, which he loathed to such an extent that he all but joined the Liberal Party of those days, remarked of Mr. Lloyd George—"the fellow is so confoundedly efficient; nobody could doubt that he is the Prime Minister." Not the most perfervid admirer could say that of Mr. MacDonald.

With his new friends he has lost his old gifts. He is like Samson. His locks have been shorn. "And Delilah said, The Philistines be upon thee, Samson. And he awoke out of his sleep and said, I will go out as

at other times before, and shake myself. And he wist not that the strength was departed from him."

The strength has departed from Mr. MacDonald. It is only fair to recall that it was once there and how unstintingly, if sometimes mistakenly, it was poured out in the service of the causes in which he believed.

# PADEREWSKI

Basil Maine

AT a time when the State's sovereignty is continually being questioned, it is not surprising that the singular virtue of patriotism is under a cloud. The very vehemence of those who would stir up in their countrymen a sense of national responsibility is evidence of a fear that something vital has been lost, or is in danger of being lost. The forces which have newly invaded the world are mysteriously working towards a change in man's nature. Dimly the perception comes that man must die before he can be born again; also, but no less dimly, that he has power to decide between a physical and a spiritual death.

The change, however, is not an even process. While in some countries a growing desire for international coöperation is felt, in others the flame of patriotism has leaped up more brightly and fiercely than ever before. A country like Poland, for example, is not yet prepared to believe in the ideals of internationalism. Her history does not encourage her to accept the assurance that countries can live together as good neighbors. She has been so beset by her own neighbors in the past that she has taken for shield, a passionate belief in her destiny, and for spear, not the science of warfare, but music's art. Music has been to her a source of undying inspiration and through its influence she has made friends in every country. When at the end of the eighteenth century the people of Poland gathered up strength to resist oppressors, they lost almost everything. But soon after there was born to them a musician who was destined to repair even so great a loss. And later, when Warsaw was in Russia's power, there had escaped into Europe that messenger who soon was to proclaim his country's spirit with greater eloquence than ever physical force commanded. Through the medium of his music, Chopin's country has made a lasting impression upon the world. But without understanding interpreters, Chopin's appealing voice would have been silenced with his death. Even when he was alive, he sometimes looked to Liszt as a pianist who could interpret him with more force than he himself could command. What would Chopin have thought of his later champions, of Rubinstein, Busoni, Pachmann, Paderewski, and Godowsky? Each brought a peculiar quality which

could be related to the music itself—Rubinstein, an overpowering turbulence; Busoni, a poetic intensity; Pachmann an eeriness of touch which, one was tempted to think, resembled Chopin's; Godowsky, a brilliant clarity. But it was Paderewski who, by his burning energy, persuaded public and students alike that through him the voice of Chopin was speaking again. He, too, had about him the brightness of a messenger when first he played in Paris, and then, with all the glory of golden opinions adorning him, went on to turn the hearts of London's critics, who in the early 'nineties were notoriously contrary.

There was, however, one incidental difference between the first receptions of Paderewski and those of Chopin, for, whereas Chopin sixty years before had been criticized for his scarcely audible tone, his successor was rebuked for exaggerated loudness and emphasis. This was but a reflection of physical disparity. Already in early youth Chopin carried with him something of that sick-room air which soon was to be his permanent shadow. The young Paderewski, on the other hand, burst upon the capitals of Europe and America with all the impetuous fire of Polish youth, and in his remarkable appearance that spirit was reënforced and dramatized. His playing took by surprise even those who had heard Rubinstein. The decorous atmosphere of the Salle Erard and of the St. James's Hall did not well accord with his belligerent pride, which even Mendelssohn's music could not quell. So far were most of the critics from understanding the nature of Chopin's Etudes and the temperament of their new interpreter that he was upbraided for violating their essential style. There was an exception. Upon one critic these passionate outpourings produced a profound effect. He discerned there the intense yearning of an exile and knew that the ardor of its expression was not superimposed but sprang from the music's roots. Not that Paderewski had no secret sorrows of his own to add to Chopin's experience. He had been saved the inhuman rigors of a prodigy's life, it is true; but before he started upon his career he had known great poverty, had been cruelly overworked, had mourned the death of his young wife and had devoted himself unsparingly to an invalid son. These hardships and the later loss of his son doubtless played their part in shaping the conceptions and performances of those years. But Paderewski was too scrupulous an artist not to perceive the danger of allowing personal emotion to override the æsthetic and intellectual aspects of music. His first ambition had been to become a composer, and the essays of his childhood, limited and strictly national though they were, made him aware of the creator's as well as the interpreter's claims. For all that, it was not his opinion that the interpreter must fixedly stand on neutral ground. First let him explore the regions of the composer's mind; then, impelled by new experience, let him be driven forth to the places of his own imagination. Because in Chopin's music he continually found the

melancholy and aspirations of his race, Paderewski had only to allow himself to be borne on the wind of inspiration; and the affinities of mood which exist between the compositions of Chopin and those of Liszt and Schumann enabled him to derive almost equal inspiration from these. With Beethoven he could rely less surely on his contact and discoveries, and with Brahms as a composer for the pianoforte he confessed that he was out of sympathy.

The division in Paderewski's musical nature during the first part of his career again brings Chopin and his youthful problems to mind. After Chopin had left Poland, his old master, Elsner, had written advising him to regard himself primarily as a composer. Chopin then lacked faith, not in his powers, but in his knowledge and experience. He thought it was wiser to put off those higher artistic hopes for a time and clear a path for himself as pianist. To give Elsner an idea of the hopeless outlook for an unknown composer in Paris, he told him of the number of talented young students at the Conservatoire who were waiting with folded hands for the production of their operas, symphonies and cantatas. Meyerbeer, with his ten years' reputation, was in no better position. Chopin therefore decided to secure for himself a more certain position as a pianist and afterwards to advance his claims as a composer. To support his argument he cited the cases of Ries, whose compositions were acclaimed in Berlin and Frankfort because of his reputation as a pianist, and of Spohr, who was known as a violinist long before he wrote *Jessonda* and *Faust*. However plausible Chopin's argument seemed in his own day, it loses force when applied to the conditions of the past fifty years. How can the neglect of Paderewski's *Pianoforte Concerto* and his *Polish Fantasia* be explained? Or why, after his success as a pianist had been everywhere established and confirmed, did his opera *Manru* receive only lukewarm support? An answer will be found by comparing Paderewski's treatment of indigenous themes (and Smetana's too, although *The Bartered Bride* has made more headway in the world than *Manru*) with Wagner's in *The Mastersingers,* where a theme no less provincial in essence has been expanded, by sheer imaginative force, into one of universal appeal. As a young man Chopin had been told by Witwicki, the author, to keep before him the ideal of becoming the creator of Polish opera. "I am convinced," he said, "that a Polish opera, brought into being by a composer rich in emotion and ideas, will shine one day like a new sun in the world of music." Neither from Chopin nor from Paderewski did such an opera come. But, just as Chopin in his *Ballades* was destined to proclaim his race with a more subtle eloquence, so did it fall to Paderewski's lot to find another channel to complete the expression of his nationalist ideals. For a period these, together with the creative part of his mind, were deflected into the flowing art of oratory.

"To be a great composer," wrote Chopin to the solicitous Elsner, "one must have enormous knowledge, which, as you have taught me, involves not only listening to the works of others, but still more listening to one's own." If "works" is changed to "words," the precept can be as aptly applied to statesmanship. Before he had reached the age of fifty Paderewski had learned the lesson as composer and as interpreter. Armed with its wisdom, he prepared to enter another field, and in nothing else in his life is its fine quality more clearly revealed than in the thoroughness of this preparation. As virtuoso he had realized an ambition which once had seemed a dream. But his frequent turnings to composition were a sign that something in his rich nature had been unsatisfied by mere performance and was striving towards articulation. Love of country ran so strongly in his blood that he felt the need of a communication more direct even than the re-creating of Chopin's music, which, as he knew too well, could be the cause of great misunderstanding. Those who lightly assume that music, being a universal language, can be understood of all men are ignoring the bitter dissensions with which the history of music is sprinkled. Idioms of sound, accent, enunciation, and rhythm form as great a stumbling block in music as in language. No man knows this better than the virtuoso who has played or sung to audiences in every part of the world. He takes care, therefore, to simplify his message so that audiences of nursery mentality may accept and welcome it. Paderewski's triumphs as a pianist were never won through concessions; nevertheless his single-minded patriotism prompted him to seek a larger audience which he could address in plainer language. That audience he knew to be in France, in England, but above all in America; and that he might approach it with confidence he devoted himself to the mastery of their languages.

It was his desire to be able to use French and English, with precision, yes, but also with the emotional force of fine oratory. He was not unpracticed as a public speaker in his own tongue. His speech at the unveiling of the Grunwald Memorial was famous. That memorial was his own conception; he had commissioned a young Polish sculptor to execute it, and he himself had presented it to his country to commemorate the great Polish victory over the Prussian *Kreuzeritter* in the fifteenth century. The subject was significant. At Lemberg, too, during the Chopin centenary, his oration had enchanted his audience.

The discipline which is a habit in every virtuoso's life is reflected in Paderewski's strict training of himself to master the medium of language. Not content with being able to speak French and English, he began to make a close study of each. So successful was his command of conversation that he gradually gathered around him a large, cultured, and influential group of artists and politicians. Riond Bosson,

his villa in Switzerland, became the headquarters of Poland's international activities, which were the more serviceable for being unofficial. It was fortunate both for himself and for his country that Paderewski was there at the outbreak of the war, and as a result of swift negotiations among other distinguished Poles who were then living near the Lake of Geneva, he was appointed delegate to the United States for the Comité National. The appointment found him well equipped. No patriot had ever set forth with a deeper consciousness of his country's splendid tradition and civilization. It was his task to unite the millions of his countrymen in America by stirring in them the same awareness of their historical background. The responsibility was abnormal, for it involved diplomacy, statesmanship, and extensive propaganda. From an artist it demanded self-sacrifice greater than most men would be prepared to face. Although he combined many of his lectures in America with recitals of Chopin's music (whereby he raised large sums for Polish charities), Paderewski knew that his career as pianist must now be put out of mind. At the Peace Conference a few years later he was not allowed to overlook the fact that, however meritorious in itself an artistic following might be, it was looked upon as almost a disqualification in a politician, at least by experienced, hardened campaigners. Lloyd George ridiculed the idea of dealing effectually with a country that sent a pianist as her representative; and Clemenceau's chaffing cynicism appeared in his greeting to Poland's Prime Minister: *"Est-ce-que vous êtes cousin du fameux pianiste Paderewski?"* In America during the war years, Paderewski's playing had helped to consolidate many friendships, with Colonel House for example, and with President Wilson, who, if we can believe report, found his way to espouse Poland's cause through a slow, dim appreciation of Chopin; but at the peace-making the great pianist found it necessary to live down his earlier profession as if it had been a shameful thing.

That his political sagacity was fully recognized by the leaders of his own country was put beyond all doubt when Paderewski was made Prime Minister and Foreign Minister; for there were other strong candidates, notably Roman Dmowski, the leader of the Nationalist party and the able exponent of Poland's case at the Peace Conference. Paderewski's loyalty to Dmowski had never been in dispute, and he did not accept office without first consulting the other. It was unfortunate, therefore, that subsequent relations between the two became less harmonious, for all that their rôles grew more and more distinct and defined. During the Peace Conference it was already apparent that Paderewski was so eloquent a prophet that there was a danger of his being too much honored by those not of his own country. Not immediately did he win the esteem of the other delegates. At first they were prone to believe that he had been misdirected to the political

path by the strength of his emotions; and, believing that, they were naturally contemptuous. Some were sorry for him that he had made so grievous an error as to forsake the keyboard for this chess board upon which so momentous a problem had been set. Opinions changed with the opportunity for closer contact and more varied intercourse. Especially were his restraint, his logic and resourcefulness admired. An American official who was in continual touch with him during the Conference days asserted—and from the assurance of the statement we must assume that he had some knowledge of music—that Paderewski was a greater statesman than a musician. The assertion, perhaps, is too facile to be helpful and, in any case, it would require a man of extraordinary insight to make so strange a comparison. What is certain is that sooner or later every delegation was impressed, not only by his eloquence, linguistic talent, and diplomatic qualities (for other delegates could claim these gifts) but also by his knowledge of European history and the wide view which he took of his country's special problems. These were qualifications uncommon enough to be striking. It was Colonel House who afterwards declared—and did not his nationality give him a special right to an opinion?—that had Paderewski's recommendations been accepted, a fuller measure of peace would have been given to Europe as a whole.

What were the Polish delegate's feelings as he added his ornate signature to the Treaty? It is not fanciful to suppose that a premonition of future events in Poland had even then cast a shadow over his mind. For he had frequently gone there during the Peace Conference and knew well what misunderstandings and unhappy divisions awaited him. Oratory would work its charm less powerfully in the mundane affairs of national life. When Paderewski finally took up residence in Warsaw, he was quickly faced with the fact that the conflicting interests which had engaged his attention at the conference increased in complexity when they reappeared in similar forms in home politics. Without the soft pedal of diplomacy the air was filled with a more blatant discord. The fundamental perversity of humanity was laid bare. This was not a world for an idealist, for one who, having first discovered his ideals in music, had then transmuted them into an utter devotion to his country. Moreover, once again, there was an opponent in the path. The problem of reconciling East and West in Polish life and policy was accentuated in the person of Pilsudski, Chief of State. As so often happens in political affairs, two personalities were made the excuse for intrigue and bitter partisanship. Paderewski began to lose grip. It was evident in the unconventional manner in which he had conducted his daily receptions, committees and discussions, and Madame Helena, his devoted wife, did not help to guide them into formality. This, of course, was not the cause of his downfall. It was

merely one of the excuses. Small failings are distorted into heinous offenses when they are examined through the dark glasses of a political creed.

It was Paderewski's tragedy that he helped towards the rebirth of a country which was too distracted to recognize the greatness of his service. From a world where he had been breathing the genial air of idealism he had come back to a province over which lay a smoky fog. Before he had been able to adjust himself to adverse conditions, power was taken from his hands. There was no way but to return to the ideal world. But the road was hard to find, and when, having found it, he reëntered that world, its idealism eluded him. It was as if his preoccupation with the drab reality of politics had stolen from him something of the artist's imaginative power. His travels in the Western world had led him to imagine his country in the light of a martyr's glorification; and, when first he came back to live in Warsaw, that imagery was perhaps intensified by the sight of innumerable flags which seemed to be anxiously fluttering to hide the hideous patches on the houses where plaster had peeled from the walls. The sordid disorder of the cobbled streets did but sharpen the thought of Poland's bondage. Wherever there were signs of progress—the electric tramways for example—inevitably they were associated with German intervention.

Only a few weeks of the common round of governmental duties were necessary to cloud that idealized picture. Viewed from Paris, Poland had seemed so much more picturesque; from New York, infinitely more so. This is not to say that Paderewski's patriotism, which had been by far the strongest motive in his life, had weakened; only that during his residence in Poland itself it had found fewer and smaller opportunities for its full expression. If anything, the premiership had intensified his patriotism by bringing him to the edge of that wide gulf which separated his ideals from actual conditions. No sensitive man can look upon such a chasm and retain his ideals unimpaired. Paderewski's only course was to build up his dream-world again in the interpretation of music.

Especially of Chopin's works. In any one of these some aspect of Poland could be found in a transfigured light. Men of action with no music in their souls may be inclined to doubt the value of Chopin's patriotic fervor when they read that as a young man he declined to go back with his friend Tytus Wojchiechowski to join in a national insurrection, and that the news of Warsaw's capture by the Russians obtained from him no more effective response than the "Revolutionary" Study and some effusive entries in his diary. Still greater suspicion will be roused when they learn that one of his most treasured possessions was a diamond ring which had been given him by the Tsar, and that the capture of Warsaw did not persuade him to refuse favors from the

Grand Duke Constantine. The argument that Chopin was an artist would, so far from placating them, merely exasperate them further. Yet it is true that, like all great artists, Chopin is seen to be compounded of contradictions when he is judged by normal human standards. Ordinary inconsistencies merge into reconciliation on that remote plane where the artist's mind habitually dwells. Paderewski's return to Poland as her Prime Minister exempts him from the censure that he was content to be a patriot in theory. But it is certain that he would have been happier in serving his country, had he, like Chopin, avoided embroilment in its immediate affairs. It was as Poland's representative in foreign countries that his greatest political success was achieved, and this was based upon the honor that was everywhere accorded him as an artist.

His return to the concert world was watched with curiosity. It was not difficult to overhear the note of disillusion—for example, in his playing of Chopin's B minor Sonata and the Fantasia in F minor. Not that we had expected that purity of tone which is the gift of other fine Chopin players. He had never been, as Pachmann was, an Ariel working his end upon our senses with airy charm. Those who heard Paderewski before the interruption of his career remembered him chiefly for his fiery eloquence. Hearing him again, they knew that, while this was still the mark of his performances, it lacked the former brightness and warmth. Nor was it to be expected that this lack would be balanced by the philosophic mood which descends upon artists in later years, for in most of Chopin's compositions it would have been inappropriate. Paderewski, nevertheless, continued to hold large audiences by the sheer force of his personality. In England and the United States, which in his own opinion are the chief "consumers" of music, a Paderewski recital is still a notable event, and his powers of attraction are continually being used for the benefit of charities. He has always been a generous man. The obvious example of his liberality is the fund which he established for the encouragement of American composers, but it appears no less convincingly in his present opinions of younger musicians. For Horowitz, as an instance, he has expressed great admiration. Backhaus he found less convincing, although he was impressed by his technical equipment. On his tours he has found time to hear only a few of the new generation of pianists, but whenever an opportunity of hearing a player of good repute has occurred, he has accepted it with a lively interest. The refinement of Gieseking's muscianship impressed him, although, significantly, he showed surprise at finding such subtlety in a German. As for modern composers, he believes—and in the light of his own performances and compositions we expect no other opinion—that their music is too cerebral, that it is not felt but just written. And he is not so blind a

patriot as to attempt to shield his countryman, Szymanowski, from this indictment. He can unfeignedly praise this composer as a song-writer, but frankly confesses that with his orchestral, and more particularly his pianoforte works, he can establish no contact. This is not the hasty condemnation of those who, as they are fond of saying by way of self-excuse, have no patience with the new stuff. On the contrary, Paderewski has given time to the study of some of Szymanowski's music with the intention of performing it, but failed to find for it any kind of interpretation.

It may be surprising to English and American people who are accustomed to thinking of Poland as a wholly musical nation, that Paderewski has no illusions about the upper and middle classes of his country. Unhesitatingly he declares them to be unmusical, and cites for evidence the unhappy attempts which the philologists have been making to reform the Polish language, unhappy because they are helping to destroy the musical spirit by which it is informed. But his faith in the peasants and mountain folk stands unshaken. It is in them that Poland's wealth of rhythm and melody resides. At least one English musician has appreciated that faith, as any will know who have heard Elgar's rarely played symphonic prelude, *Polonia*. The great climax of that work, built up with the help of a theme from Paderewski's *Polish Fantasia,* is in itself enough to proclaim the warmth of Elgar's regard for his friend and his respect for his ideals.

Whether as statesman, as pianist, or as composer, Paderewski has always set before him the ideal of utter devotion to his country. In this there is at least a part explanation of his shortcomings as a composer. He lacked the egocentric nature which is an essential of music so passionately sublimated as Chopin's. Perhaps, too, it helps to explain Paderewski's lack of sympathy, not merely with composers of the present age, but with some belonging to the nineteenth century. Possibly that very lack permitted the abundance of eloquence with which his interpretations of Chopin rang. But, for all the ignominy of his downfall at Warsaw, it is in statesmanship that his idealism has been best sustained; and it is indicative of the present trend of his thoughts that the channel his conversation almost invariably finds is that of politics. Recent developments in Europe have made him more keenly interested than ever in international changes of front, and the address on "Poland and Peace" which he gave in New York in the spring of 1932 reveals how clear and wide is his comprehension. A reading of that speech convinces that Paderewski's practice of the orator's art is unsurpassed today for shapeliness and sure direction. Moreover, it strongly suggests the possibility of a return to the political field for the final act of service.

# VENIZELOS

Compton Mackenzie

I MET Venizelos only once throughout those two years of war during which so much energy was being devoted to the heavy task of trying to commit the irresolute leaders of British policy to the fullest support of a statesman, concordance with whose ambitions for his country I believed (and twenty years later still believe) would have helped Great Britain to preserve the unquestioned hegemony of Europe and Asia. I have called it a heavy task: it would be more accurate to call it a heartbreaking task.

When the vanity of France had combined with the gentlemanly feebleness of Great Britain to bring about that disastrous attempt to take for himself the guns and arms which King Constantine had tricked the French admiral into demanding, it became evident that, unless there was some substantial demonstration in favor of the Provisional Government established by Venizelos at Salonika, the Greeks who had hazarded everything for their country's greatness and their country's honor would soon be as shamelessly let down there as their friends and sympathizers had been let down in Athens. Therefore I took advantage of the confusion in London caused by the overthrow of the Government by Mr. Lloyd George and his fellow-conspirators for efficiency to secure with all possible speed the adherence of the islands of the Cyclades to the Provisional Government before Lord Balfour, who had taken over the Foreign Office from Lord Grey, should have time to forbid any further displays of practical support for the Provisional Government. The result was that by the time King Constantine was once more able to exert his influence over British policy Lord Balfour and he were faced by a *fait accompli,* and every island in the Ægean except Melos, a French preserve, was being administered by officers or officials under British control on behalf of and in strict accord with the Provisional Government. This did not please the French, whose political ambitions in the Levant could not be reconciled with such an identification of British with Greek interests; and when in June, 1917, Venizelos was brought back to Athens by French troops, a fatal move which the most elementary firmness in British policy could have prevented, the French authorities set about

trying to secure, if not the complete abolition of British control in the Ægean, at any rate an equal measure of control.

By July, 1917, it was apparent that British control of the islands of the Ægean would be swallowed up by the French unless Mr. Venizelos could be persuaded to intervene. I determined to see him personally, and left Syra for the Piræus in the small armed yacht at my disposal. The official theory was that my presence in Athens would immediately provoke a public tumult in which I should be killed, and I had been forbidden to put my foot on the mainland of Greece. The inspiration of this theory was the presence in Athens of various British generals engaged in destroying the work of eighteen months that they might be given the job of building it up again for the remainder of a war which optimistic military opinion estimated might last until at least 1920, and with any luck a few years longer. Notwithstanding the prophetic acumen of those who were anxious to keep me out of Athens, I walked through the city alone, and reached the house of Mr. Venizelos without causing a riot.

No man I have met has so exactly fulfilled my preconception of him, and no great man I have met was more authentically a great man in every word and every movement. His enemies always suggest that there is something feline about his charm. This did not strike me. On me he made the impression of an extremely capable and extremely kind family doctor. I felt, while I was explaining to him as rapidly as I could what was involved in the French proposals, as if I were telling him the symptoms of some malady I feared. When I had finished he did not commit himself to any decision. He made no promises vague or explicit. Yet when I left the tempered sunlight of that small room I was completely at ease about the future and content to leave the issue entirely to him, and rightly too, for no man alive can have enjoyed such a wide experience of human unreasonableness.

It had begun as long ago as about 1880, when Eleutherios Venizelos had left school, and when his father was insisting on his working at the family business in Crete instead of going to the University in Athens and studying law as he wished. For two years the father held out, but at last the son had his own way, and by 1886, after passing his examinations brilliantly, he had returned to Crete as a practicing lawyer. In 1887, at the age of twenty-three, he was elected a deputy in the Cretan Assembly, and immediately became the leader of the Liberal party at that critical moment when the Turks, relying on the jealous lack of unity among the Great Powers, were preparing to carry through their bloody attempt to suppress the spirit of Cretan independence. This culminated, in February, 1897, with the massacre of the Christians of Canea and the burning of the Christian quarter while the warships of the Great Powers lay tamely at anchor in Suda

Bay. Venizelos was one of the commanders of the insurgents, who had taken up a strong position at Akrotiri when Prince George of Greece arrived with torpedo-boats to cut the island off from Turkish reënforcements, and when a few days later 2,000 Greek volunteers were landed. The Powers whose ships had allowed the massacre now demanded the withdrawal of the Greek troops, and bombarded Akrotiri, where Venizelos kept the flag flying until it was shot to pieces by the ships' guns. The wretched muddle prolonged itself, until at last as a solution of the intolerable situation autonomy was granted to Crete, and a Provisional Government was established under Sfakianakis and Venizelos. Turkish insolence was supported by Germany and Austria, who had withdrawn from the Concert of Powers, and in September, 1898, the British Vice-Consul and twenty British soldiers were murdered by Moslems. Finally, Prince George of Greece was sent as High Commissioner to help administer the Constitution drafted by Venizelos. Unfortunately, Prince George violated this Constitution with the idea of hastening the union of Crete with Greece. Venizelos, who was just as anxious for the Union as Prince George, but who perceived the danger to liberty from his ambition, led the opposition up into the mountains, and there, in March, 1904, proclaimed the Union with Greece which he was supposed to be impeding. By 1906 Prince George had to leave the island, and from that moment Venizelos was feared and hated by every member of the Greek Royal House.

After the Turkish Revolution of 1908 the Cretans renewed their efforts to be united with Greece, but the Four Powers were so afraid of anything that might provoke a war between Austria and Russia that they continued to occupy themselves with futile attempts to keep the Cretans in order. Much misery would have been saved to Europe if in 1909 the Four Powers, instead of bothering about Crete, had united to put an end once and for all to German and Austrian pretensions and obliterate Turkey from the map of Europe.

In 1910 the Military League was formed in Greece to deal with the corruption and inertia which had steadily increased since the humiliating war with Turkey. Searching for a man who could handle the situation, the choice of King George fell upon Venizelos. He was summoned from Crete to Athens, and thus made his entry into modern Hellenic history as suddenly and as dramatically as Themistocles into the pages of Herodotus.

There is no space here to record in detail the masterly fashion in which Venizelos avoided every pitfall and brought Greece securely through a time of crisis in order to take her proper place in that Balkan Alliance which ended in the overthrow of Turkey. The imagination of the great statesman never failed him; he was even able to utilize to the full the services of the Crown Prince Constantine, and to transform

a completely discredited military figure into a visible symbol of his country's greatness. Constantine lacked the magnanimity not to resent the obligation. In striving to rid himself of that obligation he ruined his family, he ruined himself, and he very nearly ruined his country. Moreover, Constantine knew that if it had not been for Venizelos he would have turned aside after the victory of Sarandaporon to attack Monastir, in which case the Bulgarians would have taken Salonika.

It was Venizelos who had telegraphed to King George that the Crown Prince would be held personally responsible if Salonika were lost. He should have all the glory of a capture, and by that capture redeem his military reputation that was shattered by the war of 1897. The Crown Prince took Salonika, and became a national hero.

Not even the bitterest personal enemies of the great Cretan have ventured to suggest that his conduct of the complicated negotiations between the various Balkan States and Turkey, and the even more complicated negotiations among themselves, was anything but masterly. Yet, when at the outbreak of the Great War in 1914 the man who had made Greece greater than she had been since her independence was won formulated a policy which must have made her greater still, he was thwarted by the obstinate timidity of his king, by the malice of political opponents who preferred the claims of private jealousy to the claims of their country, and by the stultified imagination of the Entente leaders. It is beyond the scope of a brief study like this to pursue in detail the tortuous diplomacy, tortuous not so much on account of deliberate scheming as from the crippled minds that were conducting it. For almost two years Venizelos, with a patience that is difficult to match in history, submitted to being treated like a foolish schoolboy by the Allies, and like an ambitious brigand by his king and political opponents, while month by month the dreams of a great and united Hellas to which all Hellenes were restored grew steadily more and more dim.

Perhaps the darkest moment was at the beginning of June, 1916, when a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in the Cathedral to celebrate the king's name day. That very morning the first news of the Battle of Jutland had reached Athens, and what was considered the defeat of the British Navy had filled with joy all the enemies of the Entente.

German and Austrian diplomats put on their richest uniforms to drive beaming through the white streets. The scene inside the Cathedral was magnificent: all lighted candles and gold lace and aiguillettes and pale-blue plumes of cavalry officers. King Constantine himself was in the highest spirits, and when he was shaking hands with the German diplomats his cheerfulness seemed to those who were depressed by the news from the North Sea to be the asssumption of a deliberately offensive hilarity.

Suddenly there was a hush, and through the glitter came Venizelos in unrelieved black. As he approached to take his place at the service, his enemies with one accord moved aside and left him standing apart from those who were gathered to celebrate the king's feast. It was like the moment in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*, when the disgraced Wolsey makes his solitary exit from the crowded scene.

I looked back at that blazing Athenian summer of 1916 and marvel afresh at the patience of the man. At last, on the night of September 25, Venizelos, having exhausted persuasion, went down to the Plato Restaurant at Old Phaleron with Admiral Coundouriotis. At four o'clock in the morning a French motor-boat came to the jetty. The *Hesperia* was standing off with all her lights out, and at five o'clock Venizelos and Coundouriotis were on their way to Crete. A few days later they were joined by General Danglis. From Crete the triumvirate went northward to Salonika, and proclaimed the Provisional Government. Venizelos was followed by many officers and soldiers. The selflessness of such patriotism was complete, for at this date there was no guarantee of any future for them. They hazarded their chances of promotion. They forsook their homes, their families, and their friends. They esteemed nothing except the honor and the glory and the greatness of their country. Naked, as it were, they went northward, and they flung the world away for an ideal.

It was the ability of Venizelos to inspire this sacrifice of self which distinguishes him from almost every other European statesman during the war, for the inspiration was not pumped out by mob oratory, but owed its strength to an austere moral and political example. The enemies of the great Cretan have attributed to him personal ambition and delight in power, but this is the judgment of weak men incapable of recognizing their own inferiority. Had Venizelos esteemed personal aggrandisement so highly he would not have imperiled his own future by an exhibition of self-restraint during the first two years of war so severe that many of his friends became apprehensive his will was paralyzed. No doubt his inaction under almost continuous provocation was due to his profound grasp of the English temperament. It is not too much to say that he is the only European statesman who has appreciated the motives which determine the attitude of a British Government toward a foreign imbroglio. That lack of imagination which often seems to touch the ultimate depths of stupidity, that passion for compromise, that fear of initiative, that hunger for respectability—all those familiar characteristics of English diplomacy were recognized by Venizelos for what they were, and he never made the mistake of ascribing perfidy or even hypocrisy to that diplomacy. Once only was he shaken out of his calm, and that was when, in June, 1916, Sir Edward Grey tried to insist that Sir Francis

Elliot [1] should issue a proclamation to the Greek people that Allied troops had only been sent to Salonika in 1915 because Mr. Venizelos had asked for them. Such a proclamation, even if it had been founded upon the true facts of the case, would have been an outrageous betrayal of a devoted friend; but, founded as it was upon a lie that only a Whig could deceive himself into justifying, it drove Venizelos into making an appeal to the personal loyalty and the political honesty of Sir Edward Grey. What a paradox that the greatest gentleman in English politics should have proposed a line of action which would have disgraced a Prussian or a Turk!

English diplomacy (and it is called English diplomacy deliberately, because it was not until Mr. Lloyd George began to make his influence felt that it could be called British diplomacy) went as near as possible to destroy the effect of the Salonika gesture by its half-hearted support. It was not until King Constantine's futile act of defiance in allowing the barbarous events of the first of December that Great Britain officially recognized the Provisional Government of National Defense by sending Lord Granville as British Envoy to Salonika. Lord Granville was perhaps better than nobody, but if the British Government had had the courage to break off diplomatic relations with King Constantine and appoint Sir Francis Elliot as Minister in Athens to the Provisional Government, the whole history of the Levant might have been changed, and today there might not have been a Turk west of the Taurus. As it was, the history of the first six months of 1917 in Greece will make humiliating reading for Englishmen when time shall allow the author of this brief study to make another attempt to tell the truth. As it was, the fatuity of a policy based partly on a sentimental desire to keep King Constantine upon his throne and partly on the blind obstinacy of a military opinion which was determined at all costs to prolong the war dragged on its weary way through the first six months of 1917 until the French took control and forced abdication upon King Constantine. Venizelos himself and his followers wanted an English prince, preferably Prince Arthur of Connaught, but although this proposal was accepted by Briand, the British Government refused to consider it, and Constantine's second son, Alexander, succeeded to the throne. Venizelos had dreaded the effect of being brought back to Athens by French bayonets, and had pleaded that the army of the Provisional Government, already numbering 60,000 men, should be allowed to deal with the Athenian Government. This was foolishly refused.

In November, Venizelos visited Paris and London, where the loyalty, faith, and self-abnegation with which he had clung to the cause of the Entente was recognized by a great banquet at the Mansion

[1] The British Minister in Athens.

House. He returned home with promises of food, stores, and equipment for the Greek army, which by July, 1918, amounted to a quarter of a million men. This addition to the force of the Allies on the Salonika front made it possible at last to launch a great offensive. On the ultimate day of September, 1918, Bulgaria sued for an armistice. And that, as all strategists of imagination had foreseen, was the beginning of the end of the European War.

The greatness of Venizelos was fully manifested at the Peace Conference, which without exaggeration he may be said to have dominated. Unfortunately, as long ago in Crete, the jealousies of the Great Powers allowed an intolerable leniency toward the Turks, who profited by this to keep the Near East in a condition of miserable uncertainty for a year and a half. Finally, in July, 1920, Venizelos secured a mandate for the Greek army to restore order in North-west Asia Minor, Thrace, and the hinterland of Smyrna. This was due to the wisdom of Mr. Lloyd George, who is still reviled for it by the unrealistic boobies that ever since the war have been steadily lowering the prestige of Great Britain in Asia. If the provisions of the Treaty of Sèvres, signed on August 10, 1920, had been carried out, Great Britain might not have exposed herself to continuous humiliation in Egypt and India for a decade.

Two days after the glorious crowning of his diplomatic efforts, an attempt was made by a pair of Royalist Greeks to assassinate Venizelos in Paris. When he returned to Athens in September the great Cretan was thanked as the savior of his country; but during his absence various causes had combined to sap his influence. A steady stream of mendacious Royalist propaganda had poured forth from Switzerland, to which was added an equally mendacious flow from Italy, which viewed with dread the rise of a powerful Hellas to thwart her own imperialistic dreams. The subordinates whom Venizelos had left in charge of affairs at home had many of them exposed themselves to charges of corruption and incompetence. The fickle Athenian mob was tired of hearing the virtues of Venizelos extolled. At the end of October King Alexander died from the bite of a pet monkey, and this fortuitous circumstance was used by a hostile and obscurantist clergy as a token of divine displeasure with which to prey upon popular superstition. No doubt Venizelos should have postponed the General Election for a new Chamber; but as a lifelong Liberal he hated the notion of a dictatorship, which would have been the only alternative, and having given a pledge to hold the election as soon as possible after the signing of the Treaty he kept his word. The Liberals were defeated. Venizelos resigned. Accompanied by many of his ministers and officials, he left Greece.

In December a plebiscite was held to decide whether King Con-

stantine was to be invited back. He received apparently overwhelming numerical support and made a triumphant return. Venizelos was not to return until in January, 1924, he went back to the task of saving for Greece what was left from the disastrous years of his opponents' rule. Finding that the country was now set on a republic, he left Greece again in March, and continued in Paris his work of translating Thucydides. In 1928 he went back once more to his country, and in July he took office as Prime Minister. He was now blamed by many for making overtures of friendship to Italy, Turkey, and Bulgaria; but in no step has he shown more clearly the greatness of his statesmanship. A lesser man, worn by over forty years of political effort, would have found the remembrance of old antagonisms and the fatigue of disappointment too much for him.

I hear it said that Venizelos has now lost his suppleness, that he clings unreasonably to office, that he is impatient of criticism, and obsessed by the idea that nobody can do anything except himself—in other words, that at seventy he has outlived his utility. Lacking any personal experience or first-hand knowledge of present conditions in Greece, I can bring no effective arguments to bear in justification of the greatest European statesman of our time; but the criticisms of Venizelos I hear today I was hearing twenty years ago, and I am disinclined to pay much attention to them. Venizelos has been harshly judged for an alleged failure of generosity that kept him from intervening during the court-martial of the politicians and soldiers responsible for the catastrophe of Smyrna. An impression got abroad in Europe that the execution of men like Gounaris, Stratos, and Theotokis was a revenge upon political opponents. This is entirely untrue. The Revolutionary Tribunal actually consisted of nine Royalist officers and two Venizelists. The men who were shot deserved to be shot, and the only regret permissible is that politicians all over Europe were not shot for their conduct during the Great War, to which act of justice might have been added without the slightest loss of civilization a modicum of general officers.

Like all men of extreme vitality Venizelos is an optimist, and whenever we find him making mistakes it is his optimism that must be blamed. In King Constantine he was opposed by a man of deficient vitality who mistook a petulant obstinacy for strength of purpose, timidity for prudence, and the flattery of courtiers and self-seeking politicians for sagacious opinion. Like Themistocles Venizelos was a *novus homo,* and like Themistocles he was a threat to Conservatism. To the petty aristocracy of the mainland this virile islander was always a menace. The Royalists could never bring themselves to believe that he did not aim at the supreme power for himself. They even suspected him of a desire to proclaim himself Emperor of Byzantium. The Church

on the mainland hated him because it feared the ecclesiastical domination of Constantinople, should the Great Idea of Venizelos materialize.

Hark to the rumbling of the Metropolitan Ambrosios and Archbishop Nikephoros.

"Upon that mercenary Senegalese and he-goat traitor VENIZELOS we have pronounced EXCOMMUNICATION with the prayer that the following calamities may befall him:

THE SORES OF JOB,
THE FATE OF JONAH,
THE LEPROSY OF JOHAVA,
THE GLOOM OF THE DEAD,
THE AGONY OF THE DYING,
THE THUNDERS OF HELL,
THE CURSE OF GOD AND OF MEN."

And against those who should vote for Venizelos was pronounced the same anathema, with a prayer added that their hands might wither and that they might become deaf and blind.

It is difficult to discover in that crude picture of medieval horrors the quiet man with the trim white beard, the clear blue eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles, and the all-captivating smile, who is Venizelos.

Yet he roused in his enemies a rabid fury that was sometimes bestial in its manifestation. When my house was sacked by the Royalist mob in December, 1916, there was a signed photograph of Mr. Venizelos hanging on the wall of the sitting-room. This the sackers tore to pieces with their teeth. I have in my possession colored post-cards in which the maker of modern Greece is represented with horns and a forked tail. Perhaps it was the unassailable moral character of the man that inspired this madness of hate. There was hardly one of his political opponents who did not seem by comparison a corrupt adventurer.

Venizelos has been censured for his choice of subordinates; but if his subordinates did not all maintain the high standards of their leader, the blame rests not so much upon him as upon the demoralization of the national life by the odious Gounarist administration and equally odious administration of Skouloudis which followed the farcical election of December, 1915; but it is superfluous to bother with answering petty criticism of a statesman whose active political career is within three years of its jubilee. He alone survives from the winners of Cretan freedom. He alone survives from the leaders of the Balkan War. He alone survives from the chief figures of the Great War as an active political force today. If there had been no Venizelos, modern Hellas would occupy as insignificant an amount of space on the map of modern Europe as it occupied forty-seven years ago, when a young man of twenty-three devoted himself to the service of his country.

# ARTURO TOSCANINI

Francis Toye

THERE can be little doubt that Arturo Toscanini is not only the most famous but the most universally acknowledged master of the art of conducting in the world today. At least ninety out of a hundred people would admit his supremacy without demur, and the remaining ten, who for some special reason might prefer some other conductor, would assuredly show a complete unanimity in ranking Toscanini next to him. The inference is obvious.

Generally speaking, the real history of Toscanini's life is the history of his interpretation of various kinds of music; what may be called the accidents of time and place are of comparatively minor importance. To provide a frame for the picture, however, a few of the most salient facts about his career are worth recording. The son of a tailor, he was born in Parma on March 25, 1867, and probably he was fortunate in his birthplace, for Parma, though a small town, has always enjoyed a particularly high reputation for the strictness of its musical standards. To this day there are singers who view an engagement at the Parma Opera with considerable trepidation, and Verdi (a native of the same province) once imported a double-bass player from that city to prove to the players of La Scala orchestra at Milan that a certain passage, which they considered unplayable, could really be executed perfectly well. "That, gentlemen, is how we play in Parma," was his triumphant comment.

Toscanini entered the Parma Conservatoire at the age of nine and remained there for nine years. His principal studies were the violoncello and composition, to which, indeed, he paid considerable attention in his early years, though to the best of my belief nothing has been published except a few songs. The excellence of his 'cello playing is attested by the fact that, while still a student, he was a member of the Parma orchestra which appeared at the symphony concerts at Turin during the Exhibition of 1884. In 1885 he left the Conservatoire and started earning his living by playing the 'cello in various theater orchestras in Italy and South America.

It was during his engagement in this capacity at Rio de Janeiro

that the fortunate accident occurred which determined his future career, and gave the world a first inkling of his wonderful gifts. There had been friction between the public, the conductor, and the impresario. One night, when the conductor mounted his desk to direct *Aïda* there was such a commotion that he was obliged to retire. The impresario, who was himself a musician, then tried his hand, with equally unfortunate results. But the players in the orchestra, who had noted with admiration and astonishment the gifts of their young 'cellist, in particular his retentive memory where scores were concerned, dragged him to the conductor's desk in the hope of staying the tumult. Young Toscanini had had little or no practical experience except the conducting of the students' orchestra at Parma in some of his own compositions, but the maneuver was successful; for the public was so amazed by the spectacle of a boy of nineteen taking command in this fashion that they quieted down sufficiently to allow the prelude to be played. From that moment the fortunes of the evening and of the young conductor were assured; as the performance went on his natural talent became increasingly obvious; at the end there was a storm of applause.

Italy had always stood in a particularly close relationship with the music of South America, so that the story of young Toscanini's exploit spread rapidly in Italian musical circles. To such good purpose that the director of the Carignano Theater at Turin, in the autumn of the same year, took the bold step of entrusting to this almost unknown conductor the first performance of Catalani's *Edmea.* His confidence was fully justified, for the performances were a great success, incidentally laying the foundation of that friendship between conductor and composer which lasted till 1893, when death deprived Italy of one who was considered by many musicians to be their brightest hope.

During the next nine years Toscanini led the life of a traveling conductor, visiting one theater in Italy after another. Two salient episodes distinguished this period, the first, in 1892, when Mancinelli fell ill during the final rehearsals of Franchetti's *Cristoforo Colombo,* and Toscanini, summoned to direct the performance, carried it off with brilliant success after only twenty-four hours' study of the score; the second, in the same year at Palermo, when for the first time he started that campaign against encores which aroused so much feeling in a country where encores have always been considered not so much a privilege as a right. It must have required great courage for a young man of twenty-five, still on the threshold of his career, to suspend a performance rather than give way to the insistent demands—and how insistent they can be only one familiar with Italy will realize!—of an Italian audience.

Toscanini's first really great chance came in 1895, when the municipality of Turin decided to form an orchestra to be selected and conducted by him. It was not altogether an easy undertaking; there were the usual clashes with vested interests, the inflicting of disappointment on those who thought they had rights to consideration. Toscanini, however, neither at that time nor at any other inclined to compromise, succeeded in finally establishing a really good orchestra, able to play Wagner's *The Twilight of the Gods* for the first time in its Italian dress, in such a manner, too, as to arouse the admiration of Boito, who came to Turin on purpose to hear the performance and made with the energetic young conductor a friendship destined to last a lifetime.

But perhaps the most important event of Toscanini's sojourn in Turin was the presentation under his direction of three of Verdi's *Pezzi Sacri,* for the personal association between Verdi and Toscanini thus inaugurated was destined to be of great importance in the history of music. Toscanini, who went to Genoa to receive precise indications from the old master in person, produced the *Te Deum,* the *Laudi,* and the *Stabat Mater* at one of the concerts connected with the Turin Exhibition of 1898. From contemporary accounts it would seem as if this had been the most successful of the first three performances of this lovely music, better than the original performance in Paris and more effective, owing to the greater appropriateness of the surroundings, than the subsequent performance at La Scala in Milan.

Toscanini's reputation was now made and he was asked to assume the musical direction of La Scala which, apparently, was in sad need of regeneration and reform. Here he stayed until 1907, raising the performances to a standard hitherto undreamed-of alike as regards opera and symphony concerts, introducing new works, revealing unsuspected beauties in those that had become crystallized by the effects of time or faulty tradition. From that time until the outbreak of the war he was mainly associated with the performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, where he used the full powers conferred on him to produce among other works Puccini's *Girl of the Golden West.* After the war he toured Italy and the United States at the head of an Italian orchestra, but in 1921 he came back again to La Scala, this time as a dictator rather than as a director. Largely in accordance with his own views considerable changes had been made in the organization and the construction of the theater; singers and orchestra alike were subject to his sole control. It is no exaggeration to say that the performances given under his direction there between 1921 and 1929 set a standard in Europe, raising the prestige of the theater to a height perhaps untouched in the whole of its distinguished history.

After 1929, partly for reasons of health, partly on personal grounds, Toscanini gave up regular operatic conducting. Once more he became a traveling conductor, but a traveling conductor who could stay as long or as short a time as he liked in any one place. He succeeded Mengelberg as principal conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, which he brought to a pitch of excellence unlikely to be forgotten by those who heard its performances under his direction in London in 1930. He enjoyed the honor, exceptional for a foreigner, of being invited to conduct performances at the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, and it is not perhaps indiscreet to say that those were the performances which everybody wanted to attend.... Indeed, many Germans think that, at a time of exceptional crisis, he saved the very existence of the Festival. Since then his triumphs in Paris, Vienna, and other great capitals fortunately remain a chronicle of strictly contemporary activities.

In judging the merits of a conductor three main considerations must be borne in mind: his ability and readiness to produce new or unfamiliar works; the size of his repertory as a whole; the success he actually achieves in the interpretative level of his performances. In short, two matters of fact and one of opinion.

One of the most striking things about Toscanini is the amount of novelties of one kind or another that he first introduced to the public in the course of his career. It was he who first performed not only Puccini's *La Bohème* but *Turandot;* Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* and Franchetti's *Germania,* to mention only the most famous. He was the first to introduce, or at any rate to render acceptable, to Italy, Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel,* Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin,* Charpentier's *Louise,* and Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande,* which, incidentally, he insisted on presenting in the original French. Then there was the reintroduction into the repertory of half-forgotten masterpieces such as Donizetti's *Don Pasquale,* Auber's *Fra Diavolo,* and Weber's *Euryanthe.* These are a mere selection from a long list that reflects the greatest possible credit on his enterprise as well as his ability. And, be it remembered, no account is being taken of what he achieved in the symphonic, as distinct from the operatic, repertory. For it is impossible even to begin to enumerate the many interesting symphonic works that have been presented from time to time under his direction. I doubt whether in this respect any conductor of the front rank, except our own Sir Thomas Beecham, can vie with him.

Perhaps as a kind of corollary to all this should be added the extraordinary devotion he has shown in handling the music of those to whom he was linked by ties of personal affection. For instance, at the very time when the realist movement was at its height in Italy, he

spared no pains to bring back to public favor the highly romantic and symbolic operas of his friend Catalani, *Lorelei* and *La Wally*. He himself not only completed *Nerone,* which the hesitating Boito had left unfinished, but produced it at La Scala with a care and an enthusiasm that cannot be too highly praised.

From what has already been written the eclecticism of Toscanini's taste will be fairly obvious, but it must be definitely stressed because, unlike so many other conductors, Toscanini has never been satisfied to remain a specialist in this or that composer or even in this or that school of music. Apart from the fact that he has achieved as much distinction in the symphonic as in the operatic field, the range of compositions that he has covered at one time or another is astonishing. He seems equally at home in an overture by Rossini and a symphony by Brahms; in works of the modern Italian, or the modern French, school. The three great masters to whom he may perhaps be said to have devoted especial attention are Beethoven, Wagner, and Verdi, who, though they may possess a common characteristic in their genius, show about as wide a divergence as possible in their manifestations of it.

It is not necessary to say very much about Toscanini in relation to Wagner or Beethoven, though I believe it is a fact that his presentation of their music did much to secure a wider appreciation of the latter's symphonies and the former's greatest music dramas in Italy at any rate. Nobody who has heard Toscanini conduct, say, the *Eroica* symphony or *Tristan and Isolde* is likely to forget the experience. One comes away with an impression of translucence, of intensity, of inevitableness that are quite extraordinary; never has the full meaning of the music seemed so clear. Elsewhere, however, if not in Italy, the symphonies of Beethoven and the music dramas of Wagner had received perfect performances and had been recognized as the great masterpieces that they are long before the days of Toscanini.

But the case of Verdi was different. There were conductors in Italy, it is true, who understood Verdi's music very well and secured excellent performances of it. On the whole, however, it is fair to say that this excellence consisted rather in a general sense of exhilaration than in attention to nicety of detail. Toscanini combined both qualities. From his youth up he had known and loved Verdi's music; throughout his operatic career he always devoted to it special attention. On the occasion of the centenary of Verdi's birth it was he who directed the *Requiem Mass* as well as those memorable performances of *Falstaff* and *La Traviata* at the theater at Busseto. So his enthusiasm for the composer cannot be adjudged less than that of any other of his Italian colleagues, to whom Verdi has always been a veritable god. But he brought to the interpretation of his work an insight into detail and

above all an insistence on discipline which did much to reveal Verdi in a new light. From personal experience I know the care that Toscanini lavished on the Verdi operas when he was in charge at La Scala. Everything had to be just right, just exactly as he wanted it. He is said to have had no fewer than fifty rehearsals for the revival of so familiar a work as *Aïda,* and to have refused for several years to present *Il Trovatore* because he did not think the singers adequate to deal with it. The result was to many Italians and to nearly all foreigners a positive revelation of the greatness inherent in works which they had indeed respected and even loved but scarcely considered masterpieces of the first rank. In this respect, therefore, Toscanini may be said to have laid the foundation of the new esteem for Verdi's music so noticeable in the world today. Which is, needless to say, an accomplishment of first-class importance.

The writer as an ardent admirer of Verdi likes to think that the exceedingly high ideals of the old master of Busseto, with which he was thrown in close contact during the most formative period of his life, were in part responsible for the exceptional integrity that has always characterized Toscanini's approach to music. Many conductors who rightly enjoy great fame make their effects by taking considerable liberties with a score. They invent *crescendos* and *diminuendos, accellerandos* and *ritardandos,* changing the phrasing here or the expression marks there. Now, if you follow the score during a performance by Toscanini you will be surprised to note how faithfully all the original indications are followed. There is the minimum, not the maximum, of change. Yet you will feel, as a rule, that the music has never before sounded quite so effective, quite so right. The fact of the matter is that Toscanini is not one of the conductors who is out to exploit his own personality. He does not indulge in brilliant glosses of his own invention: his secret is, and always has been, that he seems, so to say, to get below the notes down to the essential meaning envisaged in the first place by the composer. What he tries to present to the audience is the very soul of the music, and in nine cases out of ten he is uncannily successful. Puccini, when he heard his *Manon Lescaut* revived under Toscanini's direction thirty years after its original production, remarked that he seemed to be listening to the music as it originally occurred to him, even before he wrote it down. No interpretative artist could receive a higher tribute alike to his musical insight and his æsthetic integrity. In the strict sense of the word an interpretative artist is never a creator, but when, like Toscanini, he makes clear to an audience the processes of creation, he comes very near to sharing his distinction. The well-known composer, Pizzetti, quotes an observation once made by Toscanini himself that admirably sums up his attitude towards the whole matter of interpretation.

"I have often," said the *maestro,* "heard people talk of conductor A's *Eroica,* of conductor B's Fifth Symphony, of conductor C's *Siegfried,* of So-and-So's *Aïda,* and So-and-So's *Norma.* And I have always asked myself what Beethoven, Wagner, Verdi, and Bellini would have said about these gentlemen's interpretations of their works if they were of such a nature as to confer a new paternity on them. I think that in the presence of an *Eroica,* a *Siegfried,* and an *Aïda,* an interpreter's duty is to penetrate as well as he can the creator's intentions and only to give a rendering of Beethoven's ***Eroïca,*** **Wagner's** *Siegfried,* and Verdi's *Aïda.*"

This determination on Toscanini's part to place the claims of the music first and foremost all the time explains a great deal about him that might otherwise appear tiresome or even definitely unpleasant. He has the reputation of being at times overbearing and difficult, and it would be idle to deny that there have been occasions in his career when the same object might have been achieved without quite so many susceptibilities being wounded. But, as has already been observed, compromise is foreign to Toscanini's nature; if he thinks that an occasion calls for drastic handling, his handling of it could not well be more drastic. Once at Turin, on the occasion of a performance of *Tristan and Isolde,* no attention was paid to his complaint that the theater was too brightly lighted, so, to mark his disapproval, he hurried through the first act at such a rate that it took less than forty minutes altogether! After which the management decided to pay some heed to his protests and the rest of the performance proceeded in a normal manner.

Again, during the war, when anti-German feeling in Italy was at its height, he insisted on playing the Funeral March from *The Twilight of the Gods* at a concert in Rome, and, rather than give in to the clamor that arose, he left the conductor's rostrum, refusing to conduct the rest of the concert or any of those that succeeded it. Despite the protests of the extreme nationalists he later succeeded in somewhat similar circumstances in making the Milanese listen to the symphonies of Beethoven. Yet there can be no question of the sincerity of his patriotism, for the manner in which he encouraged the Italian troops in the very front lines by playing to them the inspiriting airs of the *Risorgimento* earned him the Medal for Valor. The memory of his quarrel with certain members of the Fascist Party for refusing to play *Giovinezza* on an occasion which he thought unsuitable is still fresh in everybody's memory, while the significance of the stand he made against the traditional Italian attitude towards encores has already been stressed.

Such manifestations of Toscanini's intransigence are important. Even if we admit, as perhaps we must, that they betray a certain

tendency to temperamental exaggeration, they remain, nevertheless, irrefutable evidence of his determination to insist on music being properly respected. In every instance he himself stood to lose rather than to gain; it was the artist rather than the man who felt compelled to refuse to bend before the storm of popular prejudice. We may think that he might have been well advised to act differently in this instance or that, but no one who cares passionately about music is likely to withhold admiration of his general attitude.

It is one thing to register the fact of what seems to be an ideal interpretation but quite another to explain it. Doubtless in the case of Toscanini the primary cause of his success is his exceptional musicality, but that does not in reality take us very far, because musicality is an abstract not a concrete thing. To my mind, however, there are two quite definite points about him which explain, at any rate in part, the particular excellence of his achievement. First, he is an Italian. This will seem a very odd statement to a public like ours imbued with the conviction of the superiority of the German in everything appertaining to music. It is not, however, a question of the superiority or the inferiority of the Italians to the Germans; it is a question rather of a different approach to music. In this connection the Italian is far more individualistic, far more inclined to concentrate attention on securing the maximum amount of expression from a single line, whether vocal or instrumental, than is the German, who is always primarily concerned with ensemble effects. Indeed, this is the reason why Italian music so often sounds unsatisfactory when handled by Germans or Englishmen trained in the German tradition. With this feeling in his blood and the exceptional gift for musical coördination that he possesses as an individual, Toscanini is able to preserve the importance and the significance of the constituent parts without losing sight of the proportion of the whole. It would have been very difficult for a German, however gifted, to have reversed the process.

The second point in reality, perhaps, derives from the first. Toscanini, like nearly all Italians, thinks naturally in terms of song. Nine-tenths of a conductor's work, though the public may not realize the fact, is done at or before rehearsals; comparatively little is left to the inspiration of the actual performance. Now it is well known that at rehearsals Toscanini continually urges on his instrumentalists the importance of emphasizing the lyrical quality of the music they have to play, the necessity of phrasing it in the manner of a first-class singer. To this can be traced in some measure the particularly musical quality of the performances under his direction; for song, despite the current heresies of the day, remains the life-blood of music.

Every great conductor would seem to possess a certain measure of hypnotic power. Certainly Toscanini possesses it. He is a small, rather

frail-looking man with eyesight so weak that, but for his prodigious memory, he could scarcely have been able to pursue his career in these latter years. Yet watch the effect he produces on the players under his command; one and all seem to respond instantly to the emotions or the passions suggested by his brain. Indeed, there never was such a musical autocrat, for he exercises undisputed sway not only over his singers and players but over the majority of his audience as well. In this too he remains very Italian; the soil of the peninsula has always been exceptionally favorable to the breeding of such men. Julius Cæsar, Napoleon, Mussolini... and now, their compeer in his own particular sphere, Arturo Toscanini.

# DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER

Maude Royden, D.D.

THE student of Albert Schweitzer's life and work is conscious of a continual sense of paradox in it. His greatness—and he is one of the greatest living personalities—is of the kind that escapes definition and defies all ordinary rules. It has in common with that greater life of his Master, Christ, the qualities of unexpectedness and inevitability. That is to say, the student feels that he can never predict beforehand what he would do, and yet would feel afterwards that what he did was in fact exactly what one ought to have known that he must do.

To students of theology Albert Schweitzer is known, especially in this country, as an arch-heretic. Yet he was a son of the manse. An Alsatian, born in the little village of Kaysersberg in Upper Alsace, "the second child of Louis Schweitzer, who was shepherding just then the little flock of Evangelical believers in that Catholic place"; and of his wife, also the daughter of a pastor. When he was a few weeks old, his parents moved to the little village of Günsbach and there remained. Louis Schweitzer died in 1925. Of his mother Dr. Schweitzer recalls with a dreadful brevity—"my mother was knocked down and killed in 1916 by cavalry horses on the road."

Albert Schweitzer is known to the world as a theologian and a philosopher, a doctor of medicine and a doctor of music. It was in music alone that he was an infant prodigy. In his autobiography he writes—"at eight, when my legs were hardly long enough to reach the pedals, I began to play the organ.... I was nine years old when, for the first time, I took the place of the organist for a service." On other subjects than music he writes of himself without enthusiasm, but his disciples will note with interest that "after a time he felt a certain fascination in mastering subjects for which he had no special talent." In organ-playing his master was Widor and his most loved composers Bach, Wagner, and today, César Franck. In 1896 he was able to be present at Bayreuth, through the kindness of friends and his own determination, for "to balance the cost of the journey" he had to "content himself with one meal a day." Like many other great ones, the whole of his training was one in self-denial and courage as well as in

learning, and he was more fortunate than some in possessing a frame of iron. It is unfortunately possible to overtax even the strongest bodies, but at least Albert Schweitzer has a body worthy of his virile spirit. It is of the heroic kind and on the heroic scale. His acquisition of the immense learning which was to characterize his work as a philosopher and a theologian was made possible by working far through the night as well as all day. When one is young one can do anything—if one has the will. One cannot, however, read the autobiography of Albert Schweitzer without being moved to pity for that splendid body of his. Like St. Francis of Assisi, he may well reproach himself that he used "his brother the ass" so hardly! Of his work for a medical examination he says—"During those days I was going through the worst crises of fatigue that I can recall during the whole of my life"; and when he heard that he had got through this examination he heard the voice of the surgeon, Madelung, as though it came "from some distant sphere," saying, "It is only because you have such excellent health that you have got through a job like that."

It is not possible in an essay to record the events of Schweitzer's life. They are written for all who care to read in his autobiography, "My Life and Thought." Here it can only be summed up, and I sum it by recording that at every step one is astounded at the gigantic industry, the invincible will-power, the brilliant ability, which made such calls upon his physical strength; and the physical strength which in spite of all such calls was able to respond to these demands.

In these "student years" Albert Schweitzer became known as a musician, a great organ-player, and moreover a great inventor of improvements in organ-building; a philosopher; and a theologian. He is now a doctor of medicine and his name is associated in men's minds above all with his work as a doctor, and with his hospital at Lambarene in French Equatorial Africa. Yet to those who understand even a little of Schweitzer's deep devotion to the Lord Christ, it is legitimate to believe that all these earlier years, before he had even begun to qualify as a doctor, were regarded by him as years of preparation for the call to Lambarene. He realized, as such a man would realize, the greatness of certain advantages he had enjoyed—his home, his health, his education, his gifts; and he could not endure that such gifts should be selfishly enjoyed. They became to him rather a debt or a trust than a possession, and he looked forward to giving back to life and to the world all and more than it had given him.

He determined to repay in the latter part of his life what in the earlier part he had won. He fixed the date for the beginning of this repayment at thirty, and it is impossible for any one who realizes his deep devotion to Jesus of Nazareth to forget that it was "when he

began to be about thirty years old" that Jesus began his public ministry. He thought at first that he would "some day devote himself to tramps and discharged prisoners": but "one morning in the autumn of 1904 I found on my writing-table in the college one of the green-covered magazines in which the Paris Missionary Society reported every month on its activities. The article closed with an appeal for workers. Men and women who can reply simply to the Master's call, 'Lord, I am coming,' those are the people whom the Church needs. ... The article finished, I quietly began my work; my search was over."

The autobiography records with some humor the horror and indignation felt by Schweitzer's personal friends and advisers who "tormented" him beyond measure when they learned his intention. "That theological friends should outdo the others in their protests struck me as all the more preposterous, because they had, no doubt, all preached a fine sermon—perhaps a very fine one—showing how St. Paul, as he has recorded in his Letter to the Galatians, 'conferred not with flesh and blood' beforehand about what he meant to do for Jesus." Perhaps some more understanding fellow-Christian will some day preach a still finer sermon than any of these on the incident recorded in the Gospels, when our Lord commended the woman who broke for Him an alabaster box of ointment very precious.[1] Again and again one hears, and not from non-Christians only, cries of protest at the waste of Schweitzer's powers given, ever since 1914, in the service of the least promising and least hopeful of God's children. It is certain that the Negroes among whom Schweitzer has planted his hospital may truly be thus described. They are very backward in almost every way and do not show any promise of some of the glorious gifts—especially of music—that other Negro peoples have done. Yet here among them works this man, whose gifts are so great that he has excelled in theology, philosophy, and art. Here the great interpreter of Bach's organ music, the philosopher, the theologian who set all the theological world by the ears in his astonishing work "The Quest of the Historical Jesus," devotes himself to the mending of broken bodies and broken spirits in French Equatorial Africa, among people who have no more notion of what he is really worth than so many children would have. It is perhaps no wonder—since after all few of us are Christians enough to endorse the judgment of Christ on such a situation—that protests against such "waste" were raised when Schweitzer's intention first became known, and have been reiterated many times since. One may admit that there is even a certain humor in the fact that the work to which Schweitzer owes his chief fame as

[1] Mark xiv, 3-9.

a theologian [1] should have been revised and enlarged for a second edition during the very years in which his studies in medicine were being carried on to fit him for the service of people to whom the very conception of history was impossible, since they knew no time longer than perhaps from their grandparents to their grandchildren.

It must not be supposed that his decision was an easy one or that the sacrifice involved was small. "Not to preach any more, not to lecture any more, was for me a great sacrifice, and till I left for Africa I avoided, as far as possible, going past either St. Nicholas or the University, because the very sight of the places where I had carried on work which I could never resume was too painful for me. Even today I cannot bear to look at the windows of the second lecture-room to the east of the entrance of the great University building, because it was there that I most often lectured." One may indeed sympathize with the friends and lovers of Albert Schweitzer in their horror at the decision to which he had come, while nevertheless feeling that it was for him inevitable.

The great principle to which this philosopher-theologian-musician gives his whole-hearted adherence is the principle of what he calls "reverence for life." How does he interpret this? Most literally, most scrupulously. To Schweitzer all life is sacred. Any sacrifice of suffering or of death to which he gives his reluctant consent must be a sacrifice in the service of life itself. "Whenever I injure life of any kind I must be quite clear as to whether it is necessary or not. I ought never to pass the limits of the unavoidable, even in apparently insignificant cases. The countryman who has mowed down a thousand blossoms in his meadow as fodder for his cows should take care that on the way home he does not, in wanton pastime, switch off the head of a single flower growing on the edge of the road, for in so doing he injures life without being forced to do so by necessity." [2] . . . "Wherever any animal is forced into the service of man, the sufferings which it has to bear on that account are the concern of every one of us. No one ought to permit, in so far as he can prevent it, pain or suffering for which he will not take the responsibility. No one ought to rest at ease in the thought that in so doing he would mix himself up in affairs which are not his business. Let no one shirk the burden of his responsibility. . . . The ethic of reverence for life also places us in a position of fearful responsibility with regard to our relation to other men. . . . The ethic of reverence for life does not even allow me to possess my own rights absolutely. It does not allow me to rest in the thought that I, as the more capable, advance at the expense of the less capable. . . . An uncomfortable doctrine prompts me in whispered words. You are

[1] "The Quest of the Historical Jesus."
[2] "Civilization and Ethics," p. 264.

happy, it says. Therefore you are called to give up much. Whatever you have received more than others in health, in talents, in ability, in success, in a pleasant childhood, in harmonious conditions of home life, all this you must not take to yourself as a matter of course. You must pay a price for it. You must render in return an unusually great sacrifice of your life for other lives. The voice of the true ethic is dangerous for the happy when they have the courage to listen to it. For them there is no quenching of the irrational fire which glows in it. It challenges them in an attempt to lead them away from the natural road, and to see whether it can make them be adventurers of self-sacrifice, of whom the world has too few." [1]

Too few certainly! Yet herein the writer is a sublime example—and for the most part his fellow-Christians have dwelt on the irrationality of his sacrifice rather than on its Christ-likeness.

Yet this is the secret of Schweitzer's conduct. He has not stopped to consider whether those Africans to whom he ministers with his marvelous gifts are worthy of them: his thought is of our responsibility towards them. These may indeed be people incapable of understanding a tenth part of what he is and does, but they are people who have suffered and suffered fearfully at the hands of white men; therefore it is to them that white people owe a debt. We do not stop to ask ourselves, when we owe a debt, whether the one to whom we owe it is worthy to receive payment! All that we are to consider is that we are in his debt. "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest" and "More from the Primeval Forest" bear startling testimony to the diseases from which the natives of Equatorial Africa suffer, and will certainly shatter any delusions that the sentimentalist may harbor as to the health and sanity of these children of nature: but, dreadful as their sicknesses are, and innumerable in their variety, the chapter in which Dr. Schweitzer records them ends thus: "Of the fact that a great part of the labor entailed upon a doctor in the tropics consists in combating various diseases, each one more loathsome than the last, which have been brought to these children of nature by Europeans I can here only hint. But what an amount of misery is hidden behind the hint!" [2]

Who are these people, these sufferers, in whose service Schweitzer left his great work in Europe to bury himself in Lambarene? They are among the least evolved of human beings. Their life is of the most primitive, but has not that nobility and beauty which we are easily inclined to attribute to the uncivilized. Quite the contrary. It is in the first place shadowed by a continual and senseless fear. "Europeans will never be able to understand how terrible is the life of the poor creatures who pass their days in continual fear of the fetishes which can

[1] "Civilization and Ethics," pp. 265, 266, 267.
[2] "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest," p. 91.

be used against them. Only those who have seen this misery at close quarters will understand that it is a simple human duty to bring to these primitive peoples a new view of the world which can free them from these torturing superstitions."[1] They are as heartily averse from manual labor as the most work-shy of us all, and even more so, for they will not continue an instant engaged upon it—however necessary for their own advantage such work may be—unless Dr. Schweitzer himself or some other white man or woman is there to keep them at it. The moment they are left to themselves they stop work and they consider this perfectly natural. When reproached they point out that the doctor "ought not to leave them alone," for naturally, the moment he does, "we do nothing." Not even when his eye is upon them are they capable of doing work that requires the slightest nicety or exactness. With those beautiful musician's, surgeon's hands, Dr. Schweitzer must hammer nails and drive piles, be builder, carpenter, joiner, all at once, because his "sauvages" cannot conceive that exactness is necessary or that either material or tools should not be wasted. "As we have in the hospital hardly a man capable of work, I begin, assisted by two loyal helpers, to haul beams and planks about myself. Suddenly I catch sight of a Negro in a white suit sitting by a patient whom he has come to visit. 'Hulloa! friend,' I call out, 'will you lend us a hand?' 'I am an intellectual and don't drag wood about,' comes the answer. 'You're lucky,' I reply, 'I, too, wanted to become an intellectual, but I didn't succeed.'"[2] Few indeed are apparently capable of feeling gratitude, and this no doubt is because they are incapable of understanding what sacrifices are made for them. Their cruelty to animals and in some cases to one another must be attributed to the same cause. They do not understand. Moreover, they will pilfer and purloin everything, valuable or not, that they take a fancy to. Everything has to be locked up, and this we can well imagine adds almost inconceivably to the stress and strain of life for white people in the tropics.

It is true that, like others, they have their virtues, and among them what Schweitzer calls an "unspoiled sense of justice." It does not express itself in our forms, but it is real, and fundamental to their view on life. The doctor himself writes with such tenderness of his poor "sauvages" that criticism is hushed and yet, as one turns the pages and realizes the superhuman toil—the divine compassion—which receives, as it seems, so little reward, one feels the whole thing to be almost intolerable. And then, to rebuke us, comes the simple record of the value he himself sets on these piteous lives. "On December 4, the canoes are surprised on their return journey by a terrible thunderstorm. Dr. Nessmann, who was in charge that day, had not

[1] "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest," p. 50.
[2] "More from the Primeval Forest," p. 103.

noticed the danger in time. We wait for an hour and a half in dreaded anxiety, but at last the storm abates. One after the other the canoes arrive in pitch darkness and under a deluge of rain. They had had just time to reach the bank somewhere or other, and no one was drowned. I mount to the Doctor's house, almost dizzy with joy."[1] In this vast continent, among people who until his coming died like flies, unmourned and unregarded by the world, the fact that a number of canoes containing his Negroes returned to him safely and not one was lost makes Albert Schweitzer almost dizzy with joy!

It is not only in the sheer saving of individual lives and individual pains by his service as a doctor that all is said of Dr. Schweitzer's gigantic toil. The hospital has been continually rebuilt and enlarged. Wards for mental patients, too violent to be enclosed with safety in the fragile buildings that are well enough in a tropical country for physical sufferers, have been erected: plantations have been cleared and fruit and vegetables grown. The threat of famine, always so near at hand, has been pushed a little further off. A whole village—almost a little town—is making of Lambarene not a hospital merely, but a model village for Equatorial Africa. The patients are brought by their friends, and their friends will in many cases remain with them until they are fit to go home again. Provision must be made for them and has been made. At what a cost!

The health of Madame Schweitzer no longer permits her to share his life in Africa with him. Trained as a nurse while he was qualifying as a doctor, it is impossible to imagine how the work should have started without her; now she must leave it and Schweitzer must continue alone. His little daughter is also in Günsbach. This sacrifice has been demanded by the needs of his work. With Herculean labor he continues his writing and, even since the work at Lambarene started, has published further theological and philosophical works. The work that first brought him world-wide fame—"The Quest of the Historical Jesus"—has been revised and re-issued. It was followed by "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest" in 1921, and "More from the Primeval Forest" in 1931. Meanwhile his vast work on "Civilization and Ethics" was begun in 1923 with the first volume, "The Decay and the Restoration of Civilization," and followed by two others, the fourth being still unfinished. "The Mysticism of Paul the Apostle" was finished when Dr. Schweitzer was in Europe in 1930 and, in "My Life and Thought," Dr. Schweitzer has written his autobiography. With all this evidence of gigantic toil one turns with amazement to realize that the work of creating Lambarene was going on at the same time.

It is by the publication of these books, by lectures and by organ recitals when in Europe, that Dr. Schweitzer is able to sustain his

[1] "More from the Primeval Forest," p. 119.

hospital and to devote to it—and not to his own personal needs and those of his wife and child—the whole proceeds of all that is given for his mission. It seems now, in retrospect, almost incidental that he is able to keep up his organ playing! Yet this was perhaps his first love. His "Life of Johann Sebastian Bach" (1905) is still the classic book on that subject, and still Schweitzer's interpretation of Bach's organ music commands audiences all over the world. It is, especially of late, almost impossible for him to keep up his practice, but he does it. How else could he earn money enough for his hospital? And the work of service—the discharging of a debt from white to black—must at least be carried on. Everything else must go first.

Two things appear evident indeed from such a life. It is that such a life is Christianity in practice and that such a man is a Christian indeed. Is it not strange to some who think themselves more orthodox in their theology that this man who has decided that the Master he follows was no more than a man, however great, should nevertheless be so perfect a disciple? According to Dr. Schweitzer, Jesus of Nazareth lived and died the victim of a great delusion. To him it seems certain "that the preaching of Jesus was entirely determined by the expectation of the end of the world and the supernatural advent of the Kingdom of God." [1] No wonder theologians were staggered. To many, his conclusion robs not only the intellectual but the moral content of Christ's teaching of all validity. Since he believed that the end of the world was immediately coming it required no great sacrifice to give all one had to the poor, to abandon the practice of saving, to be willing to share with all and sundry. The very term—"Interims-Ethik"—empties the second half of it—"Ethik"—of ethical value. Little, indeed, it seems, is left of the Christian religion at all. It was no doubt this consideration that provoked the volume of protest which greeted the appearance of "The Quest of the Historical Jesus." Yet the final—oft-quoted—paragraph of the great book shows the undying authority of the Galilean peasant even with those who seemed to have destroyed it. No "orthodox" Christian in the world has followed more closely in his Master's steps than the man who wrote the "Quest." One is forced to ask whether there could be a greater tribute to the greatness or to the unique appeal of Jesus of Nazareth. "In the hardly lighted dormitory," writes Schweitzer, "I watched for the sick man's awaking. Scarcely has he recovered consciousness than he stares about him and ejaculates again and again: 'I've no more pain! I've no more pain!' ... His hand feels for mine and will not let it go. Then I begin to tell him and the others who are in the room that it is the Lord Jesus who has told the doctor and his wife to come to the Ogowe, that white people in Europe give them the money to live here and

[1] "My Life and Thought," p. 141.

cure the sick Negroes. Then I have to answer questions as to who these white people are, where they live, and how they know that the natives suffer so much from sickness. The African sun is shining through the coffee bushes in the dark shed, but we, black and white, sit side by side and feel that we know by experience the meaning of the words: 'and all ye are brethren.' "

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# HENRI BERGSON

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THE modern age is that of the conquest of nature by machinery. Less and less has man concerned himself with the improvement of his immortal soul—if he has a soul—and more and more with the accumulation of material wealth by exploiting mechanical energy. It was only to be expected that the spirit of this age should have evolved for itself a philosophy that, being essentially material and mechanistic, fitted it like a glove.

It was as early as 1748, when the mechanical revolution was just beginning to gather momentum, that a French military doctor, Lamettrie, produced a book whose thesis is sufficiently described in its title, "L'Homme Machine." An even more startling discovery—this time not by a professed atheist, but a grave divine—was that of Paley, in 1802, that God himself was a mechanic, in fact, a glorified watchmaker. The universe was His machine, but, not apparently being capable of making it self-acting, He had to be constantly at work, adding an improvement here and correcting a jam there. But the nineteenth century was far too fond of machines to tolerate an even superhuman control. The later Victorians, inspired by Darwin, satisfied themselves that by granting it an unlimited amount of time and wastefulness, they could conceive of the universe as a self-made and self-running machine. The magic word, Evolution, formed an incantation sufficiently powerful to lay Paley's, and all other gods. By the end of the century advanced thought had accommodated itself very comfortably to a rationalism in which reason itself was a mechanical product of blind force acting on dead matter, and yet in some inexplicable way capable of furnishing its own credentials.

When we look back on that strangely naïve rationalism of the *fin de siècle*, we are reminded of nothing so much as those words of Wellington, "If you can believe that, you can believe anything." It took a few very simple ingredients in those days to make, and run, a universe. First, a space that went on forever in every direction. Secondly, an even and abstract drift of time that had forever proceeded in one direction, and would go on just the same even if nothing ever happened. Thirdly,

a number of indivisible and eternal atoms of solid matter, standardized to some ninety odd weights and qualities, scattered unaccountably, since the beginning of time, over space. Fourthly, to make the thing a going concern, a minute but definite pull of every atom upon every other, according to an apparently arbitrary but eternal law coded by Sir Isaac Newton. Last and most essential, a faith capable of bridging any gaps in the as yet available evidence for this most rational of all possible universes. Equipped with these data, no true believer need have any difficulty in seeing how dead matter came alive or mind evolved itself out of mud, let alone accounting for such trivial details as the mollusc's eye or the eel's battery, the imitative artistry of certain butterflies or the surgical skill of certain wasps. From a rationalistic universe wonder was banished along with doubt.

Such was the fashionable picture of the universe when Henri Bergson, then a young teacher of philosophy, received, characteristically enough, on a walk, the illumination that started him on his life's work as the great de-rationalizer of rationalism. There was no particular reason why he should have bothered himself about it. For the philosophy taught in the schools followed a technique of word-spinning, in a conventional jargon that had about as much connexion with reality as the latest variation of the Queen's Pawn Gambit Declined. You were a Neo-Hegelian, or whatever it was, and provided you played the game according to the rules, and had the opinions of all the accepted Panjandrums at your finger-tips, you would be safe of a respectful hearing from your fellow philosophers, and a limited, but sure, academic circulation for the most indigestible treatise you cared to write.

But Bergson is a revolutionary no less in the style than in the substance of his philosophy. He is a blackleg in the academic trades' union, and consequently has seldom been accorded more than a grudging recognition in donnish circles. He hesitated for some time between a literary and a philosophic career, and when he decided to embrace philosophy, he wrote it as if it were literature. His language is such as every educated reader can understand without any grounding in metaphysical terminology. Such references as he does feel bound to make to previous systems can be skipped without loss. Like Plato, he is content to cut the cackle and go straight for the truth.

For, in fact, he is even more of a poet than of a metaphysician. It is hardly possible to talk of a Bergsonian system—it is more of a vision, an intuition of the universe. Whether we agree with him or not, we can never look at things in quite the same way after reading him. Time and reason, matter and memory, are no longer the simple and obvious things that they were in the cold, confident dawn of evolutionary rationalism.

The illumination that came to Bergson on his solitary walk, which

was the starting-point of his career as an intellectual revolutionary, was about the nature of time. One way of putting it would be that time was in the deepest sense real, a living reality. But it would be equally appropriate to describe time as relative—relative to life. This, it must be remembered, was in 1884, before any one had heard of Einstein, or dreamed of his sort of mathematically demonstrable relativity. Time, as Bergson conceived of it, was not mathematical at all, and it was entirely false to think of it as represented by a never-ending straight line, that could be divided at will into equal and precisely similar parts, or in terms of space at all.

Bergson, always the poet, gets as near as he can to his idea of time, as living reality, by comparing it successively to the unrolling of a coil, to its rolling up, to the gradation of colors on the myriad-hued spectrum, and finally to the action of drawing out an infinitely small elastic body into a line—but even he has to end by admitting that time, in all its variety, richness of color, continuity, and unity of direction, defies comparison.

Even so, if one may be allowed to transcend to the utmost limits of the fantastic in the pursuit of the unattainable, I would suggest starting from Longfellow's image of time as a corridor. The old-fashioned notion of time was as common-sense and plain-sailing as Longfellow himself. It was just an endless, straight corridor, or tunnel, with otherwise blank walls marked and subdivided into years, hours, seconds, and so forth, along which we were borne on an evenly moving pavement or in a never-ending train, until presently we dropped, one by one, out of a time that was as completely independent of us as the Tube is of an individual passenger. Very different is the corridor as Bergson conceives of it. It is no longer a plain, straightened-out clock face, but is adorned with all the beauties of nature and the glories of art, all of life that our nature is capable of receiving, of its joys and its sorrows, its grandeur and its pettiness. But—and here is the inconceivable reality of it—as we go forward towards the future, we leave nothing behind, but gather and receive it all into ourselves. There is no corridor, no past, behind us. All that we have come through, we *are*. We are—to use another image of Bergson's own—the whole of our past eating into the future.

We say, such and such a thing will last out my time. But here is Bergson to tell us that there is no time except our time. Time without life—abstract time—would be something quite meaningless for us. If we suppose some almighty hustler or dawdler to quicken up or slow down the pace of time to any extent whatever, provided our lives are synchronized to the new tempo, we shall be no more conscious of the difference than we are of Einstein's discovery that we add to our stature

by lying East-West instead of North-South. Time for us is exactly what we put into it, or get out of it. Time is becoming—our becoming.

The advance to that notion would be enough, and more than enough, for any ordinary philosopher. But Bergson is no ordinary philosopher. He is far more of a visionary, and the comparatively dull and featureless idea of becoming is by no means enough for him to rest upon, unless it is taken in the poet's sense of a perpetual creativeness, a making of all things new. Life is the only living reality, and the measure of life is its creativeness. The universe of Bergson's vision is not mechanical but poetic.

To say that in the beginning God created, would, from this point of view, be a palpable understatement of the case. Creative energy, the informing spirit, is at work first, last, and without ceasing. Subtract that from the universe and you abolish time. Not even chaos is left—you are brought up against a blank wall of negation.

A grand and satisfying vision, no doubt, to any one endowed with imagination—but how does Bergson know that it is very truth and not a splendid mirage? And how does he propose to convince us of its truth? For it is one thing to present a case clearly, but quite another to prove it.

And how, if you come to that, can you talk of proving anything? You, who read this book, cannot, and still less want to, prove that it exists at all, or that the black marks that you think you see on a white background mean anything whatever, or that I who am writing, or Bergson about whom I am writing, are real people like yourself, with ideas, of a sort, to communicate. But you are none the less sure about it, for all practical purposes, without proof. You feel that it is so, and that it would be insane to harbor doubts. As Tennyson puts it—

> A warmth within the breast would melt
> The freezing reason's colder part,
> And like a man in wrath, the heart
> Stood up and answered—I have felt!

The advanced thinkers of the *fin de siècle* imagined that by dedicating themselves wholly to reason, they had said the last word in philosophy and put religion out of date. If you were not a rationalist you were an obscurantist, which was the same thing as being intellectually damned. And it was an act of extraordinary boldness for a then obscure professor in a provincial French university to come forward and violate the great taboo by asking, in effect:

"And this reason of yours—is it really as almighty as you make out? What precisely is it good for, and just how much does it give you to know? And what connection has it with that other magic word of yours, evolution?"

For if we come to look into the facts at all closely, we shall see that our habit of looking at things rationally or intelligently is a very late and almost startling innovation, and that so far from being rooted in the general scheme of things, it has come to be adopted for a special, but no doubt a sufficient, purpose.

We find animals and plants with quite a different, but marvelously effective way of apprehending reality. The bee, the moment it emerges from the comb, knows exactly its job, often a very complicated one, in the community. There is no educational problem in the hive. It is as if we were able to fill every post, from prime minister to dustman, with infants an hour old. It is true that if a wholly unprecedented problem arises, the bees will probably prove incapable of thinking up a solution. But then, in any normal hive, such problems can be trusted not to arise.

This is a very elementary instance. But one can bombard the rationalist with more startling conundrums than ever the Almighty propounded to Job. There is a moth who, on one unique occasion of her life, acts not only with what, in a human being, would be the most finished intelligence, but with what, humanly speaking, would be an exquisite moral sense. For she lays her eggs not only so as to secure ideal conditions for her unborn offspring, but so as to leave just sufficient seeds to preserve the essential species of flower for the benefit of generations yet to be.[1] Who can have taught so unreasoning a creature to behave with this foresight, or in this spirit? Or an orchid, that never wakes from the eternal sleep of vegetable life, to act in ways equally remarkable? Paley would have answered pat—God. To which Bergson would probably reply that this is a mere word that does not get us any farther. As for the rationalist, the safest reply would be that only an obscurantist would ask such questions. Which is very much, in effect, the attitude that the Evolutionist Fathers did take to the heretic Butler, when he asked who taught chickens to get out of eggs.

Those of us who have no cause to plead, but are seeking for the truth, whatever it may be, can go with Solomon and Maeterlinck to the ant, or even humbler forms of life, and learn that there are other ways of apprehending reality than that of conscious reason. We can identify ourselves with it by a sort of instinctive sympathy. This may not even be friendly—the wasp who neatly paralyzes the caterpillar in order that she may rear her grubs in and on the living body, knows the way to do it because she so thoroughly sympathizes with her victim. And so the accomplished duelist needs to identify himself with his opponent, as if a current of sympathy were joined with the first crossing of the rapiers, in order that he may run him through. The most successful torturers must have been persons of sympathetic leanings.

The fact of man's having acquired discourse of reason does not

[1] Cited by H. Wilden Carr in "Henri Bergson," pp. 37-39.

prevent him from getting at the truth by other than rational methods. Indeed, the sort of man who does nothing except by deliberate calculation is generally recognized as a futile, pedantic, and rather absurd person. Herbert Spencer came pretty near to realizing such an ideal, and we remember him today less as a philosopher than a psychological freak. Our deepest, our most vital knowledge, still comes not by taking thought, but by giving sympathy. We feel ourselves into our subject, the more successfully in proportion as it is alive. "Everything that lives," as Blake put it, "is holy. Life delights in life."

But it is only when we have mastered Bergson's conception of time that we realize how vast is this requirement of sympathy. For by one act of vital apprehension we have to take in the whole undying past that is summed in the present. It is as if you were to come into a cinema house an hour after the film had started, and at the first glance were expected to understand and visualize all that had gone before.

Before certain works of art you really do have something like this experience. In Raphael's portrait of Pope Julius II, for instance, you feel as if you were gazing into the old man's very soul, and as if the whole of his long and crooked life were before you in a moment of time. Many an English parish church is, to a discerning eye, embodied history, where successive phases of civilization persist and blend in visible unison.

But the process by which you comprehend the past in your vision of the present is not, and never can be, described as rational. Reason can only follow the way of the school textbook by taking the past to pieces, separating the events, and presenting them one after the other appropriately dated, mapped, and defined by statistics. But you may commit to memory every date and fact in your Gardiner's or Meiklejohn's "English History," without ever having the foggiest vision of the living soul, the past in the present, that is England, in the spirit that Bergson strives to comprehend the all-inclusive history of our dear City of God that he calls Creative Evolution.

Are we then to put him down as the uncompromising enemy of intellect, the emotionalist naked and unashamed? Some of his critics have gone almost as far as to imply this. But he is no enemy of reason, because instead of honoring it by an undiscriminating, and therefore irrational, adoration, he has viewed it in evolutionary perspective. Reason has its uses no less than intuition, and for Man, is more than ever indispensable, now that he has committed himself irrevocably to a machine-using civilization.

A mechanic, or even a craftsman, cannot confine himself to the vision that identifies itself with the stream of living reality, and feels it whole and indivisible. He has got to act as if the present were sufficient unto itself. The carpenter is not in the least interested in the past of his

material or its absorption in the common stream of evolving life. For his purposes it is just so much oak or deal, to be sawn up into separate pieces of exact and measurable shapes and fitted together, though even he cannot dispense with some faintly sympathetic consciousness of the grain and idiosyncrasy of that which he calls wood. But to Mr. Henry Ford the material of industry is just so much completely devitalized matter, to be made up into exactly homogeneous parts, and fitted together with mathematical exactitude into exactly homogeneous cars, to any one of which so individual a name as Lizzie is ludicrously inappropriate. And there are some who would maintain that a staff of completely standardized employees is the one thing needful to perfect what is most significantly known as rationalization.

What was it that made the legend of the German corpse factory one of the most ingeniously horrible in all the annals of fiction? Nothing less than the symbolic and logical triumph of rationalization, in the Bergsonian sense. For the conduct attributed to the Kaiser and his generals was eminently reasonable. You do no harm to the dead and presumably some good to the living, by utilizing the chemical constituents of what was once a body. But something deeper than reason tells us that to be as intransigently rational as all that is to cease to be human, or even sane. Man is not even posthumously just so much matter, nor so to be regarded, without monstrous desecration—least of all the soldier who has just died for you. If it is scientific to botanize on your mother's grave, or to send your wife's body to the hospital "meat-shops"—so much the worse for science.

But the fact that pure reason, as opposed to intuition, is a bad master, does not prevent it from being the best of servants. Without it there could be no conquest of nature, and even if Man has of late years been inclined to concentrate his whole energies on this conquest, to the neglect of the even more important task of mastering himself, he owes what lordship he has acquired of creation to the fact of his being a nature-conquering animal.

This is where the reasoning faculty steps in. It is not concerned with the time-charged and indivisible reality which according to Bergson underlies all appearances. It is essentially artificial. It deliberately elects to make believe that one can stop the stream of creative evolution, freeze it as solid as the carpenter's wood, cut it into sections, and, having separated it carefully from the past, proceed to fit it into humanly useful shapes.

When the capital levy was an issue of politics, its advocates tried to explain its operation as an agreement to regard the whole tax-paying population, for revenue purposes, as simultaneously dead. And so, by the Bergsonian account, does reason elect to treat all reality as dead, in order to conduct a post-mortem on it. If we are to use matter, it has

got to be solid matter, amenable to quantitative law, and capable of being separated into units and dealt with without reference to the past. Unless we did this, there could be no material progress. Even the chimpanzee, who puts one packing case on the top of another in order to get at the banana, is a rationalist in embryo.

The great end and vital question for all of us is therefore how far we can afford to let the rationalist in Man supersede the poet. For the poet, by Bergson's account, is the king of men, because he alone has the direct apprehension of reality, whereas the rationalist dwells in a world of what ought to be conscious make-believe. We are using the word poet in the old Greek sense of maker, or, still better, creator. The poet is the creative as opposed to the calculating man. Though of course there has never yet been such a thing as a purely intuitive poet nor a completely unintuitive reasoner. Every man has a proportion of both faculties in him, and in the ideal man they are blended and perfected harmoniously, but with the mechanical always in due subordination to the vital partner.

Bergson, one of the most modest and retiring of men, has seldom ventured to apply the principles of his philosophy to the practice of contemporary life, and for an understanding of what his philosophy signifies to us, none of his writings is more valuable than a brief essay that he gave to the world in November, 1914, on the meaning of the war. Let us grant that in that time of intense patriotic emotion, no one, and least of all a naturalized Frenchman, could help putting the case for his country. But the essay will be just as significant if we regard the whole war as a mythical conflict between the two countries of Mansoul and Robotland, of which the philosopher supplies the following interpretation:

Man, during the nineteenth century, had discovered the means of equipping himself with tools, or artificial organs, at an immeasurably greater rate than ever before. In effect, his body had become enormously more powerful without his soul expanding at all. The nineteenth century Liberals had endeavored to secure a compensating increase of liberty, brotherhood, and justice. But, in Bergson's own words:

"Inferior powers—I was going to say infernal powers—plotted an inverse experience for mankind.... What would happen ... if the moral effort of humanity should turn on its tracks at the moment of attaining its goal, and if some diabolical contrivance should cause it to produce the mechanization of the spirit instead of the spiritualization of matter?" [1]

What, in fact, if Robotland should make a shameful conquest of Mansoul and a despiritualized humanity should suffer complete ration-

[1] "The Meaning of the War," p. 35.

alization? Then indeed the clock of creative evolution would stop, the hand be broken, and time, that is life, be finished for human civilization.

It is not the Rhine that divides Robotland from Mansoul, though it may well be that this is less wildly remote from the truth now than it was in 1914. The frontier, like the contest, is spiritual. Those who believe, as Bergson does, in the divine spirit in Man, must realize that the rulers of the darkness of this world are not those of Germany or Russia or any other nation, but that the spirit of their kingdom is all-pervasive, and could best of all be described as that of the despiritualization or—which is the same thing—rationalization of God's image.

It would be easier to talk of a Bergsonian gospel than of a system. He is the least systematic of philosophers, and perhaps least significant when he tries hardest to sink the poet in the professor. Like the greatest artists, he is content to leave his work rough-hewn, and has no time to spare with the meticulous finish of every detail. It is a vision of the universe that he has to communicate, and having taken us to the top of a high mountain and taught us which way to look, he is content that we should use our own eyes, and then go down and explore the landscape for ourselves. It would, we imagine, be not impossible for a clever counsel, with a turn for philosophy, to subject Bergson to a cross-examination that would reveal inconsistencies and unsolved problems in his writings. One cannot help wondering whether in his anxiety to avoid the Charybdis of an inhuman rationalism, he does not occasionally steer a thought too close to the Scylla of an all too human subjectivity. The nature of this thing in your hand is surely not determined solely by the fact that you agree to separate it from the rest of the stream of living reality, and call it a book. You may, though one hopes not, be fuming with indignation at what it contains. It is not at all the sort of thing you would agree to fish out of the universal stream. The only way to account for it would seem to be that it is, in its own way, solidly and stolidly real.

And so with time—duration for me may be the measure of my creativeness, but it is hard to deny an equal reality to the time on the clock by which all our durations are synchronized. And again, just how much of the past is it that in each one of us is accumulated in the present and eats into the future? Does it start at birth or before it? Does it go back, as might plausibly be argued, to the first beginning of life? And in what way are our individual pasts related to the grand, all-inclusive past of a living and creative universe?

These are only a few of the problems that appear to be suggested, but not entirely solved, by the philosophy of Bergson. It is none the worse for that. The illusion that any philosophy can be complete and final is one that has obsessed philosophers since man first began to hunger and thirst after truth. Where nothing else is certain, this at

least we dare affirm—that however gigantic your intellect may be, and however deeply you may penetrate beneath the appearance of things, there will always remain something to be said that you will have forgotten, and there will sooner or later be found somebody to say it.

When all is said and done, Bergson will remain entitled to what is surely as high praise as can be accorded to any philosopher—that he has dared to think nobly of the universe. In place of an arid rationalism he has given us a world vision of creative energy; he has displayed evolution as a never-ending poem, a perpetually unfinished symphony. He has showed how it is possible to reconcile the discoveries of science with the notion of a free and self-determined creative energy that is our vital birthright. His message is one that inspires us to strive for freedom as our highest good, and never to make truce or compromise with those dark forces of tyranny and human mechanization whose final and threatened triumph would be the downfall of life.

# DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

Mary Agnes Hamilton

IN the second volume of his not very edifying but highly instructive Diary, Lord Riddell, chosen intimate of the years of zenith, tells "L.G."—as he, like every one else, calls him—that he is "one of the six great men of the world": a remark received with a laugh in which there was no false humility. In 1919, none was called for: L.G. was, without question, the best-known man in Britain and the best-known Briton in the world. History books, compiled about this date, set him above Pitt; for opinion at home and abroad, he was the focus of wonder, fascination, and fear. No countenance so familiar as his. Was not David Low presenting him, almost daily, in a series of brilliant caricatures, of which the most speaking were those depicting him as the little lively terrier, with eyes of incredible brightness, glancing now in impudent malice, now in wheedling cajolery, now in sheer infectious delight at his own cleverness, out of a mop of tousled hair? Not a cur of high degree, but one of those mongrels compact of courage, vitality, dash, and eternal activity whose nose is forever on the scent and whose companionship gives zest to the meanest excursion. Prime Minister since 1916, he looked, to some, like being Prime Minister indefinitely, with his huge Coupon majority in the House of Commons and his winning of the war as trump card for any difficult occasion, to say nothing of the eloquence and the bright intelligence his unhappiest critic could not deny him.

For pacifists of all shades he was, of course, the incarnation of evil. Few, very few, among them shared in the belief in the "treasures of his soul" of C. P. Scott, who could never forget that he had been the bravest and most provocative of pro-Boers. For Labor, the hopes born of his 1909 Budget, fading under the contributory clauses of the Insurance Acts, had perished of the Munitions Acts, Conscription, D.O.R.A., and what they saw as his dependence on the profiteer. Nevertheless, for the classes, and for great sections of the masses, he was, in 1919, still a hero; a hero after their own hearts, of the clay of the common man, whose attributes were, in him, lifted to magnificence. Did he not resemble the Tommy in his unshakable gayety, his

ready enjoyment of a bit of fun, his love for his home and for being out of doors, his tree climbing, and his hymn singing, as well as in his easy attitude to such hard items in the moral code as telling the truth; above all, in the fact that, whereas nearly every prominent person had, at one time or another between 1914 and 1918, become downhearted, he had never done so?

So, up to 1922, when the great Coalition suddenly, at a touch from the insignificant Mr. Baldwin, dissolved into its elements, he was the great man, *par excellence*. Then, after sixteen years of continuous office and six as Premier, he was left high and dry, without a party, almost, it seemed, without a friend. Twelve years, since then, have passed, and he has not got back. He has no party. He has no newspaper, he who, so early and so constantly, perceived the necessity for that; as far back as 1901 he engineered the purchase of the *Daily News* for his own section of Liberals; was "thick" first with Northcliffe, then with Beaverbrook; for long controlled the *Daily Chronicle*. For the post-war generation he is a figure, not of the present, but of the past. When, the other day, I asked a series of young examinees of university standard to name six great men now living, not one of them mentioned him.

He has survived himself. It is a fate usually somewhat pathetic. Yet, although dignity is the last quality one associates with L.G., he has, in these later years, almost achieved it in the degree to which he has avoided pathos. For him no one is sorry, nor is he suspected of being sorry for himself. Not circumstances but his own personality brought him up and cast him down; has he not said, in terms platitudinous enough, "It is a mistaken view of history to assume that its episodes were entirely due to fundamental causes which could not be averted, and that they were not precipitated or postponed by the intervention of personality"? The personality remains, with its incalculable india-rubber-like consistency: even in 1934 few are entirely sure that he may not "bob up" afresh, in some unforeseeable place.

Twelve years of progressive decline in influence and authority make that unlikely, since, in these years, his buoyant bark has dashed itself with an energy ever more patiently futile against the deep distrust of the British people of the very cleverness that once caught them. The curve is a descending one. In 1926, his incursion into the heated arena of the General Strike still had an electrical touch. In 1929, he was splashing the hoardings, quite in the Coalition style, with pictures of himself as a man rather younger than his actual years, but faithful in so far as they truly rendered the bad legs which support his strongly-knit, broad-shouldered little figure, above the challenging rubric "We can conquer Unemployment." People crowded to his meetings, to hear, if not to vote. For that, too many of them

remembered the plentiful promises and pitiful performance of the Coalition era, with its broken housing pledges and hasty scrapping of war-time controls. Nevertheless, in the 1929-31 House, he was still a force: when he rose to speak, the old magic rose with him, for the moment. With superb effrontery, he would arraign Ministers for subservience to bankers, timid unreadiness to deal boldly with mine- and land-owners, and shameful failure to implement the Covenant of the League. The benches would pack when he got up, rock with delight while he was speaking, and dissolve when he sat down. In the lobby, he was friendly, alert, amusing: his eyes twinkled, his ears were given with real attention to the interlocutor whose thoughts he caught almost before they could rise to the surface of utterance. The old charm still worked. What he was at, none knew. The star appeared and disappeared; it was still a star. Then, in 1931, whether or no as the result of the severe operation he had then to undergo, he was deserted by his hitherto unfailing faculty of putting ear to the ground and hearing what was rumbling there; he listened, and heard ... Free Trade. It was a sound that woke no echoes. Removed from the sympathetic atmosphere of the platform, he failed to realize that the nation was under the influence of a brain-storm of fear and passion not unlike what he had himself provoked in 1918. In the present Parliament he does not count. He is, thanks to a continuous membership of over forty years for one constituency, the Father of the House; but his attendance is spasmodic; he has been largely withdrawn, occupied in the compilation of his War Memoirs.

He is over seventy; he has been "out" for twelve years; the post-war generation writes him off, doubts, even, whether he is, in any valid sense, a contemporary. Yet he has, to a large extent, made the world they dwell in and the mood with which they face it. That world is the product of the war, of the Treaties of Peace, and, more particularly so far as this country is concerned, of the missed opportunities of the reconstruction epoch. In regard to each of these factors, his responsibility is larger than that of any other single individual.

True, his was not a compelling voice among the statesmen who, in our own and other countries, "stumbled into catastrophe." Except for his "Hands off!" speech to Germany at the time of the Agadir crisis, he took small part in pre-war foreign policy, immersed as he was in domestic issues. With Wales, and, disastrously, with Ireland, he had much to do; but the public thought of him as the Radical author of the 1909 Budget, the champion of the People against the Peers; the author of Limehouse speeches, who attacked the dukes as "Mr. Balfour's poodles," and gave grave offense to Buckingham Palace; as the architect of the great system of social insurance; as the protagonist of a grand "Back to the Land" policy. In 1914, Belgium, for him,

recalled the emotions which had once made him a pro-Boer. His pacifism was neither thought-out nor connected with anything deep in his make-up, and he reacted very much as did the vast majority of his countrymen. Rumors of his resignation were baseless; in the single preoccupation of winning the war, he found it easy to shake off precious predilections. "Being in, we must win"—a view wrung in agony from his friend Scott, came easily and naturally to a mind never philosophical, which, as Lord Haldane put it, "fastens on images and bans concepts," and to a temper always wholly absorbed in the given job and its opportunities. One gets no suggestion from the pages of his Memoirs or anywhere else that the nightmare horror of world-wide suffering and death haunted him or put him off his sleep, while the degradation of intellect and emotion to the processes of destruction he hardly noticed. Not because his heart is cold, but because he had something else to do, and to it he was wholly given.

If, however, history assigns to his account a limited share of responsibility for the outbreak of the war, for its protraction and for the disastrous issue that was part and parcel of that protraction, he bears more than any one. Party to the Secret Treaties, he rejected as Prime Minister opportunity after opportunity of a negotiated peace, even at periods when the generals favored it. Therefore, in the upshot, no revival of his better judgment could save him from the logic of Clemenceau, who honestly disbelieved in any other kind of settlement than the Carthaginian Peace actually imposed. In the long and fatal chapter of preparation for Versailles, the outstanding incident is, of course the famous "Knock-out Blow" interview of September, 1916. In it, L.G. embroidered Briand's theme, "For us, the word peace is a sacrilege," in terms that delighted the Never-Enders, with whom he became a hero. It was a shrewd stroke in the campaign against Asquith, of which he later said: "They did not think I should have the patience, and, when the time came, the courage. I never rushed the situation. But, when the time came, I was as firm as a rock." It was a still shrewder stroke against any hope of a settlement of reconciliation. The limited, political brand of courage was always his: of the higher courage, which directs events in the light of settled, impersonal purpose, his Premiership shows no trace. A clear vision of what Britain's aim should be was not ever in his mind. Colonel Repington, enthusiastic for his supersession of Asquith, was not unique in charging the second War Cabinet with precisely the same errors and failings as the first: misjudgment of the situation, refusal to face harsh facts, amateur strategy. Of the amateur strategists, L.G. was the prince: he apparently still holds to what Repington called the "insane idea of winning the war by killing Turks." It was near the close of the second year of his direction that an acute foreign observer summed up the situation

in the words: "The Boches have tried their utmost to win the war for four years, and have not succeeded; the Allies have tried their hardest to lose it and have similarly failed." At the end, the vast machine ran down in sheer exhaustion, leaving statesmen with commitments on their hands that made a word of mock of the "Never again" they had used as an incantation to cover their lack of any clear perception of what "winning" meant. Only the process of more or less equal negotiation could, in fact, have given that idea a content. In so far as he set his face, throughout, obstinately against any such process, Mr. Lloyd George rendered nugatory the longer and saner views to which he, at times, gave fine expression. There were, indeed, many who stuck to him in the belief that he was the only man capable, if he so willed, of carrying through a policy in line with the Fourteen Points. Unhappily for them, and for the world, his decision to have a General Election in December, 1918, and his actual conduct of the election, erected a complete barrier against his better self.

Those who remember the emotions of Armistice Day, 1918, and of the days and weeks that followed, recall as the feeling then surging through all hearts a passionate, almost prayerful thankfulness and relief. Not victory, but peace, an end, at last, of the horror that had blighted and poisoned every breath drawn throughout more than four years, was the instinctive reaction to the ending of hostilities. When President Wilson came to England, he was received, in London and elsewhere, not as the Avenging but as the Reconciling Angel. He excited almost too much enthusiasm: in the rôle he filled no understudy could command spectacular plaudits. That the mood of the nation before the election was for a peace on Wilsonian lines there can be no doubt. For that, no further mandate was required. An election, this being so, was needless. It was also inevitably dangerous: how dangerous, the columns of the Press amply revealed. But the Premier was thinking of his own political future; from that point of view, there was as much to be said for an election as there was, from a wider standpoint, against it. From the Liberal party he was separated by a gulf of bitter animosity; on the Tories, although from among them came his major associates, he knew he could not count. His personal chance was to capitalize the "man who won the war" now, before the gilt was off the gingerbread, and the immense problems of demobilization and the honoring of pledges lightly given were upon him. Authority for the Conference he possessed in ample measure. Personal security, as Prime Minister, he did not possess, and must have. Dangerous, in any case, in its unleashing of pent-up passions and divisions, the election proved, under his handling, fatal to any remaining chance of a good settlement.

In him there contend the highly mixed impulses that make up

average humanity; he understands them all, and knows to which appeal is swiftest and easiest. For the policy his intelligence saw to be right, a majority could assuredly have been his, but the great majority he desired soon came to seem to depend on a rousing of very different emotions from those of reconciliation and the binding up of wounds. The Northcliffe Press was filling the air with hymns of hate, appeals to cupidity and revenge; Mr. W. M. Hughes was playing a competent obbligato. The transactions that led to the "coupon" were not very pretty, and the typical coupon candidate, taking a business view of the transaction, was obsessed with the notion of making Germany pay. The voice that was to be heard above this din had got to be raised. Mr. Lloyd George's election address was unexceptionable in what it said; if it omitted reference to the Fourteen Points, it was also silent on indemnities. Soon, too soon, the election wine began to mount to his head; his satellites were permitted to indulge in orgies of punishment and promising. His own final manifesto mentioned neither disarmament nor the League: it promised "a happier country for all" at the expense of the vanquished. Atrocities were to be avenged, the Kaiser to be tried, and Germany was to pay in full. "Fullest indemnities from Germany"—into that anything, everything could be read. At Bristol, four days before the poll, he declared that Germany ought to pay the whole cost of the war, the Bankers Committee had said it could be done, and he would see to it that it was done.

He got his majority, of course; over 260. Every candidate who stood for the keeping of the solemn engagements entered into at the Armistice was snowed under, while his hard-faced supporters were committed to the hilt to hanging the Kaiser and making Germany shoulder the National Debt. In thus making assurance doubly sure, he bartered away the birthright of his intelligence. Victory was his: peace was doomed. Pledges and undertakings apart, Germany could only pay—as he told Lord Riddell before the election—in gold or goods, and goods must displace British workers and traders. He saw the dilemma; now, its noose was round his neck. Well might he say to his confidant in February, 1919, "If I had considered my own happiness and my own place in history, I should have resigned when the Armistice was signed, but I could not do it. I was bound to go on." "I could not do it"—that is the truth. He could not resign. The compulsion to go on was not external, still less moral. He could not give up the power that he loved. Nor could he, as the event was abundantly to prove, use that power to ends which his own action had rendered impossible. In his career, as in history, the 1918 election is the fatal turning-point.

Out of his own blood and tissue he had created a Frankenstein

monster, and through the horrible weeks and months of the Peace Conference it stood over him. Today, he blames Clemenceau: but "the Tiger" could have been sent to his cage had "L.G." and Wilson stood together. During the grim transactions of Paris and Versailles, there were flashes, but flashes only, of his independent intelligence, quenched, always, by fear of the monster and by the coils in which it had enwound him. His denial of any knowledge of Mr. Bullitt, whom he had, very wisely, dispatched to Russia, shocked those who had imagined themselves where he was concerned unshockable: it is but one instance of a deterioration that, as it developed in his course through the ugly morasses of the 1918-22 Coalition Government, alienated even adherents as little fastidious as Lord Riddell. Needless to retrack that devious and unexhilarating journey. Its most significant result was not the fall from power in September, 1922, but the deposit of disbelief in the simple good faith of politicians.

Yet the fall, from which there has, in so many hectic years, been no recovery, remains dramatic. How did he come to fall so fast and so far? Political skill, of his order, ought, somehow, to have saved him. Unhampered by Asquith's undifferentiating loyalties, or Churchill's flashing failures of judgment, he knew, none better, how to use others to carry the more thankless babies, and how to exploit the good in men which he shares as well as the evil. His "magnetism" is a by-word; every element in the political armory appeared to be his; he was equipped with immunities as notable as his powers. Some of those immunities are superb. I remember being told by the late Mr. Huth Jackson how, when preparing his 1909 Budget, Mr. Lloyd George rang him up to ask his assistance: he desired to be able to make a statement that would show the City he was perfectly at home in it. To that end he invited himself to breakfast with the eminent banker and demanded of him an A B C explanation of the mysteries of high finance, made as though to a schoolboy; he came more than once, and more than once interrupted to demand greater simplicity in exposition: far from being concerned to present himself as a person who knew all about it already, he insisted on being taken through the lesson from the bottom up. Result—bankers exclaimed, "At last, a Chancellor who really understands!" No false shame here; no petty concern for the opinion of others; social courage, and genuine mastery. Later, it is true, the power to get down to the detail of the large schemes that visited his nimble mind deserted him: his methods became, as Mr. Harold Nicolson says, "personal, forensic, intuitive, imprecise, variable, conceited, and far too private." The forensic element notably gained. It was always strong; his remarkable eloquence was always directed by a very clear sense of what eloquence was for. Of speaking he says, in one of his colloquies with Lord Riddell (1918), "Sometimes, argu-

ment is the best weapon, sometimes an appeal to prejudice, sometimes you have to allay prejudice, and sometimes you have to stir men to action. When Cicero was prosecuting or defending a client, he did not think about making an eloquent speech which will go down to history as a great oratorical effort. His object was to run his man in or get him off as the case might be. This rule applies in all public speaking, and for the matter of that in all private conversation." On this rule he acted. In this, he is, has always been, essentially the lawyer. The most cruel portrait of him, that limned by Mr. Laurence Houseman in "Trimblerigg" (1924), presents him in the guise—one can hardly call it the disguise—of a spell-binding preacher. For the conventicle he has matchless gifts, yet he obeyed a deeper instinct in choosing the solicitor's office. There, he found scope not merely for the instinct for regarding each issue as a case by itself, with nothing higher attached to it than the opportunity of victory, but for another ruling mental trait—the sense for a bargain. The "ninepence for fourpence" slogan of his Insurance days was perfectly expressive of the man who coined it. At the Peace Conference, the conviction of having got for Great Britain more than anybody expected or bargained for pleased something deeper in him than his patriotism, although no one would deny that, in the simpler acceptance of the word, he is a patriot for Britain as for Wales. What was lost at Versailles and in the years that followed he may have overlooked: there are no bargains in ideas.

As a solicitor, he is said to have been past master in getting cases settled out of Court. His technique of settlement, on which his early reputation as a Minister was largely based, was to get the parties into separate rooms and pass between them; not infrequently it happened that the slight variation in the wording used, to one side and the other, in the long run dissolved the achievement. So, this slight variation has, in the long run, dissolved his achievement. With him, at any given moment, an intelligence of powerful spring and immense prehensile capacity is turned on to the business in hand; that accomplished, it is forgotten, and carries no commitments after it, for him. Sometimes, however, for the other party. For him, events and experiences are disconnected from any continuous thread of idea or purpose, beyond the purpose of ascendancy, of "running your man in or getting him off, as the case might be." Moral impulses certainly live in this child of the Welsh chapel, but disconnected. Lady Oxford's picture, in her latest volume, is the more just in that it is clear of venom: "His mercurial mind is always on the move; it is not given time to reflect upon the past or contemplate the future, but adjusts itself like a newly-wound clock to the time of day."

This certainly is the impression deposited by his own Memoirs. These volumes have a most curious quality. Immensely heralded, and

immensely paid for, they leave the reader with a sense of flatness. There are, of course, interesting things in them; it is interesting to be told, now, by him, that "Had there been a Bismarck in Germany, a Palmerston or a Disraeli in Britain, a Roosevelt in America or a Clemenceau in authority in Paris the catastrophe might, and I believe would, have been averted; but there was no one of that quality on the bridge of any great State." In the main, however, there is presented a world that, even in the throes of shattering disaster, has little grandeur and no mystery: a world curiously small and one-dimensional. The purpose of self-justification is carried through without subtlety or style; the universe on to which the author looks out is straitly limited: politics constitute the sum and substance of experience. To what exists outside of and beyond that, to the vast and various interplay of effort, perception, and idea that constitute the orchestration of life, he appears tone-deaf. The personality is so strong that there are moments at which the reader doubts whether the music which for the author is not there really exists or is merely a subjective illusion; recovering from them, he realizes that, with this man, the higher centers of awareness are hollow. For the future biographer of this conqueror of ours, these volumes will provide material of supreme psychological interest; for us, they reveal the fact that, though a fascinating problem, Mr. Lloyd George is not an interesting man.

Not interesting, yet portentous. It is the fashion, nowadays, to cast to President Wilson's account the decay of idealism, the radical mistrust of high professions, that lies like a blight over the intellectual life of Europe. Part of the responsibility he must bear, but he bears it very largely because, at Versailles, he was bamboozled by the Welsh wizard. Here, indeed, Mr. Lloyd George has left behind him something that lasts, an evil that will outlive him and remind succeeding ages of him. As Gladstone's main contribution to the stream of continuing common life and thought was a conception of statesmanship as a high and serious business, radically connected with certain shining and compulsive central convictions whose form might vary but whose substance did not change, so the main contribution of this great contemporary is an undermining, steady, and cumulative throughout his career, of trust in the plain honesty and honor of politicians, and the dissemination of the view that government is a game in which the successful player relies on chicanery, sharp practice, and useful cleverness as the means to personal ascendancy. Temperamentally and emotionally a democrat, he has been in action the great disintegrator of democracy. More than that, he has acted as a solvent of the very conditions of orderly and progressive common life. Coöperation, domestic and international, depends on the assumption of good faith. The growth of self-government in this country rests on the fact that

we trust our neighbors; on that implicit foundation our liberties have been built up. War, with its suspension of the rules and codes of decent behavior, its tolerance of pinching and pilfering on the large scale as on the small, and its promotion of lying and delation, inevitably shakes that foundation. The primary task of reconstruction was to reëstablish it. For this task, L.G. was profoundly unfitted. Not by accident was he "good at war"; he found its atmosphere easy, even sympathetic, and he took it over into the peace.

The practical consequences of this are written in the state of Europe. Even more tragic is the carry-over from his action and his outlook into the mind and mood of a generation which has had to take him as representative of the great man and the successful statesman, and has so taken him, the more readily because of his personal vividness and personal charm. Miners, at the time of the tearing-up of the Sankey Report, life-long Home Rulers at the period of the Black-and-Tans, pacifists during the era of Conferences, found it hard to mobilize moral indignation against a man whose easy cynicism made any such attitude seem irrelevant, even ludicrous. Yet no gayety, no charm, no spell-binding will save him from the sad verdict of history. The major legacy of a man whose most amiable personal characteristics are a genuine freedom from snobbery and a real sympathy with the under-dog; who, at his worst, was a demagogue, and at his best a sincere democrat; is the contemporary distrust of democracy and blind inclination to dictatorship.

# GENERAL SMUTS

William Plomer

CERTAIN traits of the South African Dutch, a race not large in numbers, are strongly characteristic. Among these traits, derived from the stock from which they sprang, and modified, preserved, or developed by local circumstances, are their keen sense of their own rights as individuals and as a people, their taste for the study of law and for going to law, their Protestant piety and fondness for theology, and their firm attachment to the land. To ride and shoot, to believe in God and argue about politics, to raise a family and own a farm, and to resort to law or to arms in the interests of their independence, their property, or their principles—these are some of the habits most prevalent among them. When they produce from time to time an individual who attracts the attention of the world we recognize in each case a powerful focusing of these racial traits. President Kruger and General Botha are cases in point, and so is that distinguished contemporary, General Smuts, who worked with both of them on common ground and yet differs much from either.

The son of a farmer who was also a member of the Cape Legislative Assembly, Jan Christiaan Smuts was born in 1870 and grew up on his father's farm. Photographs taken when he was a very young man already show a face that wears an alert and determined expression. At the age of twenty-one, having taken a degree, with distinction, at a local university, and having also won a scholarship, he crossed the sea to study law at Cambridge. A double first would have been a fitting result, but Smuts's academic success was so great as to be actually without precedent. He was not solely taken up with reading law. He had ideas. He composed, for instance, an essay on Walt Whitman, "a study in the evolution of personality." At the age of nineteen he had published an article containing the observation that "moral elevation, the highest form of religion, is based on enthusiasm." He came to the conclusion that the profoundest truth is man's individuality, and that he could not believe in pantheistic Oneness if that meant the disappearance of the Individual into the All. And by the time he was twenty-three he considered that "the greatest work

that can be done in this world is the harmonization, in accordance with the law of freedom... of the unit with the whole." I believe it to be generally true that by the time a man is of age he has given fairly clear indications of what he has in him. Here, then, was the young Smuts already preoccupied with what was to be the chief business of his life—a recognition of the respective importance of units and wholes, encouragement of coöperation between them, and prevention of the lesser disappearing in the greater, the entire business being undertaken in an atmosphere of that "highest form of religion" which is based on enthusiasm.

He had not forgotten meanwhile his country and his people, a country where the people lived scattered on farms, proud of the freedom of their own spacious holdings and of their personal and family independence, and united at the same time by racial and historical bonds and by two forces regarded as menacing—British Imperialism, and a large native population that had in the past not always been docile and would, it was thought, always be dangerous unless kept in a state of servility. Having in mind those scattered units who felt themselves parts of a whole, and true to the fervent patriotism which kept them together and which he himself had no doubt learned at his father's knee, Smuts had already declared that "the foundations, laid by the Hollanders at the Cape, on which the great Empire of the South will one day rear itself, are deep and immovable (*onwankelbaar diep*)." He returned to the Cape a serious enthusiast of exceptional ability, thoughtful and no doubt ambitious, with just that touch of mysticism which can make an able man into a formidable one.

In 1895 he was admitted by the Supreme Court at Cape Town and began to practice his profession. The effect which the news of the Jameson Raid had upon him may be gathered from the fact that, although his first political speech had been in support of Rhodes, after the Raid he took the side of the Transvaal. He went to live in Johannesburg, and his legal ability was such that in spite of his youth he was before long appointed State Attorney by President Kruger. When the Boer War broke out he did valuable service in legal matters, organization, and propaganda, and, as is well known, distinguished himself as a soldier under the most arduous conditions. Once he rode more than seven hundred miles in five weeks, he suffered privations, and had more than one narrow escape from death. He learned to command, and learned also the value of what he has called "the simple human feelings of loyalty and comradeship to your fellows." When he returned home after the war he was so changed that his own parents failed to recognize him.

The crisis had turned his patriotism into a strong emotion, by no means free from bitterness, as can be gathered from a book he wrote

called "Een Eeuw van Onrecht" (A Century of Wrong), which, appearing at the turn of the century, recapitulated the wrongs which the South African Dutch felt they had suffered at the hands of the English. Their first great protest against these wrongs, or assertion of their right to independence, had been the Great Trek northwards in the eighteen-thirties. That independence had been often interfered with, and Smuts now spoke of a "spirit of annexation and plunder," which, he said, had at all times characterized the dealings of the British Government with his people. He spoke of Rhodes's "double allowance of elasticity of conscience" and of his "treacherous duplicity"; he spoke also of a coming struggle against "the new-world tyranny of Capitalism," and concluded with the words AFRICA FOR THE AFRIKANDER. From this bitter young patriot, however, the maturer Smuts immediately began to emerge, a development that may be attributed to two principal causes—his own capacities and good sense, and the influence of Botha, with whom, for the next twenty years, he was to be in close touch. It was during the peace negotiations at Vereeniging that this coöperation began, and that, persuaded by the "logic of facts," Smuts accepted the inevitable and worked for reconstruction under the English domination. After the peace he returned to Pretoria and occupied himself with law and politics, and in 1904 he and Botha founded the organization known as "Het Volk." In 1907 he was elected to the Assembly and became Colonial Secretary under Botha, interesting himself especially in matters of education and defense. He was soon openly in favor of a union of the South African States. "Let the people do their best," he said, "to start a Union to rule the country from Table Bay to the Congo, and even beyond that." When the constitution of the Union was settled, he said, "It bears the impress of a Higher Hand." On May 30, 1910, he was appointed Minister of the Interior, of Mines, and of Defense for the Union, and before long the South African Party was founded. The Hertzog crisis that followed only served to confirm his loyalty to Botha.

In South Africa politics are taken with a seriousness that sometimes borders on the fantastic, as in the dispute about a flag a few years ago; it is a country where sharp tongues are never idle, and where the one unforgivable sin is cleverness. The astuteness of General Smuts is acknowledged in his nickname ("Slim Jannie"), and he has never been short of detractors. I have no space to record all the charges that have been brought against him, but they have often been brought violently, and during one general election his life was endangered. Perhaps the chief accusation is one of inconsistency; it is often brought against the successful, because a successful man is often one who has toned down his early convictions.

The outbreak of the Great War led to a rebellion and a period

of great tension and difficulty. Botha said that Smuts did greater work during this time than anybody else, and spoke of his "brilliant intellect, calm judgment, amazing energy, and undaunted courage." Smuts then helped Botha to bring the campaign in South-West Africa to a successful conclusion. At the beginning of 1916 he took over the command in East Africa, and proceeded against the Germans under von Lettow-Vorbeck. He found himself at the head of a very mixed collection of troops, amongst whom there was not even unity of language, for some spoke Swahili and some Hindustani, some Afrikaans and some English. Against him he found, in his own words, "a very large army, in effective strength not much smaller than my own, well trained and ably commanded, formidably equipped with artillery and machine-guns, immune against most tropical diseases, very mobile and able to live on the country, largely untroubled by transport difficulties, and with a morale in some respects higher than that of our own troops." This enemy was "resolute and powerful," and backed up, besides, by "natural obstacles and climatic difficulties of the most formidable character." Only those who have experience of Africa can imagine what those difficulties were like—the heat, the distances, road-making through dense bush, bridge-building over treacherous rivers, the mosquito, and the tsetse-fly. But within the space of ten months Smuts had managed to occupy a vast territory and to achieve his greatest triumph as a soldier.

In March, 1917, he came to England to represent South Africa at the Imperial War Conference, was sworn a privy councilor, and shortly afterwards made a famous speech on the British Commonwealth of Nations, which he referred to as "a system of States, and not a stationary system, but a dynamic evolving system." It is easy to understand the warm welcome that was given to this former enemy, now a victorious general on the side of England, as he referred to the lessons of loyalty and comradeship and patriotism which he himself had learned in the Boer War, as he forecast a hopeful future for the Empire, and struck a note of optimism rare in those dark days. This calm, keen, confident man (described by Mr. A. C. Benson as "The Happy Warrior") seemed to carry conviction when he told his hearers that the spirit of freedom was on the wing—"The Great Creative Spirit is once more moving among the nations in their unspeakable anguish." He spoke of the war as a "war of ideals," and was to describe its conclusion as "the victory of the spirit." Before that conclusion was reached, he was already looking ahead, and in 1918 he published "The League of Nations: A Practical Suggestion," which was the natural outcome of his way of thinking, his passion for synthesis, his conviction that unity makes strength and ought to make safety. "Today," he said, "the British Commonwealth of Nations remains the only embryo

league of nations because it is based on the true principles of national freedom and political decentralization." The process of civilization, he believed, had always been towards the League of Nations, and before the Peace Conference met he said plainly that the setting up of such a league should be its primary and basic task, and a substitute for any policy of annexation.

To the Peace Conference itself he brought the rare virtues of humanity and common sense. He pleaded like a Christian for "a spirit of pity, mercy, and forgiveness." "His sense and dignity were superb," says Mr. Harold Nicolson, who accompanied him on his mission to Bela Kun; he seemed "a lovely man." Knowing so well from his own experience that "the enemy of today may be the friend and comrade of tomorrow," Smuts asked for "moderation and restraint... towards those who were yesterday our bitter enemies." Just as he emerged from the Boer War to try to promote reconciliation between the English and the Boers, so he emerged from the Great War to try to promote reconciliation between the Powers. He spoke as a humanist when he said that civilization is one body and that we are all "members of one another," and as a statesman when he pleaded for the appeasement of Germany as something of cardinal importance for the settlement of Europe. Europe, he said, was "seeing only red through the blinding mist of tears and fears—almost a mad continent, more fit for Bedlam than for the tremendous task of reconstruction." He deplored the influence of French "shell-shock" upon the peace, and felt when all was done that it was "far worse than the Congress of Vienna." He signed the Treaty, not because it was satisfactory, but because it was "imperatively necessary" to liquidate the war situation in the world, and because he believed that two things had been achieved—the destruction of Prussian militarism, and the institution of the League of Nations. Today Prussian militarism looks very much alive and the League of Nations is far from well, but the discredit for such a state of affairs certainly does not rest with Smuts, though it might well be argued that he was too hopeful.

In August, 1919, he was Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa. Two years later he was endeavoring to find a solution to the perennial Irish problem. He appealed to Mr. de Valera to leave Ulster alone for the time being, and to concentrate upon "a successful running of the Irish State," remarking that "a humble acceptance of the facts is often the only way of overcoming them." He pointed out that Dominion status for Southern Ireland was far more than had been offered to the South African republics after the Boer War, and he extended what might be called the firm hand of compulsory friendship. "You must join our delightful family of nations," he said in effect, "because England won't allow you to be a republic." He has spoken

of Ireland as "a chronic wound, the septic effects of which are spreading to our whole system," and there is no doubt that Irish intransigence affects him as unpleasantly as Dutch extremism in South Africa, for it threatens the unity in which he so firmly believes.

In 1926 he published "Holism and Evolution," his fullest statement of the metaphysical background of his actions. Holism (which derives its name from τὸ ὅλον) is defined as a primary law "according to which evolution is a rising series of wholes, of which man is the highest, most complex, but most intensely individualized," and the purpose of the book is to reveal the existence of a "hitherto neglected factor or principle of a very important character... which underlies the synthetic tendency in the universe, and is the principle which makes for the origin and progress of wholes in the universe." An attempt is made to show that this whole-making or holistic tendency is fundamental in nature, and that "the rise and self-perfection of wholes in the whole is the slow but unerring process and goal of this holistic universe." All is brought to the comforting conclusion that "the ideals of well-being, of truth, beauty, and goodness are firmly grounded in the nature of things, and will not eventually be endangered or lost." And we are assured that "the groaning and travailing of the universe is never aimless or resultless. Its profound labors mean new creation, the slow, painful birth of wholes, of new and higher wholes, and the slow but steady realization of the good which all the wholes of the universe... dimly yearn and strive for."

Smuts admits that the book deals with "some of the problems which fall within the debatable borderland between science and philosophy." It does indeed, and its author's yearning for bigger and better wholes, for "wholeness, healing, holiness," savors strongly of mysticism. Certainly Smuts himself takes a very solemn view of this work, which he calls "an attempted ground-plan of the universe," and which he described to an acquaintance, soon after its publication, as "a new religion." We do not, however, detect the canon of a new religion in Smuts's pages. The language in which he writes is unlikely to be the language of a sacred book: as a politician he has had to speak too often of "marching with a firm step" and "keeping great ideals untarnished," or of "corner-stones of prosperity working hand in hand," for him to be able to quicken us with messianic phrases. Even though it be true that "it is only in proportion as a new synthesis is reached between science, art, and philosophy that a new religion will arise in which the human spirit can once more rest with firm assurance," it is somehow a little difficult to accept Smuts even as the John the Baptist of a new religion. Besides, he may be suspected of flirting with and perhaps even embracing one of the prevailing misconceptions of our time—that lost religious faith can be restored by

science. The suspicion is deepened by a later utterance, to the effect that "a still greater synthesis" is "looming ahead, in which a spiritual view of the universe may not only be justified but may receive firm support from science itself." But does a spiritual view of the universe really require such justification and support? Religion is supposed to rest on faith, and the Christian religion teaches that faith can be reenforced by prayer. Religion is concerned with the acceptance of mysteries, science with their explanation, and it is surely a mistake to suppose that the utmost wizardry of the laboratory has any power to lend glamour to the altar.

Whatever its values to the scientist or philosopher, the merit of "Holism and Evolution" to an ordinary reader lies not so much in the looming syntheses which it forecasts, or in the support it may offer to a spiritual view of the universe, or in its claims to be a ground-plan of the same, as in the fact that it offers a ground-plan of General Smuts, provides a justification of his actions, and proves their consistency. The book, which in its earliest form was that study of Walt Whitman written at Cambridge, is really in essence a guide to the part Smuts has played in political affairs from first to last, in coöperating first with his fellow-nationals in South Africa, then with the English, in working towards the union of the South African States, in working for the Commonwealth of Nations and for the League of Nations, and for the more recent union of political parties in South Africa. Thus he says himself that "the League of Nations, the chief constructive outcome of the Great War, is but the expression of the deeply-felt aspiration towards a more stable holistic human society." The book is a tribute to the principle of a coöperation in which the units serve the whole without losing their own significance, by one for whom the spirit of the time is the spirit of the team.

In the Rhodes Memorial Lectures which he delivered in 1929, Smuts revealed a great weakness—that he has never had a native policy, or, to put it differently, that if his attitude to the natives can be called a policy, it is a useless and discreditable one. Attempting to set the world in order, this busy matchmaker among units and wholes has forgotten that holism, like charity, may just as well begin at home. Apparently less sanguine than he was when young about the position of the whites in South Africa (now referred to as "our white experiment") he discovers two axioms, which he calls the racial and the moral. The first is the desirability of a tabu against intermixture of blood, because earlier civilizations "probably" failed for not establishing it; the second is that "honesty, fair-play, justice, and the ordinary Christian virtues must be the basis of all our relations with the natives," a doctrine in which, he surprisingly assures us, "the vast bulk of the white population in South Africa believe sincerely." He is honest

enough to add that he wishes a third and political axiom had been discovered, besides the "knowledge how to deal practically with our immense native problem." The natives of the Union of South Africa have been described by a competent observer as "a community dragging along at the very lowest level of bare subsistence." What does Smuts propose for their future? On the one hand he suggests segregation, and development for the natives on "their own lines"; and on the other he suggests that they must work for the whites because it is good for them! One suggestion cancels out the other. In point of fact the whites are disinclined for manual work, and depend on native labor for their mines, farms, and houses; while the natives are either completely or partially detribalized, and although they live in the British Commonwealth of Nations can only be described as an oppressed people. It is strange to find such an able man as Smuts muddling and shirking what is perhaps the most important issue in his own country. It might seem curious that a Christian statesman with scientific and vague æsthetic leanings should speak of the natives very much as they are spoken of by the die-hards of the backveld, but if he were to oppose prejudice boldly in this matter, his political existence in South Africa would come to an abrupt end. So we find him explaining how the natives (encouraged no doubt by the "Christian virtues" of their employers) "instead of lying in the sun, or brawling over their beer, or indulging in the dangerous sport of tribal warfare, will go out to work...." The truth is that what is called the native question in South Africa is only a question of how long the whites can get along without any "political axiom," of how long they can maintain their present attitude, which is neither reasonable, nor businesslike, nor even safe. The deliberate debasement of any large proletariat in the world today is scarcely likely to be without serious consequences, though the possible nature of these consequences may not be immediately apparent to those who are interested in maintaining the present state of things.

> "For you these from me, O Democracy, to serve you, ma femme!
> For you, for you I am trilling these songs."

So Whitman sang, but Smuts (who began his career by driving geese and goats on his father's farm and has, figuratively speaking, been driving them ever since) is less rhapsodic. He continues, however, to believe in democracy, for "no better alternative as a basis of government has yet presented itself," and although "liberty as a form of political government is a difficult experiment" it is "probably the only political system that promises to endure. The consent of the governed is the only secure and lasting basis of government, and liberty is the condition of consent." He regards Bolshevism and Fascism as "tem-

porary expedients," or did so until recently, but his conception of democracy does not eliminate the need for a statesman to impose his will, and he himself has often imposed his will in times of crisis—notably during the syndicalist or revolutionary strikes on the Rand in 1913, 1914, and 1922. He came to understand that democracy is "not enough," because it is apt to be mixed up with that "national egoism" which leads to war. Now in no rôle has Smuts been more successful than in that of a soldier, but in spite of this he had learned to regard war as the "great weapon of kings," and as "the child... of an inflamed unwholesome mentality, springing from groundless or exaggerated fears or ambitions, usually from both combined." He sees that nationalism means the glorification of war, and looks back upon the Great War (which he regarded at the time as a "war of ideals") as the "last supreme effort of the national system." He has even pleaded for the abolition of conscription, describing it as "the tap-root of militarism," and has said plainly that disarmament does not mean the humanizing of war, but the task of rendering war difficult and at last impossible. In the following words he has expressed what every decent person has been feeling during these last years:

"What is the good of all the wealth and comfort and glamour of the Victorian age when the next two decades bring us to the graves of ten million young men slain because of the base passions of greed and domination which lurked below the smiling surface of that age?"

His idea has been that the League of Nations, provided that its authority and prestige could be strengthened, would offer the best chance of producing an atmosphere of security in which the danger of war might eventually disappear, for he expected it to provide for "new machinery... less directly under the pressure of public opinion than the politicians are, and needs must be, in a democratic state." When we find him declaring that "the forces of science have to be mobilized against the mob forces of publicity," when we find him proposing to make democracy safe for the world by means of "expert scientific commissions to deal with complicated national and international issues," and pleading for the introduction of "the cool, serious, gentle spirit of science" into the management of human affairs, we may admire him and wish that his wishes could come true, but we cannot help wondering whether he is not hoping for too great a change of heart. However admirable and perhaps necessary it may be to have Utopia as an objective, the history of the human race has hitherto been a history of passions, good and bad, rather than of steady reasonableness. The geese and the goats are still with us, at home and abroad, in high places as well as low, and their behavior is in the near future unlikely to be inspired mainly by the cool spirit of science.

"Human government," as Smuts himself has said, "can be no better in the end than human nature." Christianity has not made us love one another, and where Christianity has failed, we cannot expect Smuts to succeed. But whatever his faults and limitations, a statesman who really believes in internationalism, peace, coöperation, and science, and who, in spite of his holding these beliefs, has been influential, is certainly an encouraging phenomenon.

# HAVELOCK ELLIS

Lancelot Hogben

HAVELOCK ELLIS will be remembered as the leading English anthropologist of his generation. He has the hall-mark of the authentic prophet, being only without honor in his own country. The branch of anthropology which he has made his special province is not a subject of any university curriculum. New sciences are cradled in the universities. They are not born in them. Havelock Ellis is the anthropologist of everyday life. His work is sustained by the conviction that the social behavior of Wigan or Wimbledon is a proper subject for scientific study. Such a belief undermines the foundations of English propriety. For all its grudging concessions to natural science as fit matter for vocational studies, the English educational system still bears the impress of the theologians who designed it. The Englishman is at liberty to treat foreigners who live in Waikiki or Wei-hai-wei as specimens. Gentlemen are gentlemen, made in the image of a gentleman. The leaders of English thought are as ever imbued with Dr. Johnson's belief that the pursuit of the natural sciences has little relevance to the study of man's "moral and prudential nature." The *London Mercury* reveals the fruits of an English classical education in the verdict: "Mr. Ellis, as he himself says of Swift, has a tendency to dwell upon excitement."

Quite other is the judgment of educated America. The editor of the *American Mercury* pronounces the verdict: "If the test of the personal culture of a man be the degree of freedom from the banal ideas and childish emotions which move the great masses of men, then Havelock Ellis is undoubtedly the most civilized Englishman of this generation." Mr. Mencken's view is a representative view of cultured men and women in his own country. That they value the work of Havelock Ellis is not because Americans, like the Athenians, spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. It is because science has a recognized place in the American educational system. The educated American realizes that Mr. Gladstone was a member of the expensively uneducated classes.

Of the life of Havelock Ellis except in so far as specific incidents bear on the progress of his inquiries there is little to say. That little has already been said at unnecessary length by Dr. Goldberg. To have

one's life-story written before one's death is a doubtful compliment. Unlike statesmen, scientists do not commission their biographers in anticipation of forthcoming exposure. So one may presume that Havelock Ellis would have been more gratified to read an intelligent and critical appreciation of his work than a recital of the domestic trivialities with which his biographer has regaled us. For that purpose it is enough to say that he is seventy-five years of age, that he graduated in medicine forty-five years ago and that his first important book led to the prosecution of the book-seller on a criminal charge. Before his serious work began he moved in radical circles. During the 'eighties mysticism and Caledonian caution had not yet become the hall-mark of intellectual eminence. Huxley was still alive. Sidney and Beatrice Webb were embarking on their life work. It was the peak of the all too brief period during which European civilization asserted the supremacy of the human reason.

His first serious publication was "The Criminal," which appeared in 1889. This is a pedestrian performance, scholarly enough, but devoid of originality. It was not the fruit of his own first-hand researches. He was much too favorably impressed with the conclusions of a contemporary continental school of anthropologists whose names have been kept alive by frequent recurrence in detective fiction. Their object was the prognosis of the criminal by physical stigmata. They were painstaking anatomists, indifferent statisticians and exceedingly weak sociologists. Had they been otherwise they would not have set out to solve a problem framed in terms which they did not themselves comprehend. Crime is a classification of social behavior relative to the social status of the individual, the place in which he lives and the time at which he lives there. The majority of actions so classified are concerned with the regulation of the institution of private property. Whether they do or do not take place depends quite as much upon what temporary and constantly changing arrangements society adopts for distributing property as upon what sort of individual interferes with such arrangements. The danger of confusing the two issues is tacitly though unwittingly recognized by well-to-do people when they use the word robbery for the introduction of a new death duty. The same relativity applies to actions classified as crimes when they have no direct relation to man's ephemeral arrangements for property distribution. At sundry times and in divers places private homicide has ranked as a supreme duty and a supreme offense. Practices regarded as delectable pastimes in classical civilizations are now punished as unnatural vice in Northern Europe.

"Man and Woman," first published in 1894, is more directly related to his subsequent studies. Havelock Ellis himself believes it was the necessary foundation for his subsequent studies in sex psy-

chology. In this he does scant justice to the genuine importance of his life work. The truth is that he never clearly stated the problem with which he was preoccupied. He made no lasting contribution to methods for solving it. He did not add very much to the corpus of relevant data bearing upon the subject. Writing in 1894, he was not in a position to do any of these things. Stated in general terms, "Man and Woman" deals with the extent to which observed differences between men and women are due to nurture on the one hand and to constitution on the other. Put in these terms, the issue has a very definite meaning today. Both microscopic and experimental studies on sex determination, which began about ten years after the publication of "Man and Woman," have placed the question on a different plane of discussion. We know that the hereditary potentialities of the individual have their material basis in minute bodies called chromosomes lodged within the microscopic bricks or cells of which our bodies are built up. We can recognize individual pairs of these chromosomes within the cell, one member of each pair being derived from the father, the other from the mother. Apart from one exceptional pair, the maternal and paternal members of a pair are alike in each sex. The exceptional pair consists of two like members (called X and X) in the cells of a female, and two unlike members in the cells of the male (called X and Y). All the ova produced by the mother have an X chromosome. Only half the sperm in the seminal discharge of the father have an X, the other half having a Y chromosome. If the latter fertilizes an ovum, the resulting individual has an X and a Y chromosome, being thus a male. If the former fertilizes an egg-cell the resulting individual has two X chromosomes, being thus a female. In very special circumstances the influence of the X or the Y chromosome may be overridden by the absence of the necessary conditions in the environment of the embryo. An individual may then have the constitution of one sex and the characteristics of the other. Apart from such very rare contingencies we may say that sex constitution is determined at the moment of fertilization.

Beyond recognizing in a confused way that some sex differences are more deep seated, or are established more early, than others, biology had very little to say about the constitutional difference between the sexes in the year 1894. It had less to say about the way in which the constitutional difference manifests itself in different kinds of organisms and in different categories of manifest sexual characteristics. Throughout the animal kingdom the only universal difference between a male and a female is that the one produces seminal fluid and the other produces egg-cells. Generally this primary difference is coupled with anatomical distinctions (the plumage of the peacock or the antlers of the stag) and with more or less pronounced differences of behavior associated with the sexual act (the courtship dance of scorpions and

of some birds). These secondary characteristics may depend directly on the chromosomes or only indirectly inasmuch as they are promoted by the secretion of the testis or ovary, when these organs begin to function. The characteristic differences of sexual behavior in most animals are affected very little by external conditions. They depend directly or indirectly on the constitutional difference. Dr. Zuckermann's recent studies have shown us that this is not true of man's nearest allies, the monkeys. To a large extent the pattern of sexual behavior in monkeys is made up of acts which are transmitted by learning. Conceivably the two sexes may have different aptitudes for learning different patterns. The fact remains that the constitutional factor is not all-important. Contrary to common belief, there is no uniform rule of male dominance in the baboon pack. The ancient Aryan tradition of church and kitchen was a biological innovation in the evolution of the Primates.

In monkeys, as Dr. Zuckermann has shown us, the problem of disentangling the constitutional factor is far more complicated than we used to think. In mankind it is far more complicated than in monkeys. Aside from difference of sexual behavior directly related to sex itself, that is to say in common parlance, courtship and philandering, men and women differ in a variety of social customs, more or less useful like the work they perform, and more or less ornamental like the clothes they wear. In the background of all these differences we are accustomed to conceptualize something which we vaguely call temperament, like the composite face photographs sometimes shown at fairs. There used to be a clinging and confiding composite female rather like the unmarried women of Dickens, contrasted with a brisk and brutal composite male rather like most of the married women of Dickens. For any particular community at any particular stage in its history the sociological sex difference is generally speaking something quite definite. Certain activities and modes of conduct are characteristically, with few exceptions, male, others characteristically, with few exceptions, female. Towards the end of the last century, when "Man and Woman" was written, it was commonly believed that the sociological sex difference is a direct consequence of the constitutional or biological sex difference. There was scriptural warrant for the belief, and the Biblical account of creation was only beginning to lose its hold.

"Man and Woman" was mainly concerned with emphasizing the fact that the composite face is a composite face. It is not, as people almost believed when a leading physician wrote "The Unexpurgated Case against Women's Suffrage," the face of any particular person. In the light of newer knowledge we can state the problem of sex difference in mankind much more explicitly than Havelock Ellis was able to do. We are not compelled to obscure its complexity by dragging

into the discussion that very mystifying and happily obsolescent word *instinct*. Differences in social behavior, whether courtship, vocation, or less easily classified manifestations of temperament, always involve a process of learning. Any such difference may conceivably be interpreted in one of three ways. One possibility is that the X and Y chromosomes in the cells of the nervous system affect aptitude to learn one or another mode of behavior. A second possibility is that this primary difference of constitution does not directly affect aptitude to learn one or another type of behavior, but does so in a roundabout way, chiefly because the exercise of the reproductive function in one sex (the female) interferes with certain kinds of social conduct. In contemporary society maternity is compatible with few forms of regular employment outside the home. The third possibility is that the inertia of social tradition produces differences of sex behavior, because similar or dissimilar kinds of conduct in some earlier form of social organization have become sexually differentiated for one of the two previous reasons. Maternity does not make women specially suitable as warriors. Hence a bellicose society has generally assured male dominance. This may well have enabled men to monopolize activities which they are not exclusively fitted to discharge.

The conservatism with which people cling to the first or naïve view of sex differences is partly due to the fact that we never see an individual of one sex brought up in exactly the same kind of social environment as individuals of the other sex. Several considerations which have accumulated since "Man and Woman" was written show that it is not a very fruitful one. Precise and compendious researches directed to the measurement of intelligence by modern psychological tests have totally failed to reveal any significant intellectual difference between the sexes. The opponents of the early feminists triumphantly pointed to the failure of women to distinguish themselves in the more intellectualized vocations as evidence of a constitutional lack of reasoning power. Today it is as certain that their explanation was wrong as that their data were beyond dispute, and the same logic is only used in discussions about the capacities of backward peoples. Of late years anthropological studies have accumulated a wealth of historical and geographical information about the distribution of sex differences tending to shake the traditional belief that sex differences in social behaviour are directly determined by the primary difference of sex constitution. Although a polarization of behavior with respect to sex is characteristic of all human societies, there is hardly any characteristic of human behavior which is predominantly associated with one sex in all societies at all times.

The most striking evidence against the traditional view of sex differences comes from recent research in the biological field. The in-

vestigation of intermediate sexual types in the chocolate moth and the fruit fly has led to a new conception of how the X and Y chromosomes do their work. If the different behavior of men and women rested on this primary difference of constitution we should be able to classify them in different grades of maleness and femaleness according to a very simple rule, such as the scale on which the sex intergrades of the chocolate moth can be arranged. Common experience shows that there is no such simple rule. One young man may be excessively athletic, masculine, as our parents would have said, in his hobbies. He is intellectually timid, feminine, as our grandparents would have said, in his profession. His brother may be pugnacious in cross-examining or in debate, masculinoid, as we were wont to say, in his intellectual life. He has a strong distaste for "manly" sports. He is effeminate, in common parlance, on the physical side. There seems to be no regular gradation of masculinity or feminity in human beings such as we can associate with differences in the "strength" of the X and Y chromosomes in different races of the chocolate moth.

The substantial basis of the reputation which Havelock Ellis has justly gained rests on the encyclopædic series of volumes in which he has explored the variations of sexual behavior outside the range of what current custom considers to be normal. Unlike the earlier work, it contains a mine of personal research based on individual case histories. The first contribution deals with the inversion of the love object (homosexuality), the latest with the inversion of the love subject (eonism). Dealing as they do very largely with different aspects of the reversal of the usual pattern of sex behavior, they throw into sharp relief the contrast between the phenomena of anatomical intersexuality, as studied by the geneticist, and sociological intersexuality, as it manifests itself in human society. This was not the original objective of the studies. They were conceived long before the geneticist had found any answer to the riddle of intermediate sexual types in animals.

Apart from what we infer from the study of animals most of our knowledge of how the normal body discharges its functions comes from the examination of pathological conditions. In studying the body we find that the pathological condition is but an exaggeration of some aspect of the normal working of the body. Havelock Ellis realized that much the same may be true about man's "moral and prudential nature." In the 'nineties the idea was less commonplace than it has now become. More than a little intellectual courage was necessary to carry it to fruition. Every biologist knows how much our knowledge of the history of the carbohydrates in the chemical exchanges of the body owes to the study of diabetes, and what impetus cretinism and acromegaly have given to the study of the internal secretions. We do not discourage the study of alcaptonuria or Addi-

son's disease, because we regard these conditions as a handicap to the body. To the study of man's "moral and prudential nature" the prevailing attitude is quite otherwise. When a deviation from the norm has been labeled a crime or a perversion it ceases to be an object of intellectual curiosity and is appropriated by the two professions most conspicuously lacking therein. Havelock Ellis was fortunate in escaping from one of them without irreparable loss. In 1898, a year after the publication of "Sexual Inversion," Mr. Bedborough was prosecuted for selling it. The prosecution ruined him. The author himself was not victimized. He withdrew the book from publication after a German edition had already appeared. That the "Studies in Sex Psychology" are accessible in the English language is entirely due to the enterprise of an American publisher.

The importance of the studies on sex psychology is not less because they make no pretense to transcend the level of natural history. In some quarters it is now the fashion to belittle the value of investigations which are not adapted to mathematical treatment. The usefulness of mathematics in advanced sciences like physics or genetics has encouraged the notion that algebra is the hall-mark of science. Doubtless it is true that science only deals with things that are measurable. It is still more true that a great deal of the history of science has been occupied in discovering how to measure the objects of scientific inquiry and finding out what sort of measurements it is profitable to make. In every science centuries of accurate observation have gone before numerical description. Without the Arabian physicians there would be no modern chemistry. Without the herbalist and Linnæus there would have been no Mendel. The scientific study of man's social life has not passed beyond the stage when the work of a Linnæus is a fresh landmark. The real credentials of a science lie in its capacity to yield information which is a guide to practical conduct. From this standpoint the work of Havelock Ellis has a twofold significance. It provides the beginning of a new outlook on the sexual hygiene of the individual. It also focuses our attention on some essentially unstable features of the civilization in which we live.

Our views about the best way of regulating the sexual conduct of the individual are tossed about between two extremes without any guidance based on scientific study of human nature. At one time the pendulum swings towards the crudely mechanical view which identifies the sexual response with nothing more than rhythmical muscular activity. At another it reverts to the crudely mystical view which exalts the spirituality of love and leaves the all too evident difficulties of sexual adjustment a prey to abstract nouns. The standpoint which emerges from Havelock Ellis's studies is neither the one nor the other. It is more akin to the new biological outlook based on studies like

those of Dr. Zuckermann. Sexual adjustment is seen to be the building up of a composite pattern of social behavior leading up to and including the physical consummation of the sexual life. Polarity, which is an essential feature in this composite pattern, has its basis in the temperament of the individual. Which partner to the relationship assumes the dominant or passive rôle in any facet of the social pattern is not primarily fixed by anatomical idiosyncrasies. The essential condition of adjustment is that two individuals are fitted by temperament to invest the physical goal of sexual intimacy with those subtle and apparently adventitious antecedents essential to a satisfactory consummation. In the end the naïvely physiological and the heroically romantic view of sex comes to the same thing. A rational view of sexual union begins when we have ceased to speak of falling in love and have learned the meaning of growing in love.

How far differences of temperament such as determine the psycho-sexual make-up of the individual are determined by infantile experience, as Freud believes, how far by heredity, Havelock Ellis does not venture to assert. It is quite clear that he attaches great importance to the latter. The sociological importance of such a belief is considerable. If we hold the environmentalist view we are content to classify as a perversion any failure of the individual features to conform to the composite face. Having classified an individual as perverted he becomes an object for punishment, education or medical treatment, according to taste. Society is vindicated. If we take the genetic point of view we may regard it as a desirable thing to change our social arrangements so as to accommodate the existence of very different patterns of sexual union. Our primary aim will be to found the sexual union upon an understanding of the psycho-sexual types of the individuals concerned.

Such a standpoint is just as much opposed to what are commonly regarded as radical views about sex, as to the traditional ideas. The early feminists, in their reaction against male dominance, rejected polarity as a necessary condition of the sexual relationship and envisaged the partners to the ideal marriage as a pair of psychologically identical twins. No less than their opponents they wished every kind of sexual union to conform to the same pattern. In our own generation Bertrand Russell seems to be equally convinced that we can find the composite face, if we only scrub hard enough to remove the grime. It is hardly a parody of Mr. Russell's view to say that there exists something called a normal man who knows by instinct exactly how to be quite happy with the normal woman and is only prevented from doing so because both were brought up in the tenets of the Christian religion when they were normal children.

The social importance of the study of sex-psychology extends be-

yond the welfare of individual lives. Several of our leaders of scientific thought have attributed the social disequilibrium of the last few years to the fact that our knowledge of external nature has got too far ahead of our knowledge of human nature. While it may be doubted whether ignorance of human nature has much to do with the breakdown of our economic institutions there is very good reason to believe that it has much to do with the crumbling away of our social traditions under the stress of economic disaster. The nineteenth century telescoped into three generations an amazing panorama of social changes without parallel in the previous history of mankind. New patterns of social behavior succeeded one another with astonishing rapidity during a period occupied by only three generations. At the end of the nineteenth century it seemed as if Western civilization was progressing in orderly procession towards the general enlightenment, individual freedom, settled prosperity, and peace foretold by Condorcet and Godwin in the closing years of the century which preceded it. Today the Swastika symbol of the Stone Age signalizes a headlong retreat to barbarism, and half Europe is beneath the heel of the sub-men. Condorcet and Godwin, with their doctrine of human perfectibility, were not wrong, because, as their opponents said, human nature does not change. Of human nature, as of external nature, Bacon's doctrine is equally true. To be commanded, Nature must be obeyed. The nineteenth century set out to change human nature without discovering its laws of change. It imposed new modes of behavior on human beings without finding out how men must be educated if the new social pattern is to remain a stable one.

Three aspects of this pageant of social change illustrate how new strains were put upon human nature without any attempt to fortify it with new means of resistance. The opening years of the nineteenth century, following the Romilly's legislation in England, saw the sudden birth of a public attitude to the infliction of pain without parallel in previous history. Torture and public infliction of death, retributive ideas of justice were features of all ancient civilizations. While isolated sects like the Stoics or Essenes, and exceptional individuals like Erasmus or Voltaire, might condemn them, the growth of the public conscience against cruelty, well-nigh universal in the English-speaking world at the beginning of this century, did not assume an important magnitude until the American revolution. Another characteristic change of the nineteenth century was the emergence of the health cult. This was catalyzed by the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister and by a new chemical technique for the manufacture of soap on a commercial scale. The habit of frequent washing, new to Northern climates, spread over a large section of the population. Fresh air became a fetish. A new ritual of domestic hygiene brought with it distaste for bodily odors and the

fastidiousness which has now made the common marriage bed—or even the common bedroom—an object of opprobrium. A third feature of social change was the isolation of the individual. The growth of concentrated population made human life less gregarious. Large numbers of people found themselves transferred to suburbs, remote from their workmates, with no social roots where they were domiciled. As religious belief declined, one of the few ties between the family and a corporate social life disappeared.

The social reformers of the nineteenth century complacently reflected that human beings are better and safer when there is less cruelty, less dirt, and more privacy for those who want it. They believed, and rightly believed, that cruelty, disease, and superstition are eradicable nuisances. Their weakness was that they completely failed to understand that, if eradicable, the need for cruelty, dirt, and superstition is deeply rooted in human nature, fashioned as it is by our present social institutions and current methods of education. During a century which saw an extraordinary limitation of cruelty in public life, nobody asked, and few have yet asked seriously, what kind of education makes people less likely to be cruel.[1] During a period of vast improvement in public health nobody except doctors troubled themselves with the prevalence of sexual neurosis. While mankind had been forced to be less cruel and less pugnacious it had not fully learned to enjoy alternative forms of excitement. While it had made great strides in the conquest of bodily disease it was becoming afraid of the uses of the body. While the individual had gained the freedom to be alone, he had lost the means of escaping from his own loneliness.

With a growing sense of frustration civilized mankind becomes more aware of its losses than of its gains. Civilization itself becomes the enemy. Anticipating public sentiment, writers like D. H. Lawrence enlist adolescence in the exaltation of barbarism. An Austrian barber celebrates his rise to power by reviving mediæval pageantry with orgies of sadism and coprophilia. For years to come the life of Western civilization will be less gentle. There will be less reasonableness, less tolerance, more violence. We shall not harmonize the public needs of a progressive society with the private needs of individual human nature till we have a science of man's behavior. Therein lies the social importance of pioneer labors such as those which Havelock Ellis has undertaken.

[1] Educational reformers who face the issue customarily assume that the answer is obvious. It is not at all obvious, and demands searching inquiry. The North American Indians, who were notorious for excesses of cruelty to prisoners of war, showed a superstitious reverence to their children and shunned all forms of corporal violence towards them. The first generation of adolescents brought up in a freer tradition is showing today far less respect for the individual life and more aptitude for heroic brutality than its predecessor.

# SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S.

Sir Arthur Keith, F.R.S.

"IT has been half jocularly said," Sir Oliver has written in his Autobiography,[1] "that it is most important to select one's parents well, so that the new organism shall get itself well born." He then asks: "Is there any truth in such an idea?" and answers: "I have been tempted to think so." Whether we take this suggestion seriously—as we shall see Sir Oliver himself does—or merely as banter, we have to admit that he himself was fortunate in his choice of parentage, for it has clothed his great gifts of mind in a presence which is both commanding and imposing. He stands 6 ft. 3 in. in height and weighs 15 stone. His carriage is easy and dignified; his expression is both friendly and sagacious. Time has mellowed his features; the fact that his most cherished ideas have been rejected with contumely by many of his scientific contemporaries has left his temper unsoured.

Sir Oliver's appearance arrests the attention, not only of the casual observer but also that of the professional anthropologist. His high, massive head, with its upright occiput, has the shape characteristic of a race of tall men who began to invade and settle in Britain early in the second millennium B. C. This people, usually spoken of as the "Beaker Race"—because of a clay vessel usually found in their graves —has continued to reproduce its type sporadically in the population of England ever since. The Marquis of Salisbury, who, in 1902, included Sir Oliver's name in the list of knights created at the coronation of King Edward VII, was a representative of the Beaker type; so was his nephew, Lord Balfour, who entered with sympathy and zest into many of Sir Oliver's speculations. The best known, however, of the modern representatives of this ancient type was Charles Darwin; he retained the prominent eyebrow ridges and low forehead of the race, whereas in Sir Oliver's case the eyebrow ridges have been smoothed out and the forehead has become high and full.

It is strange, too, that both of these representatives of the Beaker race should have devoted their lives to the same great purpose—namely,

[1] "Past Years. An Autobiography," by Sir Oliver Lodge. Hodder & Stoughton, 1931.

to a bold endeavor to understand the nature of the universe of which they formed a living part. Instructive as well as strange it is for us to note that as the result of their inquiries they came to diametrically opposite conclusions. Darwin, fixing his gaze on the earth, saw in it all the forces which had shaped man and beast; Sir Oliver, looking upwards, has sought for the powers which create and control all forms of matter—living and dead—in the ether of space. But although Sir Oliver's interpretation of life and of mind is so different from that of Darwin, the reader must not think that he rejects the doctrine of evolution; the opposite is the case; Sir Oliver accepts Darwin's theory of man's origin. He has spoken of Charles Darwin as a "patient observer and deep thinker."

Although, as we have seen, Sir Oliver holds that there is more in the personality of every individual than can be accounted for on the score of man's parentage, yet in his own case it will repay us to inquire how far the orthodox laws of heredity may be applied to explain his own peculiar gifts. At the date of his birth, June 20, 1851, his father, Oliver Lodge, aged twenty-five, and his mother, Grace Heath, also aged twenty five, were living in North Staffordshire—on the edge of the Potteries—their home being in Penkhull, a suburb of Stoke-on-Trent. At this time his father earned a livelihood as a cashier in the head office of a local railway company. His father, whom we shall designate Oliver 2, was the twenty-third child of the Rev. Oliver Lodge (Oliver 1), who held a living in Essex and afterwards in Cambridgeshire. He was an Irishman; the mother of Oliver 2 was an Irish lady; altogether Oliver 1 had a family of twenty-five children. Oliver 2 had a family of eight, seven of them being boys, of whom Oliver 3 was the eldest. Constance Lodge, who became Principal of Westfield College and a historian of note, was the youngest of the family. The Lodges were tall: Sir Richard Lodge, the historian, the fourth of the family, stands 6 ft. 5 in. and his sons are still taller. Two of the Penkhull family developed mathematical ability of a high order—namely, Sir Oliver himself and his brother Alfred. This ability came to them not from their father's, but from Mrs. Lodge's side. Her nephew won distinction as a mathematician. She, too, came of a clerical family.

In due time Sir Oliver himself married; in 1877 he and Mary Marshall faced life together; bridegroom and bride were of the same age—namely, twenty-six—a year more than in his own parents' case. The traditional stork, which had waited so assiduously on former generations of Lodges, did not forsake them; they became the parents of twelve children. As we have seen, Sir Oliver does not look on birth as most of us do. Unless we are aware of his unorthodox interpretation of the facts of birth, we shall be puzzled by a remark he makes in his autobiography regarding his own children. The remark is this:

"Often have I half humorously expressed gratitude that such delightful people thought it worth while to come and live with us... I have sometimes chaffed the twins [his youngest daughters] who arrived last, by saying that when the door was closing they just managed, both of them, to squeeze through." Then he asked the question: "How comes it that they are so admirable? It is not my doing. It is not good to be so busy that one cannot attend to the children, but roughly speaking that was my case. Their mother's influence must have been supreme." When we come to examine, as we shall do presently, the whole-hearted way in which Sir Oliver devoted himself to the development of new and difficult fields of knowledge we must keep in mind his home responsibilities if we are to understand the magnitude of the task he undertook and which he brought to a successful issue.

Early in Sir Oliver's childhood his father gave up his stool in the office of the Stafford Railway Company and started business on his own account. He opened an agency for the supply of materials needed by master potters. He immersed himself in business and was soon successful. Oliver's mother kept the accounts of the business and also looked after the affairs of her household and family. As the boys grew up they were sent off to live in preparatory schools. Oliver went to Newport Grammar School, Shropshire, at the age of eight, boarding in the house of a clergyman who had married his aunt. At the age of fourteen his schooling ended, and he entered his father's business. Like all men of genius he looks back on his schools and schoolmasters critically; he liked geography, history, and Euclid, and they gave him grammar and classics. As a matter of fact there is only one kind of education possible for a boy so strangely constituted as was Oliver Lodge, that is the kind known as self-education. Sir Oliver has been his own schoolmaster; he owes the high position he has taken in the world to this fact. Certainly Samuel Smiles influenced him; he read "Self-Help" with avidity and also a fair share of the fiction which appealed to the youth of his time. Astronomy fascinated him; when he made a model out of homely things to illustrate peculiarities in the rising of the harvest moon he was revealing, quite unconsciously, the individual bent of his genius.

But I fear as he drove round the Potteries with his father, to obtain orders and receive payments, he must have been a trying companion. His father was alert and observant; while he was noting all that passed him on the road or in the street, knowing everybody and remembering every name, he found that his son neither observed nor remembered. He had already become introspective. His gaze was turned inwards in search of the unseen causes of outward appearances.

And so life went on in the Lodge household until 1873, when Oliver entered the twenty-second year of his age. A train of events,

only some of which I need mention here, led to his departure from home. Years before, during a visit to London, he had heard Professor Tyndall lecture on "Heat as a Mode of Motion"; he attended other lectures while staying with his London aunt and became particularly interested in electricity. On his return from this visit he devoted his spare time to the making of experiments in chemistry and physics with homely apparatus, and to reading the *English Mechanic,* the *Penny Cyclopedia,* and such works as helped him to a knowledge of the elements of science. He attended classes at the Wedgwood Institute, Burslem, on chemistry and allied subjects. He again made a visit to London and passed the Matriculation examination of the University of London. The Science and Art Department held examinations in Burslem; he took Heat, Light, Sound, Magnetism, Electricity, Mechanics, Algebra, Geometry, and Steam as his subjects—eight in all. He obtained a first-class in all of them. One result of this signal success—he owns that he really enjoyed examinations—was that he obtained a grant from the Government which permitted him to study in the Royal College of Science, South Kensington, London. His father gave a reluctant consent. At the Royal College of Science he might have worked under Huxley but preferred Frankland, the chemist. He was blessed with deft fingers and excelled at manipulation. He strove for extreme accuracy in his analyses; he worked out his quantities and percentages to the second or third decimal place. At this time he also passed the examination needed for the first part of the B.Sc. degree of the University of London.

After a busy winter in London he returned to his father's business in the summer of 1873. In the autumn of that year an event happened which decided him to abandon business and trust to science for a livelihood. His father's affairs had taken him to Yorkshire in the month of September; he noted that the British Association for the Advancement of Science was meeting in Bradford. He resolved to attend and sought out Section A (Mathematics and Physics) and frequented its meetings. There he saw the leading mathematicians of the time, including the man who was to fire his enthusiasm for pure science, James Clerk Maxwell. The president of the section noted the presence of the lank young visitor and threw him into a state of ecstasy by speaking to him. Oliver Lodge thereupon resolved he was to be one of them. A few years later he became the secretary of Section A; in 1891—at the age of forty—he became its president; in 1913 he was elected president of the whole Association.

On his departure for London at the end of 1873 Oliver was regarded by his father as a deserter from duty. Two of his younger brothers had just obtained scholarships at Oxford University; Oliver resolved to win one in the home of mathematicians—Cambridge, but

Cambridge preferred another. So in January, 1874, he resolved to study mathematics and physics at University College, London, and complete the examinations needed for the degree of B.Sc. in the University of London. An unexpected thing happened to him when he entered University College. Carey Foster, the Professor of Physics, enrolled him, not as a student, but as a demonstrator and teacher, at a salary of £50 per annum. It is strange that a man who was to play so prominent a part in the university life of his time never was a resident undergraduate in any university. He passed his days in Carey Foster's laboratory teaching and researching; he spent his nights in cheap lodgings in Camden Town, immersed in study and thought. One book had become his Bible of Science—Clerk Maxwell's treatise on "Electricity and Magnetism" which appeared just before he entered Carey Foster's laboratory. As my readers may know, Clerk Maxwell in this treatise gave a mathematical treatment to observations which Faraday had made on the flow of electric currents. In due time, as we shall see, Oliver Lodge demonstrated that the electro-magnetic waves which Clerk Maxwell had proved to exist in theory did also exist in reality. Simultaneously, but quite independently, these waves or pulses were discovered in Germany by Heinrich Hertz. As we shall see, it was from Hertz rather than from Lodge that Marconi drew inspiration.

Almost the first research he undertook, on entering University College, was to study, in association with his chief, Carey Foster, the lines of flow which appeared between two electrodes when these are applied to a conducting surface. These lines were plotted out theoretically and verified experimentally. The nature of this research shows the influence which the discoveries of Faraday and of Clerk Maxwell were exerting on the mind of young Oliver Lodge. We see the same influence at work when he constructed "a model to illustrate mechanically the passage of electricity through metals, electrolytes, and dielectrics according to Maxwell's theory." Maxwell's theory became his special study; his knowledge and application of it to explain electrical phenomena gained for him in 1877 the degree of Doctor of Science in the University of London.

After serving Carey Foster as demonstrator and then as assistant for seven years—that is, from 1874 to 1881—Dr. Oliver Lodge succeeded in being appointed to a chair of Physics in University College, Liverpool—a college which was then being established in that city. The Liverpool phase of his career proved to be the most fertile and most brilliant of a busy and successful life, but before we follow him northwards there are certain aspects of his life in London which we must touch on now. There is first the "bread and butter" problem which every dependent young man has to face who resolves to devote himself to science. This problem in his case became acute in 1877; it

was in this year that his resolution to keep clear of matrimony and all social entanglements, so that he might live alone for science, broke down; it was in this year that he married Mary Marshall and so saved his soul. He was angry with Mary's guardian for darkening the idealism of a lover by a stipulation about income. He had to satisfy her guardian that his income had reached £400 a year, otherwise matrimony could not be contemplated. So he set to work furiously; besides filling his post at University College, he was appointed to lecture on physics to the newly founded college for women—Bedford College. He sought to augment his income by correcting examination papers at so much a score. He was able by a superhuman effort to make not only £400 a year, but almost double that sum. And thus earned the right to marry.

He proved to have the gift of clear exposition to an uncommon degree; he was a born teacher. It was during his time at University College, London, that two inventions appeared in England—Graham Bell's telephone and Edison's phonograph. His exposition of the principles underlying these discoveries filled the larger theater of University College with enthusiastic listeners. He became a prince among the popular lecturers of his day.

One other aspect of his life in London must be alluded to. Will not a young man immersed in the pursuit of one branch of knowledge and sacrificing the social side of life to attain preëminence in his chosen profession, tend to become a technician rather than an educated man? Oliver Lodge did run this danger, but he was saved by the depth and width of his sympathies. Education is not knowledge but insight—intelligent insight into all phases of human life and endeavor, past and present. It was the philosophy of John Ruskin, not of John Stuart Mill, which appealed to him. He was born great-hearted; he was sensitive to the misfortunes of his fellows; he was public-minded; never for a moment has he given way to a petty jealousy or cavilled over matters of priority. And always he has been insistent in proclaiming the truth as it appeared to him.

He was thirty years of age when he made his home in Liverpool, where he was destined to remain from 1881 until the end of the century. He found a building which had been used as a mad-house being converted to serve as a college. His laboratory was carved out of rooms which had been occupied by patients—one had been a padded cell. He soon made his name and laboratory known throughout the world. The age of electricity was just beginning; the discoveries of Faraday were being applied to industry. The improvement of the dynamo had made the production of electricity possible; the problem was how to store this new source of power when it was produced. Professor Lodge threw himself successfully into the production of secondary or storage

batteries which could be used in commercial enterprises. He made no secret of the manner in which he overcame practical difficulties; he published his discoveries as soon as they were made.

One of his earliest researches at Liverpool was to explain an observation made by Tyndall. When a hot piece of metal is placed in a beam of electric light, black smoke appears to rise from it. Professor Lodge discovered that the appearance is due to molecules of hot air, which rise from the hot body, bombarding and driving away from the body the specks of dust in the air. Thus the body comes to be surrounded by a dust-free space—which appears dark because the light passes through it without scattering. The opposite happens when warm air surrounds a cool body; the adjacent particles of dust are driven towards, and settle on, the cool surface, as happens above gas stoves and above radiators placed against walls. He found that when a metal rod was electrified it caused dust specks to disappear from the surrounding air with great rapidity. At a later date this discovery was applied to commercial purposes by one of Sir Oliver's sons.

After Professor Lodge had been a few years in Liverpool he was invited, by the Royal Society of Arts, to give a lecture in London on "Lightning Conductors." Following his usual practice he devised experiments to demonstrate to his audience the manner in which a conducting metal rod protects a building from lightning. In the course of making these experiments he made three fundamental discoveries. He demonstrated (1) that the discharge from a Leyden jar gave rise to electric waves along "insulated conductors going right round the lecture theater"; he not only demonstrated the existence of such ways but also measured their length. (2) He discovered the "coherer principle"—"the fact that a couple of knobs in light contact, not sufficient to transmit a current, cohered" whenever even a minute spark passed. He thus discovered in his laboratory in Liverpool not only the existence of waves now known as "wireless," but also a means of detecting them. (3) He discovered at the same time the principle which underlies the practice known to wireless or "radio" listeners as "tuning in." Saul went out to find his father's asses and found a kingdom. Oliver Lodge went out to find how lightning conductors work and brought home tidings of a new world.

His lecture on lightning conductors appeared in the *Philosophical Magazine* for August, 1888. His discovery and measurement of electric waves—"conducted along wires"—was mentioned at the close of the article. He was proud of the discovery he had made; not because of any practical gain but because it was a realization of an early dream—that some day he would find a proof of the truth of Clerk Maxwell's theory of light and of electricity. He did not stop to think whether or

not his discovery had any practical application but set out for a well-earned holiday in the Tyrol.

Just before setting out he learned that his friend Heinrich Hertz, whom he had met several years before in Berlin, as assistant to Von Helmholtz, had been investigating the spread of "electric force" and had demonstrated that it passed into space in the form of waves. It is characteristic of Lodge that he felt no tinge of jealousy towards Hertz. The opposite was the case; he exerted himself to make Hertz's discoveries known in England.

It was while in Liverpool that Sir Oliver took to the game of golf; he learned not only to hit the ball but to "follow through" after he had hit. In the great game of science it was the "follow through" that he lacked. When he had opened up the field now known as "wireless," he left its practical exploitation to others. In 1894, that is six years after he had discovered the existence of electric waves, he gave demonstrations in London and in Oxford of a method of signalling by means of these waves.

Two years later—in 1896—the British Association held its annual meeting in Liverpool. Sir W. H. Preece—knowing nothing of the researches of Hertz or of Lodge—"announced to Section A at Liverpool that a Mr. Marconi had come from Italy with a box giving a *quite new* system of space telegraphy." One can forgive Sir Oliver for feeling slightly sore when Sir W. H. Preece, an electrical engineer, made this announcement in Sir Oliver's adopted city. But he was the first to recognize and acknowledge the immense importance of the discoveries which the genius of Marconi had added to those made by Hertz and by himself.

With the demonstration of the existence of electric waves and a verification of Clerk Maxwell's theory, Sir Oliver turned his attention to the ether which was supposed to fill all space and to serve as a medium for the propagation of light and of electro-magnetic waves. Attempts had been made to prove that ether existed in reality as well as in theory, but with negative results. The elaborate experiments which he made in Liverpool to prove the existence of ether he regards as "the most important of his life." He designed what has been described as an "ether-whirling" machine. The liberality of a friend, Mr. George Holt, enabled him to erect this "cute" and costly apparatus in his laboratory. Like others before him, he had to acknowledge defeat. When he published the results of his experiments in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1893 he confessed that he had failed to elicit any positive evidence of the existence of ether. The younger physicists of today deny its existence. "Let us try to keep the question open," Sir Oliver wrote in 1931. As we shall see he not only postulates the existence of an ether as a universal constituent of space, but ascribes to it qualities

which I, as a biologist, find hard to believe. Mind and intelligence he believes to be derived from the ether.

Hitherto we have concentrated attention on the additions which Sir Oliver Lodge has made to our knowledge of physics, but we must turn now to his inquiries into what seems to most people a totally different realm of the "imponderables"—that of psychics. Sir Oliver, we shall see, believes that the ultimate secrets of physics and psychics, of body and of mind, lie hid together in the ether of space.

Up to the time of his arrival in Liverpool he had accepted the doctrine held then by most men of science, namely, that body and mind were inseparable. In London he had met F. W. H. Myers and E. Gurney, founders of the Society for Psychical Research—the society which is known, for short, as the S.P.R.—but they failed to enlist his interest. Soon after his arrival in Liverpool he was called upon to investigate certain cases of "thought transference" or telepathy. The result of a prolonged investigation was to convince him that the human brain could receive impressions from another brain—not through eye or ear, but by some unknown means.

It was possible for Sir Oliver to believe in the existence of thought transference and still accept the teaching of orthodox biologists. But when in 1889 an American medium, named Mrs. Piper, placed him in communication with his dead aunt and with others who had long since "passed over," he found himself compelled to give up orthodox biology. The "phenomena" elicited from Mrs. Piper, while she was in a state of trance, could be explained, so he believed, only by supposing that a human body is merely the husk of an ethereal duplicate, known as the spirit or soul. The ethereal duplicate could temporarily vacate the body—as many savage peoples believe. At death the physical body disappeared but the ethereal passed out into space, and although it became merged with the ether yet retained its individual identity.

More and more the investigation of psychical cases seized his attention and occupied his time. The announcement of the results of his researches, which he published from year to year, have been received by his scientific colleagues with a tired indifference. Nor is it possible for those trained in the manifestations of life to reconcile psychical phenomena, which are accepted by him as genuine, with biological fact. Yet Sir Oliver owes his high position in the popular esteem of the modern world not so much to his discoveries in the world of science as to his revelations from the realms of the Unseen.

At the beginning of the present century, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, on looking round England for a man to fill the principalship of the University, which the city of Birmingham had just set up, let his choice fall on the Professor of Physics in Liverpool. After some hesitation Sir Oliver accepted and with his arrival in Birmingham, as he entered his

fiftieth year, his life entered a new phase—one which is humdrum compared to those which had gone before. He stipulated before accepting the principalship for a laboratory in which to continue his physical researches, but with twelve young souls at home to be clothed and educated, with a young university to build, equip, and advertise, with problems of finance and of organization to solve, we need not wonder that his output of research fell far short of the record he had established in Liverpool and in London. More and more he was called on to advise in questions of university education and to expound the latest advances in physical science to the English-speaking world—for in clarity of thought and of speech he had no equal. He became immersed more and more in the affairs of the unseen world. In the Great War he lost his favored son, Raymond; a book bearing his son's name on its title-page gives revelations which excited the greatest interest when published.

At the end of the war, and at the age of sixty-nine, Sir Oliver resigned from the Principalship of the University of Birmingham and ultimately found a home for his "retirement," on the edge of Salisbury Plain and quite near to the famous megalithic monument of Stonehenge. In his "retirement," as during the days of his principalship, he was busy and successful as author and lecturer. In 1927 he and Lady Lodge celebrated in the midst of their family the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. Two years later Lady Lodge died; she was beloved by all who had the fortune to meet her.

Were I to give merely the titles of the books Sir Oliver has written and references to the communications he has made to scientific societies and scientific journals, it would be necessary for me to add about ten pages of close type to this chapter. For example, the titles of the scientific papers published during the nineteen years he lived in Liverpool occupied five columns of printed matter in the Catalogue of Scientific Papers of the Royal Society. Information concerning his life, his discoveries, and his beliefs will be found in "Past Years. An Autobiography" (1931), "Letters from Sir Oliver Lodge," by J. Arthur Hill (1932), "My Philosophy" (1933), "Advancing Science" (1931). His first book in Science—"Elementary Mechanics"—was published in 1876, for which he received £100, a sum which was of great assistance when he married in the following year. Other books in science are: "Modern Views of Electricity" (1884), "Lightning Conductors" (1892), "Pioneers of Science," "Atoms and Rays" (fourth edition, 1931), "Easy Mathematics, chiefly Arithmetic." His contributions to Psychical Research will be found in the *Proceedings* of the Society of that name. Also in "Ether and Reality" (1925), "Phantom Walls" (1929), "Why I Believe in Immortality" (1928), "The Survival of Man" (1909), "Life and Matter" (1905), "Man and the Universe," etc.

# 'ABDUL 'AZIZ IBN SA'UD

*King of Sa'udi Arabia*

H. St. J. B. Philby

SINCE the beginning of the eighteenth century the clan of Sa'ud, a branch of the great Badawin tribe of 'ANAZA, has exercised in Arabia an effective domination varying in territorial extent and administratve authority with the political vicissitudes of more than two hundred years. About the middle of that century the family, then based on the oasis of Dar'iya in the Central Arabian valley of Wadi Hanifa, became almost unconsciously a potential world-force by its adhesion to the Islamic puritan revival ushered in by the preaching of Muhammad ibn 'Abdul Wahhab. From that day to this, Wahhabism, as it was dubbed by its critics and enemies, has remained the keynote and motive force of Arabian politics. From that day to this, Arabia—or that part of it which has at any given time been under the rule of the Sa'ud dynasty —has been both in theory and practice a theocratic State based on the sovereignty of the Sacred Law (or *Shar'*). The head of the family has ever combined in his person the temporal and spiritual authority of the realm, while the essentially democratic spirit of the Arab people has imposed on him an effective obligation to consult in their respective spheres both the tribal chiefs and the recognized religious leaders of the community. The fusion of temporal and spiritual authority has been the very foundation of Arabian progress.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century the Wahhabi State was consolidated within its desert frontiers by an aggressive policy of fanatical militancy. The success of the movement had begun to constitute a serious menace to the Turkish Empire by 1800, and a desultory war of varying fortunes resulted in 1818 in the crushing defeat of the Wahhabis and the complete destruction of their capital by Ibrahim Pasha, the son of the Egyptian viceroy, Muhammad 'Ali. For the next generation Arabia passed under a vague and restive Egyptian or Turkish domination, but the embers of Wahhabi fanaticism, scattered as they had been, were never wholly extinguished. Under Turkey the movement began to revive in the new capital of

Riyadh, and the middle of the nineteenth century saw the authority of the Sa'ud dynasty once more reconstituted, though in a less menacing form than before, under Faisal. The Sa'ud dynasty once more ruled unchallenged through the length and breadth of desert Arabia without itself challenging the Turkish provinces on its borders. The death of Faisal in 1867, the civil strike that followed between his sons 'Abdullah and Sa'ud, the forward policy of the great Turkish proconsul, Midhat Pasha, in 1870, and the rise of a rival Arabian dynasty under a series of distinguished princes of the Rashid clan of the Shammar tribe at Haïl: combined during the next generation to weaken the Wahhabi foundations; and by 1890 the Sa'ud dynasty had lost its hold of Arabia. Its scions were scattered in exile with little prospect of return to its ancient patrimony; and the last surviving son of Faisal found a refuge for himself and his family at Kuwait, a little fishing-port and commercial entrepôt on the Persian Gulf coast, which by the end of the century had become the cynosure of European diplomacy as the potential and much-desired terminus of the projected German railway line from Berlin to Baghdad. Shaikh Mubarak of Kuwait was the right man in the right place to confront the difficult circumstances of those times, and his astute conduct of the affairs of his little principality in an atmosphere of constant intrigue and intimidation cannot but have served as an object lesson to a young man, one of his guests, who was destined to outshine all the heroes of Arabian history with the single exception of the Prophet Muhammad himself.

'Abdul 'Aziz ibn Sa'ud was born in 1880, the second son and third child of his father, 'Abdul Rahman, who was himself the fourth and youngest son of Faisal. His expectations at birth were thus of the slenderest, while the death of two of his uncles without issue and of his elder brother, Faisal, were discounted, so far as his prospects were concerned, by the numerous progeny of his third uncle, Sa'ud, and the collapse of the Wahhabi throne after the battle of Mulaida in 1891. For a decade he led the life of a princeling in exile, imbibing from his father the austere principles of Wahhabi philosophy blended with the lofty traditions of a house that had ruled Arabia for two centuries, while he sat at the feet of Mubarak for instruction of a more mundane nature. The importance of these formative years cannot be exaggerated in any attempt to estimate the character and achievements of Ibn Sa'ud whose career spans the period of the world's transition from the old order to the new. His achievement is perhaps unique in contemporary history in that he has preserved intact a system inherited from the past while enhancing its prestige and relative importance and adapting it to meet the strain of greatly changed political and economic circumstances. Nowhere else in Asia—with the single ex-

ception of Japan—does the position of today represent the logical development of tendencies having their roots deep down in the past. Yet, even as late as 1912, Samuel Zwemer, an acute, if hostile, observer of Arabian affairs, could leave unchanged his earlier declaration that the old Wahhabi system was dead forever. In that very year a colony of Wahhabi fanatics was planted by Ibn Sa'ud at the desert wells of Artawiya, and the renaissance of Arabia since then has been one of the surprises of the modern world.

It was, however, in the first year of the twentieth century that 'Abdul 'Aziz ibn Sa'ud, weary of idling away his youth on the shores of the Persian Gulf where a cloud no bigger than a man's hand already presaged the storm that would shake the world, launched out into the Arabian desert with a mere handful of kindred spirits on an adventure that promised plenty of excitement but little in the way of practical results. Simultaneously Shaikh Mubarak initiated a campaign against Ibn Rashid which ended disastrously at the battle of Sarif early in 1901. 'Abdul 'Aziz was forced by this misadventure to withdraw from his contemplated attack on Riyadh, but remained in the desert in spite of his father's entreaties and orders that he should return to Kuwait. Unable to attempt any serious operation with his small force, he wandered in the desert for the best part of a year between the Hasa and the northern confines of the Empty Quarter. The life itself was full of enjoyment for one of his temperament, while within him was ever the inward urge to strike a blow for the ancestral throne. Gaining confidence from the great mobility of his small force which enabled him to carry out bold raids against the enemy, he decided at the end of 1901 to make a bid for his main objective. Rapid night marches brought him unheralded to the precincts of the capital on January 15, 1902. With only ten men he entered the city by night over its dilapidated walls and forced an entry into the house of the Rashidian governor occupied only by women. And there, reading the Qurân and consuming the governor's coffee and dates, he awaited the dawn at a lattice commanding the gateway of the great fort where the governor was wont to sleep for his greater safety. At dawn the gates were thrown open and the governor stalked out with his henchmen to be met in the intervening space by the bold invaders. In a few minutes the issue was decided and 'Abdul 'Aziz ibn Sa'ud was master of Riyadh, whose citizens flocked to the fort to celebrate the return of the prodigal.

A new star had arisen in Arabia. The new régime had begun, and the Wahhabi State stood forth once more like a giant refreshed to run a race that is not yet ended. His father having already abdicated all his rights to the throne, 'Abdul 'Aziz was proclaimed ruler of Riyadh, the thirteenth sovereign of Wahhabi Arabia reckoned from the

eponymous Sa'ud. And almost at the same time news was brought to him that the wife he had left at Kuwait had given birth to a son and heir, who was named Turki. All the auspices were favorable, but the possession of Riyadh was but a beginning. Accounts had yet to be settled with 'Abdul 'Aziz ibn Rashid, behind whom lay vaguely the Turkey of 'Abdul Hamid and, still more vaguely behind that, a world in travail. And no one in all that world foresaw, or could reasonably foresee, the future that awaited the young man who had captured Riyadh. That sapling would outlive the storm that would fell all the trees of the forest. Queen Victoria was already gone, full of years and honor, and with her England would lose her unique position in the world to remain but *primus inter pares* in the world's concert. But her challengers would be toppled over into annihilation by the brewing typhoon. The German Kaiser, the Austrian Emperor and the Russian Tsar would go forever, leaving unruly democracies in their wake. Curzon's India would soon become a memory; South Africa would gain in peace what she had fought for in vain; and the British Empire was already steering towards the Statute of Westminster. The days of 'Abdul Hamid were numbered, and the new spirit was shaking the Persian Shahs from their historic throne. Everywhere there was wailing and gnashing of teeth, to which Arabia replied with "a long sighing" as of rebirth. If his contemporaries were not aware of the existence or possibilities of 'Abdul 'Aziz ibn Sa'ud, he was as little aware of the doom that awaited them or of the existence of the new contemporaries with whom he would fall to be weighed in the scales of history—Mussolini, Mustafā Kemāl, Riza Pahlavi, Zaghlul Pasha, Gandhi, Chiang-Kai-Shek, Lloyd George, Clemenceau or Poincaré, Lenin or Trotsky or Stalin, Venizelos, Masaryk, Franklin Roosevelt, Hitler, and the rest.

The first four years of the restoration were years of strenuous warfare and rapid administrative consolidation. Ibn Sa'ud was almost continuously in the field pushing the Shammar forces gradually northward into their proper domain, while at Riyadh his father deputized for him in reconstructing the administration. The provinces south of the capital fell in easily enough, for, indeed, they had never been effectively governed by the usurper during the interregnum. Northward the new ruler's task was more difficult, but his progress was steady until the key province of the Qasim was reached in 1904. Ibn Rashid, fighting ever a losing battle against the rising tide of Wahhabism, appealed to the Turks, who now began to appreciate the seriousness of the new situation in the Arabian desert. Accordingly General Ahmad Faizi Pasha was dispatched from Baghdad with a number of infantry battalions and some artillery. The enemy took up a position at Bukairyia in the valley of Wadi Rima and Ibn Sa'ud accepted the chal-

lenge. He was wounded in the ensuing battle, which was of a somewhat indecisive character but left the Turks dangerously in the air. A truce was arranged on the condition of their immediate evacuation, and the Turks were never again seen in Central Arabia. The two Arab rivals thus had the field to themselves, and in 1906 issue was joined between them at the battle of Raudhat al Muhanna. 'Abdul 'Aziz ibn Rashid was killed, and his death was the signal for an outbreak of appalling anarchy and bloodshed at Haïl. No fewer than five princes occupied the Shammar throne between 1906 and 1908, when at last a minor, Sa'ud ibn 'Abdul 'Aziz, was enthroned under the regency of the able andd evoted Ibn Subhan family. Peace was made with Ibn Sa'ud, who was left to consolidate his position in the difficult and turbulent province of the Qasim after his own fashion; and after this the tranquillity of Arabia was only disturbed by sporadic risings, the most important and dangerous of which was one organized by the young ruler's own cousins, the descendants of his uncle Sa'ud and thus the senior claimants to the Wahhabi throne. This movement was crushed in due course, but not without an effort, as the older branch of the family enjoyed considerable popularity in some sections of the tribal population.

Meanwhile Arabia itself was taking definite shape. In 1905 the Imam Yahya began his still unfinished reign in the Yaman amidst the alarums and excursions of a long and bitter conflict between the local Arabs and the Turkish forces which maintained the Sultan's precarious hold on the richest and most distant of the Arabian provinces. Three years later 'Abdul Hamid yielded to the inevitable and Turkey received a constitution, which had its repercussions in the Arabian provinces in the shape of an increasingly serious Arab nationalist movement, particularly in Syria and Iraq. And in the same year Sharif Husain was appointed by the Turkish Government to the vacant Amirate of Mecca, an apparently "safe" nomination which in fact set the stage for the ultimate divorce of Arabia from the Turkish Empire. These events did not pass unheeded by Ibn Sa'ud, who must at this time, if not earlier, have formulated in his own mind the ambition of emulating the imperial achievements of his ancestors. History had disclosed the inherent defect of the Arab system—a loose-knit society of independent and centrifugal elements, based on the shifting sands of pastoral nomadism. The human material was excellent and it needed but the galvanizing force of a great cause or a great personality to weld it into an effective military machine capable of far-reaching achievements. Its weakness was an inherent tendency to slip back into lethargy when the cause or the person lost its appeal or disappeared from the scene. The original Wahhabi revival had petered out for want of new worlds to conquer, while Muhammad ibn Rashid had on his death left his

throne and mission to a less magnetic personality. 'Abdul 'Aziz ibn Sa'ud stepped into the breach to prove that he had all the necessary qualifications for a leader of the Arabs. He had now but to give his régime a *raison d'être* and to build up the necessary foundations to make it permanent. To this new task in Arabian politics he gave himself unreservedly, and the direction in which his mind was working was revealed by the first-fruits of his policy. In 1912 he founded at Artawiya the first of the many militant revivalist colonies which have been the distinguishing feature of twentieth-century Wahhabism. Its nucleus was a mosque, built at the charge of the public treasury, and a preacher, the redoubtable 'Uthman ibn Sulaiman al Jubail, who is still alive and active. Its personnel was recruited entirely from the Badawin tribes—in this case the Harb and Mutair. Its constitution demanded of the settlers the renunciation of all tribal and personal loyalties in favor of the true faith and its sovereign. Its sustenance was to be derived from agriculture. The Badawin and the land were to be reclaimed simultaneously from their traditional barrenness to the glory of God, in whose cause the colony was organized on a military basis as a territorial army cantonment provided with arms by the State. Artawiya grew rapidly from the original hamlet to be a town with more than ten thousand inhabitants, and the perfection of its design is sufficiently proved by the fact that it has served as a model for the hundred or more colonies that have followed it into existence. The war services of this organization will scarcely be disputed. What is of greater import is that it has effectively stood the strain of peace and that the religious law has displaced the Badawin customary code throughout the length and breadth of Wahhabi Arabia. Within those limits the old pastime of raid and counter-raid has been abolished. Within those limits there are peace and security such as have never been experienced in Arabia before. And it is only where the frontiers of Ibn Sa'ud march with other States that there still lingers something of the old romantic insecurity of life and property. If Ibn Sa'ud were to be judged on this achievement alone (including the unprecedented safety of the pilgrim-caravans to Mecca and Madina) he would be entitled to a distinguished niche among his contemporaries; but the credit due to him is generally accorded in silence by critics who direct their criticism at other aspects of his administration, which are largely the result of world-wide economic conditions. But the real ground of their caviling is perhaps Ibn Sa'ud's studied detachment from the world in his single-minded pursuit of Arabian unity and Arab nationalist ideals.

At this stage Ibn Sa'ud, now in his prime, had formulated his ambitions and a plan of operations. The latter he had tested in the organization of Artawiya and found feasible, while an opportunity lay ready to hand for a first step towards the realization of the former. Haïl

had been checkmated and could be left safely to the future, but Turkey still maintained in Eastern Arabia the footing gained for her by Midhat Pasha in the 'seventies, and the Hasa province was the spearhead of an ever-present Ottoman threat to the integrity of Arabia. It was characteristic of Ibn Sa'ud that he never lost time in executing a plan decided upon, and the capture of Hasa was reminiscent of the dramatic recovery of Riyadh. A boldly conceived night attack on Hufuf succeeded beyond all expectations. The Turkish garrison surrendered at discretion and within a few weeks the last Turkish soldier left Wahhabi Arabia forever. That was in 1913, and the Great War put an end to any plans the Constantinople Government may have been contemplating for the reassertion of its claims in Arabia.

In the spring of 1914 Captain W. H. I. Shakespear, the British Political Agent at Kuwait, visited Ibn Sa'ud at Riyadh in the course of a remarkable journey across the desert from Kuwait to Suez. The Wahhabi ruler welcomed this first friendly contact with Great Britain and, on the outbreak of war with Turkey, the same officer revisited him to arrange for his coöperation with the British. Ibn Rashid had already thrown in his lot with the Turks and it suited Ibn Sa'ud as well as his new friends to take up the challenge of Northern Arabia. The first pitched battle at Jarrab in January, 1915, was indecisive and Captain Shakespear unfortunately lost his life. This discouraged the British Chief Political Officer in Mesopotamia from further participation in Arabian adventures, and it was left to Sir Henry MacMahon and his staff in Egypt to give to British policy in Arabia an orientation that left Ibn Sa'ud in the air. During 1915 active negotiations were set on foot with Sharif Husain of Mecca and, in June of the following year, the Arab rebellion was launched with the rapid capture in succession of Mecca, Jidda, and Taïf. The policy of a united, independent Arabia—already the dream of Ibn Sa'ud—came to actual birth under very different auspices, and Ibn Sa'ud was isolated as an element scarcely worthy of serious consideration. He was duly assured that his interests would not be adversely affected by the new developments in Western Arabia and, at a conference at Kuwait, he gave them his half-hearted blessing in pursuance of a treaty signed at the end of 1915 between himself and the British, under which his independent status as an Arabian potentate of secondary importance was recognized. His patient endurance of a situation intolerable to one of his ambitious temperament proved him to be possessed of political genius of no mean order. He saw clearly that there was no practicable alternative to acquiescence in a scheme under which all British hopes became concentrated on Sharif Husain, with all the lavish assistance in arms and funds that that involved.

Ibn Sa'ud, however, fretted under this check to his ambitions, and

it was found necessary to send a British mission to Riyadh at the end of 1917, which remained with him till the end of the war with the object of deflecting his attention from his own growing irritation at Sharifian developments and of encouraging him to resume hostilities against Iban Rashid. An actual invasion of Shammar territory to the walls of Haïl itself had made but little headway when the war came to an end and the British mission was withdrawn. But by this time it had become evident that a serious conflict was becoming inevitable between Ibn Sa'ud and Sharif (now King) Husain. The actual occasion of this trouble was a petty frontier dispute over the oasis of Khurma which, after minor alarums and excursions, stood over the adjustment after the war. Meanwhile Ibn Sa'ud, in enjoyment of a small British subsidy since 1915, had devoted his energies to the development of his military machine on the anvil of the fanatical Ikhwan movement which had begun at Artawiya, while King Husain dissipated his enormous resources in the development of wild political ambitions which rendered the new alliance a source of embarrassment to the British.

In March, 1919, the Khurma issue was decided by Lord Curzon's eastern committee in London in favor of King Husain, and Ibn Sa'ud was warned to accept the adverse verdict quietly on pain of the British Government's displeasure and the stoppage of his subsidy. He reacted characteristically to this blow by pushing forward his army towards the Hijaz frontier. And in May the Sharifian army under the king's son, 'Abdullah, was annihilated by the Wahhabis at Turaba, which was promptly annexed. The British Government could do nothing to help its ally, Mecca and Jidda lay helplessly open to a Wahhabi attack, but Ibn Sa'ud's moderation in the hour of victory again proved his possession of political genius. He withdrew his army to Riyadh, sent a friendly mission to London the same year to discuss Arabian affairs with the British Government, and then demonstrated his military prowess by capturing highland 'Asir (1920), Haïl (1921), and Khaibar and Jauf (1922). He now proclaimed himself Sultan of Najd and was duly recognized as such by Great Britain, by this time thoroughly disgruntled by the unreasonable ambitions of King Husain and less concerned to help him than to secure the frontiers of the new mandated areas of Iraq and Trans-Jordan under his sons Faisal and 'Abdullah respectively.

British policy was now becoming definitely incompatible with the development of Ibn Sa'ud's ambitions, and the eight years ending in 1930 saw the latter at his best in a state of veiled conflict with Great Britain waged under a thin camouflage of diplomacy. A final effort on the part of the British Government to stabilize the balance of power in Arabia ended in the failure of the Kuwait Conference

in April, 1924, at which the Wahhabi representatives skillfully maintained their master's cause before the concentrated assault of all the Sharifian elements. As the result of this breakdown of diplomacy the British Government washed its hands of Arabia, discontinued all Arabian subsidies and concentrated on the maintenance of its mandated territories. Ibn Sa'ud was thus left free to deal with King Husain in his own way and in September, 1924, he launched his army against the Hejaz. The sudden fall of Taïf shocked an astonished world. Mecca was occupied in October and King Husain, abdicating in favor of 'Ali, sailed from Jidda into exile. By December of the following year Madina and Jidda had surrendered, the whole of the Hejaz except 'Aqaba (occupied by British troops) was in effective Wahhabi occupation, and on January 8, 1926, 'Abdul 'Aziz ibn Sa'ud was hailed in the Great Mosque at Mecca as King of the Hejaz. The Powers hastened to recognize the new situation and Ibn Sa'ud was master of the greater part of Arabia.

The subsequent troubles on the Iraq and Trans-Jordan frontiers, ending with the local rebellion of Faisal at Duwish and its suppression in 1930, may be regarded merely as the growing pains of the new Arabia and need not be discussed in detail. Ibn Sa'ud was confronted in the Hejaz with economic and other problems of a kind to which hitherto he had been a stranger and it was generally thought that the new Wahhabi domination would prove a serious menace to the pilgrimage and a general setback to economic and commercial progress. In fact the contrary proved the case. Ibn Sa'ud rose to the occasion nobly. The security of pilgrims was assured from the first in the most uncompromising manner. Their comfort was catered for by the admission of motor cars, hitherto sternly discouraged by King Husain. Motor services were developed between all important points in the country. A chain of wireless stations was rapidly established for the improvement of communications. A new silver and nickel currency was introduced and many other administrative improvements were undertaken, including a new and free water supply to Jidda in 1933. Until the economic depression of 1931 Arabia was undoubtedly making rapid strides towards prosperity and, though this rapid progress was not achieved without the commission of mistakes in the administrative sphere, it is scarcely the fault of Ibn Sa'ud that Arabia has latterly suffered like the rest of the world from the economic storm that has burst on her. As soon as the economic trend of events was recognized the Wahhabi Government of Sa'udi Arabia, as the whole kingdom has been styled since 1932, set to work vigorously to introduce various administrative reforms and economies, and the thirty-third year of Ibn Sa'ud's stewardship in Arabia (the ninth of his kingship) opens with good hopes of a prosperous future. There is much yet to be done, but solid

foundations have been laid and, so far as the future is concerned, there is nothing sinister in the truth that all that has been done in the past thirty years has been the work of one man working against the heavy odds of immemorial tradition and hostile nature.

If at this stage in Ibn Sa'ud's career—for at fifty-three he is still in his prime and can look forward normally to many years of further service to the Arab cause—the clouds of war, fraught with immense possibilities for good and evil, lower over the southern frontier where the desert marches with Arabia Felix, he can point to the long and once-troubled line of the north which now divides this realm peacefully from the territories under British protection and, above all, he can regard with calm satisfaction the vast territories under his own rule, where he has peopled the desert solitudes with numerous colonies and given them peace. And he can point to the holy places of his faith purged of their ancient evil and superstitious practices and made safe for the pilgrims that flock to them from the wide world over. On the whole he has been spared, and has never courted, the modern limelight that plays upon the actions of his neighbors that have shared with him the task of leading the East out of bondage. But, if his methods have been different from theirs, his achievement has been no less astonishing—his only monument the realm he has built up with his own hands on the foundations of the faith inherited from his ancestors.

# JEAN SIBELIUS

H. C. Colles

JEAN SIBELIUS is now in his sixty-ninth year. His countrymen honored his fiftieth birthday (December 8, 1915) by the issue of a commemorative medal bearing his portrait. He was already Finland's national hero in music, and his fame rested primarily on works for orchestra, symphonies and symphonic poems, among the latter several relating to the national epic poem, *The Kalevala.* His powerful Symphony in E flat (No. 5) arrived in his year of Jubilee, 1915.[1] He was then known to English people by a number of his works played in our concert rooms; he had paid several visits to this country, notably one in 1908, when the Philharmonic Society invited him to conduct his Symphony in C (No. 3), a work which recalls an English friendship by his dedication to Granville Bantock, and another in 1912, when at the instance of Henry J. Wood he produced his Fourth Symphony at what proved to be the last of the Birmingham Festivals.

But it is doubtful whether in 1915 an English editor would have thought of including the name of Sibelius in a book of "Great Contemporaries," a book which in its nature can include only a few representatives of greatness in the art of music. The names of Elgar, Delius, Debussy, Puccini among his contemporaries, possibly even Saint-Saëns and Max Bruch with others of his elders, would all have occurred sooner than Sibelius's as the representative composer for such a series of monographs as this. Scriabin's *Poem of Fire* had lately come near to producing a conflagration of the Thames, but he had died on the eve of hurling yet another brand into those inflammable waters. Other composers with the same initial letter as that of Sibelius and Scriabin would certainly have been preferred before either of them. Indeed, there are at least three such alive today whom many would expect to find in any record of great contemporaries which acknowledges eminence in the art of music as a symptom of greatness.

[1] In the matter of chronology of Sibelius's works I follow the carefully compiled list at the end of Mr. Cecil Gray's monograph on Sibelius (Oxford University Press, 1931). For other matters of fact I am indebted to the writings and conversation of Mrs. Rosa Newmarch, who first introduced me personally to Sibelius in 1912.

Sibelius would not have been chosen outside Finland twenty years ago. He can be chosen now, though it may safely be said that he would not be chosen in any other country than this. Germany has esteemed him, but Germany, at any rate in saner moments than the present, has estimated all-comers. In America, Boston under the influence of a great conductor, Kussevitzky, welcomes the symphonies, but New York under the influence of another great conductor, Toscanini, knows very little about them. Elsewhere he is known only, if known at all, as the tone-poet of his country. Guido Pannain[1] does not include him in the number of his twelve apostles, and another Italian critic, Antonio Capri,[2] reviewing European music and musicians from 1800 to 1930, devotes only one page out of five hundred to Sibelius, beginning with the remark:

*Ma la Finlandia possiede un musicista altamente dotato, che seppe squisitamente tradurre il sentimento poetico del suo paese e del suo popolo, ed oggi gode una rinomanza europea: Giovanni Sibelius.*

If then Sibelius is the great man of his age, those English musicians who declare this of him may claim to be pioneers in the recognition of his greatness, even though their recognition is of very recent date. If some years hence after Sibelius's death his symphonies should find acceptance all the world over as the foundation of twentieth century music, in much the same way that Beethoven's have been accepted as the foundation of nineteenth century music, his present admirers, supposing them to be still alive, will be able to say "I told you so," and there is nothing that a critic enjoys saying more than that.

The present writer must forgo that enjoyment in confessing that after twenty-eight years in which the music of Sibelius has been a steadily enriching experience, he still finds a good many impediments to admitting all that his most ardent admirers claim for him. The aim of this essay is not to bestow the *a* + of the examination-room; indeed, it is not intended to assume the position of the examiner in that sense at all. Rather it is intended by a process of self-examination (which unfortunately must involve some use of the first person singular pronoun) to discover what that enriching experience has been, what factors have contributed to it and what have retarded it.

The first music by Sibelius that I heard was the symphonic poem, *Finlandia,* played at a Promenade Concert in 1906. I disliked it then and I dislike it now. My antipathy was stimulated at the first hearing by the fact that this obvious piece of orchestral gusto round about

[1] "Modern Composers," by Guido Pannain. Eng. trans. by M. Bonavia. Dent, 1932.

[2] "Musica e Musicisti d'Europa del 1800 al 1930," by Antonio Capri. Ulrico Hoepli, Milan, 1931.

a commonplace tune was introduced by the usual well-intentioned program note describing how it enshrined the soul of a people. In 1906 a good many enshrined popular souls, more particularly from Eastern Europe, had recently been dumped in London, and some of us were thinking that it was time we paid a little more attention to our own soul (Cecil Sharp was laboring to prove that we possessed one) and a little less to those of other people's. So *Finlandia* left me cold, but I realized that Mrs. Newmarch's prophecy[1] that it would "soon become as popular in our programs as the *Peer Gynt* Suites" was only too likely to be fulfilled.

Fortunately Henry Wood, pursuing that policy which has made his forty years of Promenade Concerts the greatest instrument for musical culture in the present generation, having attracted attention to Sibelius with *Finlandia,* followed up the advantage with works displaying more of the composer's own quality. In the following year his orchestral leader, Henri Verbrugghen, gave the first performance in England of Sibelius's Violin Concerto in D minor (op. 47), a work composed after the first two symphonies (in E minor and D) only the first of which had then been heard in London. This was a very different matter. From the Concerto could be gathered several things: that Sibelius's own sense of melody was not the trite tune that the populace may whistle, but a quietly developed cantilena; that his thought was carried forward in an intimate colloquy between the violin and the orchestra; that he cared as little about instrumental virtuosity as about moments of dynamic sensationalism on the orchestra. It came when Mischa Elman as a brillant boy was exciting every one by his wizardry with Tchaikovsky's Concerto, and before Kreisler had introduced Elgar's. It made nothing like the decisive impression of either of these performances, but it determined those who listened carefully to give ear to whatever Sibelius might have to say in the future.

They were given opportunity in the same Promenade season to become acquainted with the overture *Karelia,* a vivid contrast to the ruminating spirit which pervades so much of Sibelius's more individual work. Mrs. Newmarch had explained:

"Karelia forms the extreme southeastern province of Finland, and lies between the Gulf of Finland on the west and the desolate shores of Lake Ladoga on the east. Less picturesque as regards scenery than the western provinces, Karelia is particularly interesting as having been the stronghold of the National Spirit and the depository of the National Myths. 'The Karelian,' says a well-known Finnish writer, 'represents the bright, the Tavast the dark side of the Finnish type.' . . . It is this contrasting type

[1] "Jean Sibelius, a Finnish Composer," a paper read at a Soirée of the Concert-Goers' Club, London, on February 22, 1906, by Rosa Newmarch. Breitkopfand Haertel.

which the Tavast composer Sibelius seeks to characterize in the 'Karelia' overture and suite." [1]

The next year beside the Third Symphony at the Philharmonic came *En Saga* at the Promenades. Some of us who delighted in making for ourselves mental pictures of the "old, unhappy, far-off things" that this saga incloses rather than discloses could not at all sympathize with the complaint that "it belongs to that baffling and unsatisfactory class of symphonic poems which composers issue to the world without any frank indication of their literary basis." How many symphonic poems are "baffling and unsatisfactory" just because the composer has been tiresomely frank about their literary basis? Sibelius's *Kalevala* tone-poems suffer a good deal from such frankness. Take *Pohjola's Daughter,* for example, which has recently been issued in an admirable gramophone record through the Sibelius Society. To be quite sure that he is hearing all that he ought to hear in it, the subscriber must read through some pages of commentary which labors to make clear the obscure narrative of *The Kalevala,* must try to remember who Lemminkainen is, what he stands for in the Finnish mythology, exactly when and why the maiden indulges in "silvery laughter," and, worst of all, suffer the irritation of reading quotations from the epic in an English translation metrically reminiscent of Longfellow's *Hiawatha.* All this is a severe handicap to the enjoyment of what in itself is a quite straightforward piece of music. The commentators who insist so eagerly on the inspiration which *The Kalevala* has been to Sibelius seem oblivious of the perspiration which bedews the brow of the simple-minded foreigner, anxious to get into closer touch with Sibelius's mind.

*En Saga,* far from being "baffling and unsatisfactory," proved to be just the orchestral work of Sibelius's earlier period, before the symphonies became widely known, which could make the introduction of the composer to his foreign audiences most effectual. *The Kalevala,* which meant so much to him and to his countrymen, meant nothing whatsoever to most of them. The essence of what it meant to him was transmuted into musical shapes in *En Saga,* with all the baffling externals, the personages, events, and mythological symbols eliminated. It was probably owing to *En Saga* more than to any other example of Sibelius's art that a few people in England were ready for the Fourth Symphony when he brought it to us in 1912.

*En Saga* had given us the picture of Sibelius's surroundings. We were ready to discover in him musical reflections from "granite rocks and many tinted moorlands," "long sweeps of melancholy fens and ranges of hills clothed with dark pine forests" and "the gleam and shimmer of more than a thousand lakes." We might never have seen

[1] Ibid.

them; perhaps we never would. Or perhaps Sibelius's music would induce us to spend a holiday among them some day. For my part I have still to put such descriptions in quotation marks because I have never verified their accuracy. But that may not much matter. English people are fond of a scenic approach to a new composer. It is a short cut, enabling them to evade any difficulty they may find in his musical speech. Once they have decided that he is "National" they ask no further explanation of his idiom. If they visit his country they are sure to find his music matched by its topography. They are then apt to think that they hear him with the ears of a native. But do they?

Imagine an intelligent Finn with an interest in the music of Edward Elgar, and an imperfect knowledge of the English language, visiting this country. He might traverse the comfortable plain of Worcestershire from end to end in a red Midland autobus, tramp over the Malvern Hills, and even attend a Three Choirs Festival without discovering what it was that made English people, thirty-five years ago, suddenly realize that in Elgar they had found a music which was their own. Had the Finns shown that amount of interest in our music Elgar might have had to tell them when all was done that "Land of Hope and Glory" is not an English folk-song, just as Sibelius had to assure us that the themes of *Finlandia* and *En Saga* are his own. Foreigners must take on trust the appeal an artist makes to national feeling.

The importance of the Fourth Symphony in our experience of Sibelius was that it riveted attention on the music itself. It made us ask: What is the man about? The first three symphonies, had we known them, did not raise the question so decisively. Of them it could be answered that he was about the well-known task of writing a symphony, that is casting his own musical thoughts in a shape which long usage had found serviceable. Of the Second Symphony it might be said that it begins with Dvořák and ends with Tchaikovsky, even though between its extremities there is a wealth of music for which no such easy analogy can be found. One critic well disposed towards orthodoxy found the first movement of the Third Symphony so orthodox as to be "uninspired and dry." But all that kind of criticism is irrelevant to the Fourth Symphony. Its first movement defies text-book analysis of the sonata-form type just as it sets at naught romantic description of the "granite rocks and many tinted moors" type. Its economy of sound was immediately arresting at the first hearing. The fact that in it Sibelius had used no more wind instruments than Weber required for the Overture to *Der Freischütz* was significant to ears accustomed to the orchestras of Strauss and Elgar. The simple use of the strings could be contrasted with that of Bantock's *Fifine at the Fair,* which was given its first performance in the same festival program and which opens with a score of twenty-one string parts.

Sibelius eschewed luxuries, just at the time when the world was discovering what orchestral luxury was. A jagged phrase on violoncelli, basses, and bassoons begins the Fourth Symphony. It is never repeated, but out of it springs the alternation of two notes which spreads its influences through the first twenty-five bars or so, and having done its work disappears. Above it a theme in paired quavers takes a hovering course on the first violoncelli. This is more permanent. It generates a long rhapsodical passage for strings in the middle of the movement and reappears in something like its simple form near the end, a fact satisfactory to the technical analyst. But the repetition, or the later recapitulation of themes, here and elsewhere, affords no special satisfaction to Sibelius as it invariably did to the classical symphonists. What does afford him satisfaction is the forward progression of his thought. This might lead to mere meandering if it were not for the definiteness of his rhythmic shapes on their first appearance and for the fact that in the later shapes there is, even without regular repetition, some hint of identity with earlier ones which assures the hearer that he has not lost the thread.

Why after composing three "orthodox" symphonies did Sibelius suddenly launch out into this individual method? It was not so sudden as it seemed, as all who now know the development of the Second Symphony will readily realize. Nevertheless, there was a real change. The list of his compositions between the Third Symphony (1908) and the Fourth (1911) is chiefly one of songs and short piano pieces. During this time he must have realized that what was an appropriate procedure for the classical symphonists was not equally appropriate for him.

In the course of the rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival I met him at a quiet party of friends. After dinner some one played Haydn on the piano and then the talk turned on Haydn's music of which Sibelius spoke with ardor in a mixture of German and English. He said something to the effect that Haydn's melody always rested on the harmonic bass whereas for his part he more naturally thought of harmony as depending from the melody. I remembered the remark because that was precisely the impression which his Fourth Symphony, heard for the first time in rehearsal that afternoon, had produced. The melodic progress was the source of the design; the harmony seemed mainly incidental to it.

At the risk of being momentarily more technical than is suitable in an essay of this kind, it may be worth while to clarify the point by recalling that the contrasted relationships of keys provide the *raison d'être* of the classical sonata-form, and not the contrasted relationships of tunes. In order to contrast two keys it is necessary first to define each of them, and definition of key can only come through harmony. That much may be proved by taking the "subject" and "answer" of

Bach's first fugue of the "Forty-eight." The latter is only defined as being in the key of G major by the harmony of the counter-subject. It is the harmonic definition of key which entails all that process of first and second subject groups with their statements and restatements which are so constant a concomitant of the classical sonata-form. If harmony and therefore key are only accessories to a design, it follows logically that all these sonata-form repetitions become pointless and redundant. The sincere composer working from Sibelius's standpoint will just let them drop away, which is exactly what Sibelius has done in the Fourth Symphony, the first movement more particularly.

The remark about "depending" harmony must not be taken as the expression of a technical principle consciously and consistently pursued. It may have been no more than the thought of the moment thrown out when circumstances made it natural to him to compare the work of Haydn with that aspect of himself which was filling his mind at that time. It may even be suggested that the broadly planned and exceedingly diatonic Fifth Symphony written in his fiftieth year shows him returning to the classical principle of harmonic foundation. Undoubtedly he chooses in that work to indulge in an ample key-definition especially in the *Largamente assai* of its conclusion, where his reiterations of tonic harmony are so many as to risk redundancy, like Beethoven's at the end of the Eighth. His actual method is modified by what he has to say, and the contrast between the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies of Sibelius is the contrast between a man uttering his inmost thoughts without regard to an audience and the same man speaking on a public platform. It may be suggested that the latter shows that as a public speaker Sibelius at fifty was still not completely at his ease. The Fifth Symphony contains some entrancing moments in the assembling of the melodic ideas of the first movement, and in the almost magical transference of them later into the *scherzo* rhythm. After this first pair of linked movements, however, something of that dryness complained of in his earlier work seems to hold him in the slow movement, and it is difficult to feel that the two strongly marked themes of the finale really belong to one another.

Now that Sibelius has added another pair of symphonies, and all are becoming recognized as expressions of a highly individual personality, it is the fashion to speak of him as a great master of symphonic form. It may seem impious to suggest that the Fifth Symphony wavers between improvisation and formality, but nevertheless the suggestion cannot be withheld. It is the evil which besets the sensitive recluse who finds himself forced into the position of a world figure. In his youth his romantic imagination had culled musical images from his country's poetry and legend; it had gradually emancipated itself from these aids to inspiration in the earlier symphonies, the traditional props of musical

form being discarded as his artistry matured, until in the Fourth he produced a work completely his own. In the Fifth he felt called on to speak to the people; he was not quite at ease and hence the wavering.

Nine years followed in which Sibelius was content with the production of slighter works, including many songs and the small instrumental pieces in which he records his fugitive ideas. Then there came on him another bout of serious work resulting in the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies (1924 and 1925) with the latest and grandest of his symphonic poems for orchestra, *Tapiola,* an offering to the forest gods of his country. The four detached movements of the Sixth Symphony (in D minor) recall to some extent the style of the Fourth but have nothing like its emotional power. There is no slow movement; the middle movements are an *allegretto* and a *scherzo.* In each one, characteristic, but not sharply contrasted, themes are woven in delicate traceries and the work might, perhaps, be more justly called a symphonic suite. Equally justly might the Seventh be called a symphonic poem. It is in a single movement of not more than the average length of such works, and wants only a title to justify the classification. The nomenclature of musical works is misleading. Call a thing a symphony and people will rave over its colossal mastery of design; call it by a picture-name and they will discover in it whatever scenes and objects the name suggests to them. Incidentally, there will certainly be found some to declare that the pictorially-named work is in a lower grade than the symphony, but this last is merely a survival of an old snobbery.

Taken on their merits it would be difficult to declare of the Seventh and *Tapiola* which is the symphony and which the "poem." Different as they are in design, in content, and in color, both illustrate Sibelius's habit of accumulating rhythmic ideas, pondering them, allowing his thought to penetrate them and them to interpenetrate each other till their related significance is made manifest. Description of music in words, unless it is of a severely technical kind, never gets very far; with the best of Sibelius, and it is generally agreed that the Seventh Symphony and *Tapiola* represent the best of him, it gets nowhere at all, because the music's undoubted eloquence is not due to immediately striking and impressive features. He has been admired for that and justly, but it also suggests the limitation of his creative faculty. Sibelius's initial ideas are never too big to be manageable. He is not to be caught, as Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, and Tchaikovsky all may be caught at times, struggling to make an inspired tune take an appropriate place in its context. His themes are well-behaved, because it is only by behaving properly that they begin to live and move and have their being. They are never like the high-spirited and troublesome children of whom schoolmasters report that they will go far or go nowhere.

They are docile creatures of his brain which will go just as far as he chooses to drive them.

One is reminded of what the Elizabethan composer, Thomas Morley, wrote of the Fantasy style, describing the process of composition as:

> When a musician taketh a point at his pleasure, and wresteth or turneth it as he list, making either much or little of it according as shall seem best in his own conceit. In this may more art be shown than in any other music because the composer is tied to nothing, but that he may add, diminish or alter at his pleasure.

This seems singularly true of Sibelius's aloof and solitary musical thought. It would be quite inadequate as description of the mid-European conception of the sonata and the symphony.

The enthusiasm which Sibelius arouses among the younger generation in this country may be partly accounted for by the fact that they find in him something akin to the spirit of Elizabethan music which they have begun to recognize as their own inheritance. In speaking of the younger generation I do not mean the publicists who have "taken him up," but a number of young men and women I know who spend money they can ill afford in purchasing his very expensive scores and gramophone records. They are impatient of clumsiness in handling a musical form as well as of anything like blatancy of musical expression. Sibelius does not offend them. They are experiencing a certain reaction alike from the laborious lay-out of the nineteenth-century symphonists and from the heart-on-the-sleeve manner of the programists. They ask for sincerity and directness of expression, and they are heartily weary of all the topsy-turvydom of new theories and self-conscious systems which have been expounded in the name of "modern music" any time these thirty years, which is longer than most of them have yet lived.

Sibelius with his consistent devotion to what may be called the everyday speech of music satisfies these requirements. So they are hailing him as "the greatest since Beethoven," meaning by that little more than that they recognize Beethoven as a great figure who has outridden all fluctuations of fashion, and that Sibelius appears to be personally oblivious of such fluctuations. He just goes on his way in his still fairly inaccessible home producing a symphony or two from time to time, but quite untroubled by the intervening periods of comparative unproductiveness.

A year or more ago there was talk of his Eighth Symphony being produced in London. It may come next year, sometime, never. What will it be like? Will it be in four movements or one? Will it be the crowning glory of his achievement or just another jewel in his crown?

These are the sort of questions that an eager and excitable public asks about the forthcoming work of a famous man. The lone figure of Sibelius repels such gossiping excitability. His eyes look past the eager questioner towards some ideal which may never be reached. In pursuit of it he "taketh a point at his pleasure and wresteth it and turneth it as he list." When that is done the great conductors may vie with one another in their vivid interpretations of his point; the gramophone companies may make and sell their records of it; the broadcasting lecturers and newspaper critics may explain it to their several publics as they will. By that time Sibelius perhaps will be considering another point. It is his superiority to our complex modern musicality which more than anything else marks him out as a "Great Contemporary."

# SIR JAMES FRAZER

Theodore Besterman

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SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER, Member of the Order of Merit, Fellow of the Royal Society, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law and Honorary Bencher of the Middle Temple, Honorary Doctor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford, Honorary Doctor of Laws in the Universities of Glasgow and St. Andrews, Honorary Doctor of Literature in the Universities of Cambridge, Durham, and Manchester, Doctor Honoris Causa in the Universities of Paris and Strasbourg, Fellow of the British Academy, Honorary Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Associate Member of the Institute of France, Commander of the Legion of Honor, Commander of the Order of Leopold of Belgium, Corresponding Member of the Prussian Academy of Science, and Extraordinary Member of the Royal Netherlands Academy of Science, this year (1934) celebrates the eightieth anniversary of his birth, and the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of his first work.[1]

2

James George Frazer was born in Glasgow on January 1, 1854, the son of Daniel Frazer, of the firm of Frazer and Green, chemists and druggists. From the successive homes in Glasgow the boy attended Mr. Munsie's school in Albany Place, facing Sauchiehall Street. On his parents' removal to Helensburgh, he was put to school at Springfield Academy, from which he passed to Larchfield Academy, and in due course to Glasgow University. At this time, under the inspiration of G. G. Ramsay, the young Frazer's bent was decidedly for classical and particularly for Greek studies. Thus when an Entrance Scholarship carried him to Trinity College, Cambridge (Oxford's High Church tendencies having led to the abandonment of a contemplated Snell Exhibition), it was by a treatise on the growth of Plato's ideal theory (published in 1930) that Mr. Frazer gained his Fellowship in 1879. And

[1] The occasion has been marked by the publication of a complete bibliography of his works, compiled by the present writer.

thus it was that his first publication was a revision of Long's edition of Sallust's *Catalina* and *Iugurtha*. The connection with Trinity College has never been relaxed since that day, the College having renewed the Fellowship three times and finally for life.[1]

Soon, however, Mr. Frazer made the acquaintance of William Robertson Smith, who confirmed his young friend's growing interest in anthropology, first roused by Tylor's "Primitive Culture," by asking him to write the articles on Taboo and Totemism for the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." When he came to prepare the latter article Mr. Frazer found the facts accumulating under his hands to such an extent that the article soon grew into a small book. The fascination of the rich vein he had struck so unexpectedly grew on Mr. Frazer, and soon we find him contributing notes and papers to *The Folk-Lore Journal* and *The Classical Review* on odd bits of anthropological material which he came across. What particularly struck him was the curious parallels he often found between peoples widely separated in space and culture. Almost at once he realized that his life-work lay ready to his hand, the wide accumulation of anthropological data on as large a scale as possible, perceiving that only in this way would it be possible or legitimate to draw inferences and arrive at conclusions. As early as 1885 Mr. Frazer issued a pamphlet on "Questions on the Manners, Customs, Religions, Superstitions, etc., of Uncivilised or Semi-Civilised Peoples." And in the same year he read before the Anthropological Institute a paper on burial customs as illustrative of the primitive theory of the soul, a paper which attracted the interest of Tylor and which astonished its readers by the number and range of its references to sources. In a short time a large mass of material had been collected, and in 1890 appeared the first edition of the epoch-making "The Golden Bough." It was Mr. Frazer's first publication of any importance, but it at once carried the author into the forefront of living anthropologists and folk-lorists. It was to remain his most important work and that by which he is best known and will eventually be judged.

During the next few years Mr. Frazer produced little: he was at work on his great edition of "Pausanias," which appeared in six volumes in 1898. This was not so much a work of pure classical scholarship as an archæological and anthropological commentary on the Greek Baedeker. In Mr. Frazer's successive works a striking feature was the constantly increasing wealth of citations from what seemed to be a limitless library. In the "Pausanias" this process was carried still farther, the references to authorities giving the impression of exhausting the literature. Yet Dr. Frazer (for he was already beginning to receive

[1] Some of the above facts are taken from Sir James Frazer's address on receiving the freedom of the City of Glasgow.

honorary degrees) continued to read incessantly, to annotate, to amass data, until in 1900 there appeared the second edition of "The Golden Bough," in three volumes. The critics began to lament the size of the work and the difficulty of finding one's way through it. The author thought otherwise: he at once set to work on the third edition, and when this was completed in 1915, the work extended to no fewer than twelve substantial volumes, in which the process of giving references to a wide range of authorities was carried to a final magnificent efflorescence of annotation.

In the meantime had appeared (1910) the monumental "Totemism and Exogamy," in four volumes, and not long after the completion of "The Golden Bough" followed the three volumes of "Folk-Lore in the Old Testament." This book illustrates Sir James' minute thoroughness. Feeling that he was not justified in writing about the Old Testament without being able to read it in the original language, he set to and learned Hebrew for the purpose. Far from resting on his laurels Sir James unceasingly continued to amass material, and it is noticeable that in each of his works he quotes from the latest authorities as well as from the standard works of the past. In 1926 was brought out the first volume (of nearly seven hundred pages) on "The Worship of Nature," in 1929 a five-volume edition of Ovid's *Fasti,* and in 1933 "The Fear of the Dead in Primitive Religion." In the Preface to this book, published shortly before his eightieth birthday, Sir James unconcernedly announces that he is engaged on a larger work on the same subject; a second volume has, indeed, already appeared.

In charting this succession of monuments a number of hardly lesser milestones has been passed over. The "Passages of the Bible" (1895), the "Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship" (1905), "Psyche's Task" (1909), "The Belief in Immortality" (1913-24), the "Appolodorus" (1921), the "Myths of the Origin of Fire" (1930), the "Garnered Sheaves" (1931); these lesser works, an ordinary man's life-task, are but the parerga thrown off by Sir James Frazer's indefatigable industry. Scarcely worth mentioning by their side are some two hundred papers, essays, articles, notes, addresses, prefaces, reviews, memoirs, and miscellanea!

Nor have we yet exhausted his publications, for Sir James, like lesser laborers in the vineyard, has his hobby, and a noble one it is: the cult of Addison and Cowper. Not only has he edited the letters of the latter (1912) and the essays of the former (1915), but he has himself written Addison pastiches which more than one laborious student has mistaken for originals. These literary pieces are collected in "Sir Roger de Coverley" (1920).

3

Sir James Frazer was an infant when Darwin brought out "The Origin of Species," the book which made his own life-work possible. It is true that before the middle of the nineteenth century much valuable work had been done in the collection of information about savages and even in the study of the available material. There was a great difference, however, in the point of view, the savage being regarded as a species wholly different from the white man. When a particularly acute observer noted striking parallels between the two kinds of man, he usually had recourse to some recondite theory which evaded the point at issue. Thus, Lafitau, observing that the American Indians had certain customs and beliefs similar to some recorded in the Bible, concluded not that there was some kind of psychological or cultural contact, but that the Redskins were physically descended from the lost tribes of Israel.

It was the theory of evolution, which proclaimed the interrelation, or at least the interconnection, of all forms of life, which first made possible the fruitful comparative method in anthropology, as in so many other fields. The new method enabled Tylor to attempt the task of tracing beliefs and practices back from civilization to savagery and to put forward theories to account for their first origins. Robertson Smith performed a similar task for Biblical studies, and Mannhardt for European folk-lore. These three men were the spiritual progenitors of Sir James Frazer and their work enabled him to venture on his own. To their special fields of work he joined that of classical scholarship and thus added the only remaining element needed to make social anthropology or folk-lore a fully respectable study.

4

When he had fully decided to devote himself to the elucidation of man's cultural pedigree, that is, to folk-lore, Sir James Frazer determined to write a comprehensive study of the origins of superstition and religion. During the progress of his researches, as has happened again and again throughout his life, he was fascinated by one particular note in the entire symphony, gradually to the exclusion of all else. Strabo tells us of a rule of the Arician priesthood according to which each candidate for the priesthood had to kill his predecessor before he could himself assume office, retaining his position only until he was himself killed in his turn. Why? From the attempt to answer this question has grown "The Golden Bough," for this was the puzzle which Sir James set himself to solve.

The book opens with one of those vivid word-pictures in which Sir James excels and which are one of the secrets of the wide apprecia-

tion which his works have gained among the general public. The style is perhaps a trifle florid for the taste of the purist, but it has a literary quality rare in the writings of a scholar: "Who does not know Turner's picture of the Golden Bough? The scene, suffused with the golden glow of imagination in which the divine mind of Turner steeped and transfigured even the fairest natural landscapes, is a dream-like vision of the little woodland lake of Nemi—'Diana's Mirror,' as it was called by the ancients. No one who has seen that calm water, lapped in a green hollow of the Alban hills, can ever forget it. The two characteristic Italian villages which slumber on its banks, and the equally Italian palace whose terraced gardens descend steeply to the lake, hardly break the stillness and even the solitariness of the scene. Diana herself might still linger by this lonely shore, still haunt these woodlands wild."

A brief disquisition on the cult of Diana follows, with an account of such information as has come down to us about the rule of succession to the priesthood of Diana at Nemi. The problem being now adequately defined, it is seen that it can be put in the form of two questions: first, "why had Diana's priest at Nemi, the King of the Wood, to slay his predecessor?" second, "why before doing so had he to pluck the branch of a certain tree which the public opinion of the ancients identified with Virgil's Golden Bough?"

Before these questions can even be approached certain details obviously call for attention. Why is the priest called a king? It is because the savage attributes certain powers to his king, who is consequently regarded also as a priest. But what is this power, this magic? It is of two kinds, imitative and contagious. The former is based on the belief that like produces like, or, in other words, on the association of ideas by similarity. Thus it is that a savage or peasant imagines he can injure a man by injuring that man's image. The underlying principle of contagious magic is the notion that contact produces a permanently spiritual as well as a physical relationship. On this principle a sorcerer seeks to injure a man by burning his nail-parings, for instance. The expert in such matters in savage communities and even in classical and modern ones, is the magician, who thereby acquires superior status and eventually kingship.

The stages of this process are not yet clear, for what precisely is the difference between the magician and the priest? Man desires to control the forces of nature to which magic is subservient; the magician is expected to do this, but naturally enough he does not always succeed; and so he has recourse to the propitiation or conciliation of the "divine" powers. In the very act of so doing he has created religion and become a priest. To appreciate the transition more clearly we must consider what it is the magician *does* claim to do.

Let us take the outstanding example; what is the aspect of nature in regard to which man is most obviously helpless? Clearly, the weather; and it is the weather, accordingly, the rain, the sun, the wind, that the magician has in his especial care, and to the magical control of which Sir James devotes a hundred masterly pages. This, then, is the process by which the magician becomes the priest-king, and there is no lack of cases in which the two functions are actually joined in one person.

The priest, we have seen, propitiates; but whom? As we know, it is the gods. But how did the notion of divine beings evolve? It is natural enough that the process should begin by the deification of a particularly potent magician, by the notion, in short, of human gods. Another early notion is that of gods or kinds of specific departments of nature, such as rain. We seem now to be almost in sight of a priest who is in very deed the "King of the Wood." But we must proceed slowly; for are there any special beliefs connected with that particular department of nature, woods or trees? There are indeed, as witness the beliefs connected with tree-spirits and the relics of tree-worship in modern Europe in the form of spring and summer festivals. These survivals indicate that there was a sexual element in these festivals, which frequently consist of a form of marriage, with a view to promoting the growth of vegetation by imitative magic. Now Diana was a goddess of fertility, the marriages of gods were celebrated in many parts of the world, and human beings were offered in marriage as a sacrifice to the water-spirits and to the fire-gods. Further confirmation is provided by certain details of the kingship of Rome and Alba, and by the principles of fire-customs in general and of perpetual fires in particular.

Perpetual fires lead us back to the main theme, for these fires were formally extinguished on the death of a king. What then was the rule of succession in ancient Latium? The answer to this inquiry shows that the Roman kings personated the gods of certain trees and particularly the oak. This fact calls for an investigation of the worship of the oak. Picking up all these threads it is found that "the King of the Wood at Nemi seems to have personated the great Aryan god of the oak, Jupiter or Janus, and to have mated with the oak-goddess Diana." This closes the study of "The Magic Art and the Evolution of Kings," which forms the first part, in two volumes, of "The Golden Bough."

We are beginning to see a little light in the darkness, but here we must pause for an extensive excursus, in order to examine a distinctive feature which priests and kings have in common, thus further suggesting their kinship. This is taboo. The lives of kings and priests are hedged in by all sorts of rules or taboos. Why are these

taboos imposed? It is in order to safeguard the sacred persons from injury or even death. To understand how this can be so we must inquire into the savage's notion of death, which, to him, implies the departure of the soul. The exposition of this fact, with ample illustration, occupies the whole of the second part, "Taboo and the Perils of the Soul."

We are now in a position to return to our main problem; why had the King of the Wood to be killed by his successor? We have seen that he was priest-king-god in one, and so we have first to show that gods were in fact regarded as mortal and that divine kings were in fact killed. Next it is important to note the wide distribution of the killing of a tree-spirit, for did he not personify the oak? To this parallel or corroborative evidence from folk-lore is devoted "The Dying God," the third part of "The Golden Bough," without, however, by any means exhausting the subject, for by far the most important examples of divine kings and their deaths have yet to be considered, namely, those of the Classical and Oriental cultures. The entire subject is accordingly displayed on a generous canvas in the fourth part, the two volumes of "Adonis, Attis, Osiris," which deals with the Oriental divinities who die and revive; and in the fifth part, the two volumes of "Spirits of the Corn and of the Wild," which is devoted to the classical gods of the same type, to Dionysus and to Demeter and Persephone. The close connection of these divinities with the processes of agriculture provides an opportunity for one of the most valuable "asides" in the whole work, a minute analysis of the folk-lore of agriculture, the magical significance of games in agriculture, woman's part in primitive agriculture, the corn-mother and the corn-maiden, the corn-spirit, the deities of vegetation, the sacrament and sacrifice of first-fruits, the relation of hunters to their prey, the animal sacrament.

Only one aspect of the whole problem now remains to be considered: the further notion that the dying god can be made to take with him the sins of humanity, to act, indeed, as "The Scapegoat," which is the title of the sixth part of "The Golden Bough." The belief that evil can be transferred is widespread, whether to inanimate objects, to sticks and stones, or to animals and even to men. The expulsion of evil into such scapegoats is often a public ceremony, and equally often special steps are taken to expel the evils or demons embodied in human beings. Nor is it unknown for man to be himself used as a scapegoat, as in Greece, and the whole practice of Saturnalia can be shown to be connected with this belief.

It will by now be clear, even though more than one excursus has been passed over in silence, that "The Golden Bough" is not a continuous treatise on a single subject, but rather, as the author has

put it himself, "collection of essays on a variety of distinct, though related, topics." Still, as we saw while we carefully followed Ariadne's thread through the intricacies of the maze, the first six parts (nine volumes) of the book are definitely, if loosely, interconnected. In the final seventh part (two volumes), "Balder the Beautiful," the thread parts. Not only does this account of the fire-festivals of Europe and the doctrine of the external soul have little connection with the Arician priest, or even with Balder, but the author quietly drops the theory which has led him so far. He frankly presents his new treatise as an almost independent work and acknowledges that its relation to the whole work is merely nominal. This does not prevent it from being one of the richest veins in that great gold-mine. A bibliography and general index form the twelfth and final volume of the whole work.

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That Sir James Frazer, on arriving at the end of his long journey, abandoned the clue which had taken him thus far, is by no means to be regarded as a reproach. On the contrary, this is one of his justest claims to the honorable title of a man of science. He has never hesitated to put up an adventurous framework over which to erect his edifice; but the latter once up, he has equally little hesitated to scrap the provisional frame and to allow the building to depend on its own structural strength. This can be seen, for instance, in "Totemism and Exogamy," in which three theories successively put forward by the author, quite different from each other and mutually exclusive, are boldly preserved side by side as a monument to human intrepidity and integrity. Still, it cannot be denied that this extreme modesty, which leads Sir James to treat his own views with such indifference, somewhat diminishes the permanent value of his work; no book, after all, continues to be valued in the widest sense unless the *ideas* it displays continue to excite interest and dispute. So that it is probably true that "The Golden Bough," "Folk-lore in the Old Testament," and all the other planets of that great system, will continue to be admired mainly for their material and for their manner, rather than for their philosophical content.

Yet after all Sir James's contribution to modern thought is not to be judged in such terms. It is true that his theories, so little valued by himself, have not made much permanent impression on the development of anthropological thought, even though it is usually he himself who supplies ammunition to his opponents! But it may be urged that this is a purely academic point of view and hence of little importance. It is undoubtedly true that "The Golden Bough" and the rest have made their impression chiefly on the general educated public, a func-

tion it would be foolish to undervalue. It was "The Golden Bough" and "Folk-lore in the Old Testament" that first opened their eyes to the unity of mankind; showed them something of the brotherhood of humanity, united by its folly and superstitions as well as by its endurance and heroic qualities; gave them a glimpse of the lowly birth of even the loftiest religions; and instilled into them something of his own impartial tolerance and comprehensive sympathy. None knows better than Sir James Frazer the depths to which man often sinks; none has seen more clearly the heights to which he is capable of rising.

# MARCONI

Gerald Heard

IN the reign of Charles II in a Lincolnshire garden a young man watched an apple fall. At that moment he realized that here was the secret of the universe; this was how everything worked. So great was that discovery, so deep was the insight of Isaac Newton, that for two hundred years all that the best minds could do was to work out the conclusions which followed from his fundamental discovery.

Then in 1864 another Cambridge mathematician, Clerk Maxwell, made some calculations about electricity, magnetism, and light. These calculations were sound and brilliant, but what was the real wonder about them was that they did not quite fit in with the Newtonian view of things. They pointed to a new world, to another great advance in understanding the universe we live in, an advance as great as that made by Newton. They prophesied that there would be found, moving through space, electrical waves different from anything any one had supposed possible.

Still these Maxwellian electro-magnetic equations were at first only curiosities of the mind. Few heard of them, even fewer could understand them, and hardly any one imagined that they could make any real difference not only to our outlook but to our ways of living.

But within a generation—in 1895—with the help of these abstract theories, a young man in an Italian garden made an experiment which has changed the world. The pure researchers who followed up Clerk Maxwell's mathematical work and used his equations had discovered proof of these invisible waves. The young German Hertz was especially successful in tracking these great rhythmic vibrations which we can neither see, hear, nor feel. He found that these were waves of electric energy which might be so big that a mile would separate the crest of one wave from that of another. Oliver Lodge in England also obtained actual experimental proof of the existence of these waves.

All these researchers had so far, however, only been interested in getting proofs of Clerk Maxwell's revolutionary theories and in thinking out how the discovery of these waves might affect and alter the old Newtonian world outlook. The young Italian was more practical. He wanted to know, if such waves existed, whether they could not be

used? If they were real and not merely mathematical fancies, then they must make a difference or be able to be made to make a difference. This wish to make practical use of the discovery of these waves, even before the mathematicians and the physicists had really decided what they were, was, of course, extremely daring, and to say the least of it, the young Marconi was not encouraged. On the one hand the few people who knew about these new invisible, intangible waves did not think that anything could be done with them and, for themselves, did not wish to do anything with them, any more than a naturalist who has found a strange new animal wants straightaway to set up an industry to can it. On the other hand the practical men, interested in power schemes and communications, of course had no use for what was in their practical opinion only the theoretical fancies of men with too fine brains and too little to do with them.

So the young Marconi seemed to be falling between two stools. Because of his advanced mathematical knowledge he would fail to be the big practical success he could be if he would devote himself to push some well-founded discovery. Because of his determination to make useful and practical this strange unsettling discovery of the unseen waves, he would fail to be the great pure researcher into electro-magnetism that he might otherwise become.

But the really big man does not fall between two stools. He refuses to sit on either because he knows that there is ample room for a place of his own between the old positions and that he has enough constructive power to make that place. The man of real insight always sees that the path of original progress lies between what to the ordinary man seem the horns of a dilemma. That emphatically is what Marconi has done. Undoubtedly he was lucky in being born when he was—that is if he was to become what he has become, the man whose name will always be linked with wireless communication and with the birth of Radio. But he is not a man—as have been so many of the famous—who has been simply made by opportunity, by seizing upon one happy accident. Of that his constant succession of inventions leaves no doubt. One great idea has guided him throughout his life. Here, in these electro-magnetic waves were currents flowing round the world at the speed of light. Could not these currents be used to carry human communications? The great tides of the winds and waters of the sea had undoubtedly helped early man to explore the earth. The electric current used in the telegraph had in the nineteenth century allowed men to send by wire their messages for thousands of miles with almost the speed of light. If there were huge waves and currents of electricity which would travel without wires why shouldn't messages be sent on these? If that could be done then nothing could sunder men. As long as one had a sending apparatus and the other a listening-in

set the whole earth with its vast distances of deserts and oceans should be no obstacle. Humanity would be one. The whole human race could be placed within ear-shot of each other.

Such a dream was certainly worth striving a whole lifetime to make real. Marconi has done much more, though he is still a man in life's prime. But when he was twenty such an ambition seemed so sublime as to be dismissed by all sensible men as ridiculous.

It was in the early summer of 1895 that Marconi in the garden of his father's house near Bologna took the first step toward this new world. It is true that in Germany and in England laboratory experiments had shown that electric waves could be sent without a wire and that these waves were sufficiently real to be recorded by apparatus separated by some considerable room-distance from their source. Marconi was, however, the first person to dare to take such pure scientific delicacies out of the protected atmosphere of the laboratory into the outside world, where they would probably be completely upset and scattered, but where they must hold their own if they were ever to be able to be of any practical use.

That the young inventor met with any results at all was the first of those surprises which his career has continued to give to all onlookers—surprises which mounted to shocks the better informed the onlookers might be. For to those few pure researchers who knew the difficulties, it seemed even more improbable that any out-of-door results could be obtained than it seemed to the vast, ignorant majority who knew absolutely nothing about electro-magnetic waves and simply heard that the impossible had happened—that a young Italian was beginning to be able to send telegrams with absolutely nothing to carry the telegram message.

This is perhaps the most remarkable thing about this great contemporary's remarkable career—the way he has always been shocking "those in the know" even more than those who are outside and who can only cling to the old common sense; for once the man in the street sees common sense disproved he can say no more and he gives in. But the pure researcher in electricity, who knows all the difficulties and who believes that he understands all the "laws," has known at each step not only that Marconi could not succeed but the reason why. And always Marconi in the face of all the difficulties and right through all the "laws" has driven his practical discoveries to a successful conclusion.

So we have to note that his practical discoveries have all the time not only given every one new powers and opened up the whole world to instantaneous communication, but, what is perhaps even more difficult, they have constantly been forcing open the closed minds of the experts and theorists. They have shown that not only is the world we

know to be linked up in a way quite unbelievable to our grandparents and still startling to ourselves, but that there are really new worlds beyond to be explored and sounded, worlds into which at present wireless waves are our only plumb-line and searchlight.

Those first experiments in his father's garden near Bologna were typical of all his great advances. Not only was he working in the open where all his waves might scatter "to the winds"; he was working with apparatus so simple, home-made and generally inefficient that to the official scientist it seemed that not only was there no chance of getting any results, but that even such a pushing amateur should know enough not to expect any or waste his time in trying to get them. He had no right to succeed. Whether it was in him to command success or not, they felt he did not deserve it. Get them, however, he did, in spite of faulty apparatus and official disapproval. Before the year was out he was communicating not across a room or a garden, but over a whole mile of open countryside.

No doubt had Marconi been a sound academic sort of scientist he would have paused there. He had offended the pundits by saying what he would do. He had profoundly shocked them by doing it. Now was the time to make his peace; to settle down to theory; to explain respectfully why the authorities might have done even better than he had done, and would undoubtedly shortly do so; to write semi-apologetic technical papers; to reconcile the awkward facts and finds with the academic notions and "laws"; to be elected to learned societies and to lend all one's weight to authority and against amateur empirical experimenters, wild inventions, and the putting to use of the still not fully understood.

Marconi was, however, never academic. He was, in fact, that very unusual genius, a man of original thought and also of incessant action. He did not even stay quietly in Italy. In 1896 he was in England and, even worse, on June 2 he had taken out a patent for "Wireless Telegraphy." There can be no doubt this young man is not going to let this matter rest simply as an academic surprise and revolution. He is evidently determined to make it make a difference to all of us—to cable companies' directors and to stockbrokers just as much as to physicists and electricians. He took London as his headquarters for his further experiments and before the year was over he had demonstrated to the Post Office—the national department naturally first concerned—that he could telegraph without cables or wires. But of course if this were true it was too big a matter to concern only one Department of State. So the Government itself began to sit up and take notice. This was the year of the preparation for Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Every one in London was talking of the Empire which had expanded during that sixty years of reign until "the sun never set on it." But

such an Empire had one great disadvantage of its greatness. The problem of how to keep the parts of this "far-flung" body in touch with the center, the problem of communications, was greater than in any other empire. Marconi's invention could not have come more appositely to any place or at any time than to London, capital of Empire in June, 1896, the June before the Diamond Jubilee.

Still up to that time messages had only gone by wireless over a distance of a mile. To be of imperial use they must girdle the earth. Marconi set himself with his characteristic vigor to widen that span. First he experimented on Salisbury Plains. There he soon doubled his distance-record and then quadrupled it. And now for an obstacle which really mattered. Could he communicate across an arm of the sea? The nine-mile stretch which the Bristol Channel makes between Somerset and Cardiff was a good water-jump over which to try the new messenger's leaping powers. It leapt the gap. The purely experimental stage was over. Here already was an instrument of immediate use and value. Any country which used shipping would need this invention. Marconi's own country was not slow to realize that. Exactly a year after he had taken out his first patent for wireless telegraphy in England he is invited back by the Italian Government to work at Spezia at this task of keeping coast-wise shipping in touch with the shore. The Italian fleet found it could still be in communication with the land when it was twelve miles out at sea. The King and Queen and the Italian Parliament were all anxious to witness the new wonder and to judge for themselves its unbelievable powers.

That closed the second stage of this career of conquest—a career really far more remarkable than any soldier's. For here was a man winning, with the speed that Napoleon won battles, victories on two fronts. He was continually extending powers which a couple of years before any sensible person would have said were advanced in invention. He managed to carry every sensible person with him.

The time had come for the third stage. The invention was sound and was growing. The Governments and the public knew about it. Now was the moment to take the next step, to form a company which should hold the Marconi patents in every country (save Italy) and without further delay set about putting at the disposal of the entire world-public this unprecedented service. For here was a discovery which if it was to be of real use must link up all the nations of the world and make frontiers as old-fashioned as city walls. And in this matter the inventor kept up his reputation for quick moving. It was apt that the man who was doing more to accelerate world business than any other inventor in the whole of the world's history should himself also be a tireless pioneer in putting that invention across. A month after he had demonstrated that the Italian fleet at sea could

be directed from the shore over a dozen miles of sea, the Wireless Telegraph and Signal Company was formed in London (July, 1897). Here was a company which should express its namesake's character, for not only would it spread the use of wireless, but it was to press on with the improvement of the invention. In consequence, the first regular wireless transmitting stations were set up in this country in the Isle of Wight and at Bournemouth. The South Foreland Lightship was also equipped, and so wireless gave its first proof of the invaluable way it could help in those general defenses in which all mankind is united against Nature's ruthlessness.

The next step in the direction of international coöperation was taken when, early in the year after (March, 1899), messages were sent across the Channel to France. Then the distances began to leap up. At the Naval maneuvers that year ships over seventy miles apart could hear each other. The time had come for still vaster conquests. Nations had been invisibly and instantaneously linked. Now continents must come in. Here, however, the savants came back into the field and called a halt. The headlong advance had brushed them aside, but they had now had time to think things over and make out their case. It was quite true, this young man had done some spectacular things and his toy it was clear might have some quite interesting local uses—just like that other toy, the heliograph. They, the learned, understood exactly how he had done his trick. They were free to confess that it was very ingenious. But he must not get a swollen head. Was he not now talking about communicating with America? Well, that, they would give their word for it, was completely out of the question. The simple folk said, "If across thirty miles, why not three thousand, if no wires were needed anyhow? All you would need would be more sending power." Such statements showed that the public simply had no notion of the real difficulty. That was that the wireless "wave" would simply wave itself away. It would bound right off into interstellar space. You could hit objects under a hundred miles, but when you came to a thousand miles, then the waves, going as they must in a straight line, would simply rush off from the curve of the earth. The physicists were all agreed and their reasoning seemed sound, but, as Marconi had found that they were wrong before, he did not feel inclined to sit down and, without having a shot at it, assume that they were right. He began to have built a station at Poldhu in Cornwall for the great attempt. And the first testing experiments did show promise. At two hundred miles away the sending signals were picked up. By December, 1901, all was ready, a companion station having been set up at St. John's, Newfoundland. Straightaway the two continents came into touch. The New World and the Old, as far as speech was concerned, were henceforward to be close neighbors.

That was remarkable enough, but in the doing of it something even stranger had been discovered. For the pure researchers with their current theory and knowledge had been right in a way. The wireless wave ought to have disappeared into space. What had held it in? There must be high above our heads, above the farthest point any balloon had reached, a layer of electrified air on which the "waves" ran. This discovery of the Heaviside Layer in the upper atmosphere was a piece of research equal in importance to the discovery of the wireless waves themselves.

So, though he was acclaimed as the most practical of scientists, Marconi had also made in the pursuit of the practical an immense contribution to pure science; with this cross-Atlantic Radio he got into touch with a world sixty to one hundred miles above our heads—for that is the height at which this strange sphere is found to hang. With the wireless wave he gave science a new and revolutionary instrument wherewith to probe and explore that region.

He himself did not fail to realize the double significance of his great success. The year after he had joined up the Old World with the New, we find him (1902) making a voyage to America and thereupon discovering fresh and more startling things about the upper atmosphere. Then it was that he found he could receive messages on ship by day up to seven hundred miles. Beyond that they faded away. But listening in at night he found the distance increased by three times. Here he had come upon another discovery of the first rank. This layer above our heads, though it was a vault along which the wireless waves were thrown back as echoes off a stone vault, this super-ceiling itself rose and fell like a huge tide. From that discovery has grown all our present startling knowledge of this ionized layer which we now know lies right at the top of our entire atmosphere just before it thins away in the utter emptiness and cold of space, but which layer is nevertheless made so hot by being electrified that parts of it may be as warm as boiling water.

But, however much Marconi realized the theoretical importance of his find, he knew his way to advance was always through making his inventions more practically efficient. The new knowledge must always be made available without delay—as Bacon said of all science—"for the benefit of man's estate." Pure and original radio is after all a clumsy thing. You may want to speak to one person and not to broadcast. Why then should you not aim a beam of vibrations and so signal to any particular place you wished, just as the searchlight has taken the place of the primitive beacon? Again experts shook their heads. But before the century was five years old Marconi had managed to focus his wave. Five years after wireless communication was possible between Buenos Aires and Ireland, a distance of six thousand

miles, and on September 22, 1918, just before the end of the World War, Marconi himself in England made a contact with Australia. With the Antipodes brought into instant contact Marconi had completed his conquest of world space. He was only forty-four, but already he had closed an epoch of world history and had opened another. What more was there to do?

It was this directing of the wireless beam that pointed the way. In that direction he could and would still further increase intercourse. And the war focused him on this his next task, increased directional wireless. In 1916, in Italy, he began work with these very short waves which are of essential value in war where secrecy is essential and which also must have increasing use in peace as the "ether" gets crowded out by the crush of great sending stations all using the big waves. With his usual speed of discovery he revealed that these short waves were curiously convenient for this purpose. Indeed, they might have been waiting like patient messengers to be used as confidential go-betweens. For quite a belt of them was found to behave almost exactly like a beam of light behaves. All that you had to do was to take aim and then down your pencil of rays to send your message as you might shoot a pellet along in a jet of water. So you could speak with perfect secrecy to some one twenty or thirty miles away. Such an instrument was invaluable for war, but radio itself is essentially a peace power. Peace came and with a fine appositeness the King of Italy chose this great subject of his to be a peace delegate at Versailles. Certain it is that if "Open covenants, openly arrived at," can keep the world at peace then Marconi is Peace's chief herald.

Yet real world communication was not complete until real voices could speak to each other. The 'phone must succeed to the 'graph. So, early in the spring of 1920, for the first time in history, men not "in vision," but fully awake, together heard music and voices coming through miles of silent space. In a year's time the marvel had become a regular service, and the year after it passed out of all private enterprise, however large, and became the vastest and most curious instrument which Governments had ever been given with which to speak to their peoples and to each other's. How that gift will be used and whether it will make the task of government easier or harder it is too soon to say.

Marconi himself went on unembarrassed by such responsibilities. The pressing frontier of discovery called him, not the old confusions amid ways of thought which his discoveries had made anachronisms. The short waves were still to be followed up. And here he was to have yet another of his spectacular triumphs over the conservatives, the over-cautious experts who were still ruling what could not be done, who were still defining how far and no farther the adventurous dis-

coverer might go. About these shortest of short waves they began to say much what they had said about the long waves a quarter of a century before. It is true that they had proved unexpectedly wonderful and convenient, but they had very strict limitations. The big waves ought to have gone off the earth and so have prevented wireless world communication. The really short waves must have a more serious limitation. The big waves ought to have escaped. The short waves must fail to rise sufficiently and so, like light, fail to reach any spot below the horizon. In brief they could only go as far as you could see—for all practical purposes some twenty to thirty miles. It all seemed right and clear, and if theory is to be trusted about the nature of this strange world, then you will not drop your money in trying to do the impossible. But Marconi had already had more experience of the limitation of theories than of the limitation of wireless waves. Time and again he has overstepped the orthodox limit, and time and again the rays have backed him up. Step by step he has widened this span which the ultra-short waves can take. A couple of years ago he made them leap round from one point which was well below the horizon to another, and still he is stretching the distance until the latest reports show him receiving messages, contrary to all the rules and known laws, from points nearly two hundred miles apart, points which should be completely screened from each other. It seems that as he discovered the Heaviside Layer with his big waves searching the upper atmosphere, so with his minute waves he may be finding new unsuspected channels of energy near the earth's surface and about which, till these fine probes of the micro-rays searched them out, we have had to be as ignorant as a blind man is of the clouds crossing the sky.

Where is this extraordinary exploration to end? Where will it be when Marconi himself closes his amazing career? He is only fifty-nine this year (1934). Inventors have made some of their most exciting finds well above that age. Television, a development of his major invention, may, if he turns the full focus of his attention on it, suddenly become as widely utilitarian as is Radio and Beam wireless. What we can say is that when the life of this Great Contemporary closes we shall have a record worthy to stand beside any inventor's, not only because of the way that it has changed the old world of common sense and business, but of the way it has opened up new and unsuspected worlds for exploration. Marconi takes the place of Edison, a master of application, a great liaison-general between pure super-advanced science and ourselves in the ordinary world. But more than Edison, he has opened up a new world. His life cannot close, for his work has been his life. And his work will expand into such a new world that in it the creative thought of the men who have made it possible will live on eternal.

# HIS HOLINESS PIUS XI

C. C. Martindale, S.J.

IF an old-fashioned sense of decency tends to prevent one's writing about contemporaries—"personal remarks," one learnt, were intolerable, and doubly so if they were adulatory—the matter becomes yet harder when the subject of such remarks deserves one's religious obedience and official homage. What follows, therefore, may be viewed as written (save in the purely historical parts) against the grain, yet none the less, with absolute conviction. A further difficulty is this: Popes are not isolated individuals. They are in organic continuity with their predecessors. Therefore not one of them will be intelligible if considered merely as an outstanding genius or man of personal adventure. This continuity of thought and motive has been, perhaps, especially visible within the last few pontificates, precisely because of the surrounding social chaos. I ought then to try to indicate this from at least as far back as Leo XIII; but within these limits this is hardly possible. I hope therefore to describe at what I feel to be disproportionate length the earlier, more independent career of Achille Ratti; then to suggest the main lines of his pontifical action; and finally to express part of my own sentiment in his regard.

## I

The Ratti family, small farmers in Lombardy, was ancient but very simple. About 1850, Francesco Ratti left the land to manage a silk-factory at Desio, some ten miles north of Milan. Here the fourth of five sons was born, May 31, 1857.[1] His education began simply—under the village priest: thence he went to a small seminary; then for classical studies to Monza; thence to a college at Milan under the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo. His philosophy professor owned that he had to prepare with special care, to satisfy so intelligent a student.

[1] A psycho-analyst can amuse himself by noting that the room was the only one with a balcony. Hence the small boy first looked at the world. "How far is St. Helena from a little child at play?" How far, St. Peter's *loggia,* on to which, as the first act of his pontificate, he was to step, epoch-making moment, to bless both world and city?

Yet even then they hesitated whether he should not specialize in mathematics, or again, in natural sciences. In 1879 a far-sighted archbishop sent him to complete his studies in Rome, where he was ordained priest December 20, 1879. After three more years of study, he found himself doctor of philosophy, theology, and of canon law. Back at Milan, he taught theology; but by 1888 he was so clearly a historical scholar, that he was urged to stand for a vacancy among the doctors (senior archivists) of the Ambrosian Library. He won his doctorate; plunged into research; was sent to the main libraries of Europe; accompanied the pontifical ab-legate who was taking a cardinal's hat for President Carnot to give it to the Bishop of Rodez; but above all produced historical monographs chiefly about the history of Milan, of Borromeo, and of the library itself. In 1907 he became prefect of the Ambrosian, and I venture to add that it was here I first met him. I was looking for manuscripts of Ausonius: Dr. Ratti, who was also then teaching Hebrew at the seminary, knew all about them, found them in a moment, and gave his decisive opinion of their worth. It is pleasant to know that almost nightly he would revisit his old college of St. Charles, to play billiards there. As member of the Alpine Club, he mountaineered, discovered new routes, saved lives, and endured hardships that only his iron constitution enabled him to support. Meanwhile he was learning Milan, an industrialized and sometimes violent city. In 1898, it saw a true siege: the Cardinal Archbishop was bidden to fly; the churches were closed. Alone Dr. Ratti continued his priestly ministrations, offered to arbitrate, and saved a conventful of friars whose brown frocks the insurgents had seized and from whose windows they were firing. His sacerdotal life centered in the Convent of the Cenacle, where he was chaplain to the nuns, preached constantly (doing so also in German during Lent for three years running), and ministered alike to devout women, men of note, priests, and Tyrolean chimney-sweeps. It was there, he said, that he felt himself to *be* a priest. And each Sunday he went to see his mother, taking her some small present.

Meanwhile he reorganized the Library; every more precious manuscript was entrusted to his delicate, firm fingers; he had care for art—without him, would Leonardo's "Last Supper" so much as exist today? In 1889 he had his first experience of the Vatican Library: its archives, he said, were the "real nut to be cracked." Its accumulated chaos could be compared only to the palaces of Queen Victoria. It was "an orgy of paleography and a very Babel of history." And in 1912 he was definitely summoned there: he was made Canon of St. Peter's and Protonotary Apostolic.

His first care was to make a "catalogue of catalogues"; in 1914, he revisited England on the occasion of Roger Bacon's seventh

centenary. He relearnt Manchester; Oxford; London, even its East End. But an archduke was assassinated... the Bavarian Fr. Ehrle, prefect of the Vatican Library, felt he might save embarrassment by resigning: Pius X appointed Mgr. Ratti in his place, and himself soon died. The new prefect had first known Rome in difficult years under Leo XIII: he had learnt more than ever of the papacy under that simple, shrewd, and heavenly-souled Pope Pius: days yet more difficult were dawning: but his Roman education, so to say, was completed by his ever closer association with Benedict XV. Benedict is, I am convinced, destined to take his place among the very great Popes and statesmen of history. Chancellery after chancellery sought to win his ear: opportunists were scandalized that any man should adhere so rigidly to principle: the European Press howled at his peace-propositions as inspired by London and Paris, or Berlin and Vienna, according to their wish that the Pope should say what he would not[1]; cajoleries alternated with snubs and settled down into the latter till passing years revealed the unsurpassed wisdom of Benedict's advice, and a perception dawned that we would now be spared half our miseries had it then been taken.

Meanwhile, it became clear that Poland would rise again, a Catholic nation. Both the Pope and the Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, had developed the habit of consulting Mgr. Ratti on the historical background to contemporary problems. Not only had his study of St. Charles attuned his mind to large political questions, but he had closely studied the career of Mgr. Garampi, himself prefect of the Vatican library, and papal visitor to Poland after the Seven Years' War, in 1761. Still, in March 1918, the order to go at once as Apostolic Visitor to Poland came as a bolt from the blue. His welcome was ecstatic: even to Berlin, by way of which, with Munich and Vienna, he went, Polish delegates came to encounter him. At once, he established the spiritual nature of his mission by carrying the monstrance during the Corpus Christi procession at Warsaw, by maintaining at all points his priestly life—after an hour's meditation he would say his Mass at seven—and by visiting later on the immemorial shrine of Our Lady at Czestochowa, where he remained kneeling two hours amid the peasants in the snow. Not yet himself a bishop, he presided over reunions of the hierarchy, lived with a simple parish priest, and during his daily walks got to know the very poorest parts alike of cities and villages. The troops of destitute peasants who tramped for leagues, religious banners at their head, to intercept him; the chief rabbis who came, like the poorest of the Jewish flock, to beg his prayers and with whom he talked in Hebrew—all this taught him,

[1] I was allowed at that time to see the Austrian, German, and Turkish papers.

better than seven years in the Vatican had done, what it meant to be Pope, and what was the virtue of the "shadow of Peter passing by." His knowledge of men enabled him to choose occupants for over a dozen sees kept vacant by Tsarism, and to choose rightly; soon enough his mission was extended not only to Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, and Georgia, but to Russia itself, for which he was actually starting when in 1919 he was nominated Nuncio and consecrated Archbishop of Lepanto the same year. Pilsudski, Paderewski, and Witos (founder of the Farmers' Party and afterwards Prime Minister) had unanimously acclaimed him as their "doyen" and spokesman; and at their side was Herbert Hoover, directing the U.S.A. Red Cross, and, I suppose, foreseeing his destiny even less than the Nuncio foresaw his own.

A Concordat had to be drawn up: justice towards Ruthenians, Czechs, Germans, and half a dozen sub-nationalities with their claims and requests had to be observed: demarcation of diocesan and other frontiers to be seen to; questions of rites and of religious orders to be settled—it is said that the Nuncio, in pursuit of exhaustive information, made the very bishops work like office-boys; and his habit of insisting upon reading personally each remotely relevant document has since then become a joke. Meanwhile not a private letter went unanswered: he quoted St. Ambrose, who fifteen centuries ago had said that one's first duty was to say "Thank you." He visited those districts especially where his decisions might be thought one-sided, and his speeches might have to be translated on the spot into four or more languages or dialects. He journeyed in unthinkable conditions—engines crusted with ice; trains that broke down; bridges, roads, and telegraphs swept away by flood; boats that seemed certain to be swamped, only, as he had said long ago in a storm on Lago Maggiore, the boat in which *he* was did not sink....

Silesia was the supreme test: he was horror-struck when he was appointed pontifical high commissioner there during the plebiscite. Was Silesia German? Was it Polish? Anyhow the Cardinal Archbishop of Breslau had jurisdiction there. Negotiations between him and the Visitor could not but suggest disloyalties. He went there; returned to a hardly less distracted Italy to report; stayed but a fortnight, and returned to find a nation off its head—not only because of cholera and typhus sweeping in from Russia, but a Bolshevik invasion imminent, and hordes of refugees already arriving by way of the Balkans. The invasion indeed took place: Warsaw was in danger: the diplomats fled like pigeons right and left: the Nuncio refused to go, so long as a single official remained. Even the arrival of General Weygand had not the steadying effect of this refusal: perhaps even Cardinal Mercier in Belgium did not do for his western land what the Nuncio did for

the east of our wretched continent. On August 14, Weygand said to him: "We have done what we can: we rely, now, on your prayers." One hundred thousand Poles went, that day and next, in procession through the streets. And on the 15th, feast of the Assumption, the patronal day of Czestochowa, the Bolsheviks were routed, and the despairing land was liberated.[1] The Nuncio returned to Silesia; the plebiscite showed a great majority of German votes in the towns; the country places appeared Polish. Cardinal Bertram forbade his clergy to join in political propaganda: a storm of obloquy broke over the Nuncio, to whose pro-Polish influence this seemed due. The Nuncio never defended himself against this or other worse injustices: it might be argued that he left Silesia with an unfinished task. But leave it he did, being summoned to take the place of the brilliant Cardinal Ferrari, of Milan, who died in 1921.

The work, for a man of sixty-four, might have seemed even more thankless. Milan was a Communist storm-center, able to let loose civil war in Italy. Such order as existed had been reimposed by Mussolini. Created Cardinal, Ratti told a Milanese delegation that he thanked God for allowing him to devote his "last efforts" to his fellow-countrymen, and entered Milan officially amid scenes of welcome such as even Poland hardly had provided.[2]

He started by an intensive survey of his territory: was rapidly in possession of every substantial fact: was examining and coördinating every Catholic enterprise: elucidating every principle of Catholic union and action that there might be but one front against revolutionary atheism. But the motto of his Milanese escutcheon was: *Raptim Transit*. You may say: "No sooner come than gone!" Benedict fell sick and died within a week. When he had made Mgr. Ratti a Cardinal, he said afterwards: "We have given the red: soon they will be giving him the white." And, as Cardinal Ratti left for the conclave, some children gave white flowers to him. He sighed, and said they would be better in the chapel. He cannot but have foreseen his destiny. On February 6, 1922, he was in fact elected, and became the 260th Pope, under the name of Pius XI.

[1] It is true that England has never even dreamed of what the war meant to other lands. Even I, bidden to sign the register at Czestochowa, felt how fantastic had been Poland's experience when I saw that the three previous names were Wilhelm K. u. K.; Foch; and Achille Ratti. My hosts had been a noble family of Kiev who, after unprintable tortures in a Bolshevik gaol, were living in an unfinished block of working-men's flats at Warsaw, and had—indomitable spirit!—already collected 2,000 little Polish children who did not know *who they were*.

[2] He prefaced this by leading a pilgrimage to Lourdes. On its way back, the French train suffered its customary derailment and broke in two. Cardinal Ratti calmed the panic, and worked with the officials to repair the damage.

Having accepted the will of God, he imposed his own. Tapestries were hung from the Petrine balcony; Italian soldiers presented arms; and the Pope appeared and blessed the city and the world. He returned then to the Vatican: all human ties were severed for him; yet there began to radiate from him that influence which the nations, not Italy alone, are destined increasingly to experience.

2

When the Pope was crowned on February 12, only two States, I think, were officially unrepresented nor seeking to establish official relations with the Vatican—Italy and Russia. The Pope had beneath his eyes the spectacle of human society everywhere chaotic and heading for worse troubles. Mere non-fighting cannot claim the title of Peace, and world-peace or even European or American peace exists still but on paper and not always there. The Pope at any rate could foresee the rise of National Absolutisms in new forms, which would be all the worse in proportion as nations were not allowed to be national in the best sense. Tormented nerves and fevered brains would give rise to worse Cæsarisms than ever. The spurious internationalisms hitherto preached by cranks, freemasons, and old-fashioned Socialists would be discarded in favor of omnipotent national States tolerating no authority, even spirtual, even juxtaposed (let alone rival) to their own. This logically implied the Atheist State. So hideous a specter must, if indeed it were possible, be exorcised.

In Italy, at any rate, there was another strong man besides the Pope. This is not the place for a description of Mussolini's mental evolution. In 1922 he was asked to form a government. If he succeeded, he might break the power not only of the secret societies, but of the new menace of revolutionary communism. He did so, and almost at once Pius XI issued his first Encyclical, "The Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ." He thus justified Mussolini's dictum that "the sole universal concept existing today in Rome is that which radiates from the Vatican." "Radiates." If the Pope, who so perfectly analyzed the causes of war and of the post-war miseries and dangers, and indicated so firmly the only means of restoring justice and peace—spiritual means to a spiritual end—could convince minds of the truth of his ideas, that radiation was due to create its first effects in Italy. The light in fact began to stream, but with rays at first invisible: the astounding manifestations of the Holy Year, 1925, ending with the Encyclical upon the Kingship of Christ, and the tremendous scenes of the Eucharistic Congress at Chicago next year, were followed by an application from the legal Counselor of State, Barone, to that of the Vatican, Pacelli, that negotiations might be commenced. By 1929 they

were concluded: the Lateran Treaty and the Concordat both were signed. The microscopical Vatican State provided the Pope with that temporal independence (not "power," always a misnomer) which he needed, though he wished his territory could have been still smaller: the "friendly indemnity" that he received was but a fraction of what the annual income assigned by the Law of Guarantees would have been, had it been capitalized—this, the Church had never accepted. The new State was not a gift, petitioned for and granted: it was the outcome of a *Treaty*. The "universal concept" had not been betrayed. The supernational Church is seen distinctly as the servant of no government save her own. And the royal honors due to this powerful powerless King have this year been scheduled also by Great Britain.

The Duce is alleged to have declared that immense difficulties would have to be surmounted before the two documents (of which the Treaty was but a preliminary one, showing that there had been no abdication of papal *rights*, so that the Concordat was by far the more important, as involving the whole future) could be signed; but that even greater ones would have to be surmounted afterwards. In a sense these were Italian affairs due to the desire of the Duce to "Italianize" *every* form of activity, and the Pope's wish to preserve an "action" which should be Catholic as such. Political, social, economic activities, as such, cannot Christianize a nation, save only if they be permeated, "souled," by Christian principles, spiritual motives.

On the Pope's side, infinite difficulties were foreseen, such as the new delimitation of the unwieldy, or, again, minute, Italian dioceses. There have been preliminary explosions. Not all the pent-up gases have escaped. But plenty of safety-valves, like New Zealand blow-holes, exist; there is no intrinsic reason why any rupture or even quarrel should come about. But in another sense, such events are universally symbolical, for they are due to the modern experiments in State-building: they concern humanity in its very nature and total destiny. Therefore, deserting chronology, I will try to suggest how the Pope addresses himself to this ultimate problem.

Catholics hold that each man is a person, body-soul, and part of God's creation, and existing therefore as within the purpose of the Creator. But the individual cannot properly fulfill his destiny—alone; he creates a society by force of his nature itself, and the first expression of this society is the Family. Families themselves form groups—in the last resort, the Nation, which, as organized, is called the State, and the organ of the State is the Government. Hence the State is not superimposed upon humanity, but the expression of humanity trying to make the best of itself. The State exists therefore for the Citizen's better-being: it is a frightful inversion to assert that the Citizen exists for the State. Individual, then, and Family, must be intangible: to

injure them injures the State in its very essence. On the occasion, then, of the fifteenth centenary of the Council of Ephesus (431-1931) Pius issued the Encyclical *Lux Veritatis,* which had been prefaced by *Casti Conubii,* and this is after all but a bringing up to date of Leo XIII's *Arcanum Divini.* Organic continuity is complete. In these Encyclicals and in other documents the whole field of private and public morals is covered, and careful directions are given about the nature of marriage, divorce, separation, and, so to say, the contraception and sterilization racket; about family life as such and education with the familial rights involved in it; and those who are accustomed to watch the weakening of character itself in consequence of the laxity of morals everywhere preached and "suggested" and infecting to an unprecedented degree—the middle classes—see in the Pope the only authoritative voice able to recall men to that practice of self-control which is what makes them, precisely, human.

The doctrine of the State and of all the constituents of human society had been elaborated by Leo XIII in his great series of Encyclicals beginning, actually in 1878, with *Inscrutabili,* on the "Evils affecting modern Society." Of these *Rerum Novarum,* 1891, had concerned the working-class in particular, and has been called the very "Charter" of the Christian working-man.[1] But the *Quadragesimo Anno* of Pope Pius XI (1931) brought *Rerum Novarum* up to date, and was followed in the same year by *Nova Impendet,* so that the continuous line of thought followed by the Pontiffs is accessible to all. Every document, or action, proceeding from the Vatican in regard of governments, their forms or behavior, and the fate of individuals or classes within nations, or at large, have to be construed in accordance with the principles of the great Encyclicals and in no other way. Thus, for example, the condemnation of the *Action Française* by Pius XI was a pendant to that of the *Sillon* by Pius X: the Church is committed neither to republicanism nor to monarchism. Even when Russia began her organized destruction of religion, Christianity (and Roman Christianity) in particular, though Islam and Judaism were not excluded, the Pope's open letter to the Archbishop of Genoa before the Economic Conference in 1922; his negotiations with Vorowski; the formal memorial to the Genoa Conference, and the personal visit of Mgr. (now Archbishop) Pizzardo to Tchitcherin; the repeated papal intercession for Archbishop Cieplak and his companions, and much more, showed how hostilities with Russia never began from the Roman

[1] The enormous volume of episcopal and other doctrine liberated by this Encyclical is catalogued in *La Hiérarchie catholique et le problème social,* published in 1931 by the International Union of Social Studies founded in 1920 under Cardinal Mercier. Despite its rich documentation, the book is very incomplete.

side, but how justice was actually strained on behalf of charity, and popularity most certainly imperiled. Mustafā Kemāl was appealed to for the protection of Oriental Christians; the League of Nations, in connection with Palestine. Events in Mexico (1926) and afterwards in Spain revealed alike the absolute firmness of the Pontiff, his inflexible adherence to principles, and the tenderness of his heart for sufferers.[1]

The Church is not European, but has an equal duty to White and Black and Yellow. In *Maximum Illud* (1919), Benedict XV had issued a superb Encyclical which, like most of his Acts, was eclipsed by the dazzle of the war. It repeated the principles concerned with Missions outside Europe which were indeed immemorial but need often to be reaffirmed. Its upshot can be stated thus: It is the Church's God-given duty to evangelize the whole world; but a Christianized community is not a Europeanized community. Therefore, like Leo XIII, Benedict insisted on the formation of a native clergy and episcopate; and on the missionary's supreme need of understanding the minds he evangelizes. These principles have been applied with extraordinary energy by Pius XI, nicknamed "Africanist" whilst still at school. But his *Rerum Ecclesiæ* (1926) together with documents far too many to enumerate, constitute a missionary *corpus* in themselves. Medicine, anthropology, ethnology, comparative religion: complete abnegation of nationalism or of financial anxiety or of departmental susceptibilities—nothing is omitted whether practical or theoretical; and the Missionary Exhibition at the Vatican in 1925 has been established in the Lateran as a museum easily the most rich and scientific in the world. No fewer than six Chinese bishops were consecrated in St. Peter's on one day (1926): the development of native clergies and religious orders has advanced rapidly; vicariates have had to be created, divided, sub-

[1] It is true that, in England, ignorance of facts as to the two last-mentioned savage revolutions, and of the principles involved, was fantastic, and was traded on by an ignoble propaganda. A brief anecdote may illustrate part of my meaning. The late Sir Edward Marshall Hall once said to me (I abbreviate): "I like your Pope."

"Why?"

"He is so broad-minded."

"How do you judge that?"

"By his treatment of marriage-cases."

"But—in *that*, he is neither broad nor narrow. He has his inflexible principles, and he applies them to the evidence you supply. Had you not noticed that a principle was always involved?"

"Give me five minutes to think that over." I talked to my other neighbour. "You are perfectly right," he resumed: "it had not occurred to me." Most of the Press was, of course, ordered to stifle any amount of information about Mexico and Spain, while it has made the most of certain categories of facts recently observable in Germany. The reason is obvious and need not be labored.

divided everywhere. I think it safe to say that while Catholic opposition to the exploitation of the Native is as firm as ever, Catholic methods of education are far better appreciated by Governments than they were, acting as they do as a wise check on headlong attempts at "improving" or modernizing him, issuing as these must do only in abortive and sanguinary explosions of racialism. The Encyclicals *Rerum Orientalium* and *Mortalium Animos* showed a perfect grasp of Eastern and of Northern problems alike—the latter being the more urgent because of the accelerated development of the *Res Catholica* in the North since the war. Non-European seminaries in Rome have been vastly improved or augmented; the studies of the white clergy themselves have been drastically reformed. I have no room to give details of the Pope's activities on behalf of art, the applied sciences, the Press, within the Vatican State itself: I have but to add that what the Pope does in Rome reverberates throughout the world as the actions of no other one man can do.

3

The Pope, then, is the most *complete* man that the modern world is likely to know. His physique is oak and iron: the breadth of his skull is as notable as his profile is delicate. His movements are brief, decisive, and economic of time. Every one notices the slight lateral inclination of his head when he listens and is attending: he reflects, and bows it forward: having taken in the essence of what he has heard with amazing rapidity and accuracy he probably raises it, looks straight before him, and speaks quietly, but with full conviction, and uses no word with which he is not satisfied. His range of interests seems unlimited—he catechized a visitor about the Loch Ness "monster." ... "We have been interested in monsters ..."; he is the true humanist; the man of science, and the man of affairs. He speaks to all, *kindly,* being "akin" to them. "He speaks," said an Italian chauffeur to me, "with prince, with *poveretti,* with Press, with families, *and he is never wrong.*" (Now the opinion of a Roman chauffeur is uniquely worth having.) His memory seems infallible: his will must be adamant.

But what would the Catholic world make of a Pope who was no more than all of that? When you enter that dusky crimson library, with the tall windows veiled in transparent white between the calm olive-green curtains, and sit by the great table (so orderly, yet so interesting if you have the nerve to note what books it has upon it), you know that the audience will be serious, but not gloomy; authoritative, not harsh; reserved, but not aloof; kind, not effusive—and *very probing.* Questions, even opinions, will be asked: you are expected to know, but not to judge. But should you be a child, or a very simple

person, or tired, let alone unhappy, you will without doubt catch glimpses of that grave fatherliness which I have more than once seen setting tears to rain down the cheeks of the roughest; nor will men of quite alien creeds have failed to note how much more than courtesy they are receiving.

Yet not even this goes deepest. You have to perceive the sacerdotal soul: the man who prays; the man strengthened by divine Communion to uphold the overwhelming keys—*immenso pondere claves,* as Leo called them. This was the man to whom, during the recent Year of Jubilee almost over, men pilgrimaged from, literally, the whole world, so that on a single day he might have to give conscious greeting to ten thousand. England itself sent over sixty such pilgrimages. The paradox is verified. This Man of God is the world's loneliest man, and the most helpless: the most powerful, and the best beloved.

*

# REINHARDT

James Laver

EARLY in 1934, the German authorities decided that they had no more use at the Deutsches Theater, or elsewhere, for the services of Max Reinhardt. In the general upheaval of the Nazi Revolution this dismissal created less stir in Germany than might have been expected, but to all those interested in the theater abroad it might well seem that the end of an epoch had been reached. For Reinhardt, ever since he came to Berlin in the early years of the century, has been the theatrical producer *par excellence,* the man in whose person seemed to be summed up every vital impulse of the theater, the man who dominated the stage of Central Europe with an authority often criticized, but never seriously challenged.

The modern Germans, building the Nordic Universe of the future, could hardly be expected to tolerate the preëminence of a cosmopolitan Jew, and of course there is an obvious sense in which Reinhardt is too international in outlook, too responsive to artistic influences, from whatever quarter they may come, to fit very comfortably into a fanatically nationalist State. But there is a sense also in which Reinhardt represents the ideal New Germany with a completeness given to no other man. For it is an essential part of the program of the National Socialists to heal the breach between Germany and Austria, and to combine all the German-speaking peoples in one powerful and unified Reich. The more clear-sighted among them see that Austria is an essential part of a complete Germany, and that, culturally and temperamentally, Vienna is the necessary complement of Berlin. Viennese gayety, Viennese love of life, must be blended with the somewhat solemn idealism of the north, if German culture is ever to be a rounded whole. But here again, the one man who sums up in his own person the rival influences and aspirations of Vienna and Berlin is Reinhardt himself. It was he, and he alone, who blended the literary seriousness of the north with the southern love of spectacle, music, dancing, and all those purely theatrical elements in stage presentations which form the vital thread of the great Baroque tradition.

The modern theater is an extremely complex thing. In part it is descended from the Elizabethan theater, which itself embodied elements of the medieval stage, with its multiple setting, its verbal rhetoric, its comic interludes in the midst of sacred or serious passages. Into it also flowed all the impulse of the Commedia dell' Arte, the improvised theater of the Italians; but its main strand is neither the medieval nor the Elizabethan nor the popular Italian theater, but the Baroque theater, the theater of the small Italian courts, and from this it draws, until almost at the end of the nineteenth century, its conception of staging, its theatrical machinery, its costumes, and its whole attitude to life.

At its apogee the Baroque theater was not content to confine itself to a stage; it took the whole of life for its province. An entertainment which started as a military pageant and tournament, continued as an opera, and ended as a firework display. If we can imagine the Aldershot Tattoo, Covent Garden, and the Crystal Palace rolled into one, with possibly the Three Arts Ball at the Albert Hall, the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race and High Mass at Westminster Cathedral thrown in, we shall have some idea of what the Baroque theater included in its scope. We ought also to add a levée at Buckingham Palace, for the Baroque theater centered round the person of the ruling prince was, in one of its main aspects, princely propaganda, and therefore only came to full flower in States ruled by an absolute monarch.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were many such States in Europe, and none more powerful or more magnificent than Hapsburg Austria. Vienna therefore saw some of the most striking manifestations of the Baroque theater and in Vienna the tradition of carrousels, masquerades, and operas, all mounted with incredible magnificence and taken seriously as a manifestation of the national life, lasted until the Great War.

This element is essential to the understanding of Reinhardt. He was born at Baden, near Vienna, on September 9, 1873, and some of the most impressionable years of his early life were passed in Salzburg, a city which, with its cathedral, its churches, its citadel, and its archiepiscopal palace, might well be a permanent setting for a Baroque opera. Hohen-Salzburg, Mirabell-Schloss, the rebuilt abbey church of St. Peter—all these intensify the impression of theatricality in the seventeenth century sense; while a mile and a half to the southwest lies Schloss Leopoldskron, a palace which the young Reinhardt must often have regarded with admiration, and which he, one day, came to inhabit.

When Reinhardt was young, however, the Baroque traditon was languishing. Few but specialists admired its architecture, and only

the ghost of its scenic impulse remained to animate the stage. Reinhardt was anxious to become an actor and joined the dramatic school of the Vienna Conservatorium. After a short time on the Viennese stage, he appeared in 1893 at the Stadt Theater, Salzburg, and it was while playing here that he was seen by Otto Brahm.

Now Brahm represented a quite different theatrical stream. He was the founder of the Freie Bühne, and, after 1895, was in control of the Deutsches Theater in Berlin. This famous theater, founded in 1883, was the citadel of the new literary movement, the platform of Ibsen, Hauptmann, and the German Naturalists, and it was at this theater that Reinhardt, as a young actor, was invited to appear. He made a success in Hauptmann's *The Beaver Fur,* and "played old man parts" for some years. But there was one side of his nature that remained unsatisfied, that side which made him demand, later in life, that we should "banish from the theater not merely the traders and money-mongers, but also the overzealous high priests who desire to rob the theater of all its brilliancy and sensuousness, who would like nothing better than to turn it into a preacher's pulpit."

Reinhardt began a cabaret in the Lessingstrasse, the success of which led him to found the famous "Schall und Rauch" in the Künstlerhaus in the Bellevuestrasse. Both these enterprises were semi-private, but excited so much public interest that their creator was able to build an intimate theater for himself on Unter den Linden. In the Kleines Theater he turned back for a moment to realistic methods, but in 1903 his association with Brahm came to an end. He had made the great discovery, the vital discovery of his career: that the two traditions, the Baroque tradition which he had learnt in Vienna, and the literary and intellectual traditon which was dominant in Berlin, were not incompatible, were indeed complementary, the South supplying the North with a garment, and the North endowing the South with a voice. In 1903 he took over the Neues Theater as well as the Kleines, and two years later he moved to the Deutsches and inaugurated the long series of productions which made it the center of theatrical activity in Berlin and one of the most influential theaters in the world.

He was fortunate in his moment. There was already a reaction in Europe against the drabness of the intellectual and realist stage. New movements were on foot in different countries. Stanislavsky was already pushing Realism to the verge of symbolic pattern, and simplifying the ensemble of acting to a degree hitherto unknown. The Russian ballet, fertilized by its contact with the new Russian school of painting, was about to put forth new and vivid blooms. Appia had demonstrated the value of simple masses and the dramatic possibilities of lighting; Lautenschläger had invented the revolving stage.

Eduard Munch had shown by his designs for *Ghosts* that it was possible for the decorator to interpret the mood of a drama and to play a more important part in production than had hitherto been suspected. Gordon Craig, on the invitation of Count Kessler, had visited Germany in 1904 and had shown his designs for *Hamlet*.

The vexed question of Reinhardt's debt to others will probably never be settled. It was his business to be receptive, and to blend all these influences into one single impulse. In his blood was the Baroque tradition; at his door was the Berlin public, avid of novelty and trained to regard the theater as an intellectual necessity; to his hand lay all the new weapons forged during the early years of the century, and a group of young artists busy with the creation of a new decorative style. Reinhardt's genius lay in his power of synthesis, in his creation from all these disparate elements of that unity which is the essence of the work of art.

He saw in the theater boundless possibilities. No longer confined to the box-stage of the Realists with their doctrine of the missing "fourth wall," theatrical action, borrowing its means from the Baroque pageant, from the Elizabethan apron-stage, from the medieval mystery, from the theater of the Ancients and from the Nō plays of Japan, could spread over the footlights into the audience, out through the doors of the theater and into the street, bringing the entire community into its orbit and deepening the whole rhythm of life. To do this all the arts should be called into service; the tyranny of the spoken word (but not its proper function) should be abolished and the ballet-master, the composer, and the scenic designer should contribute in due proportion to the grand result.

It was a tempting prospect, and the greatness of Reinhardt was shown in nothing more plainly than in his capacity for resisting temptation. He, the producer, was the new autocrat, and autocrats are proverbially liable to abuse their powers. In our own day we have seen Russian producers impose their style upon a play with such completeness that, in the end, as they themselves proudly claimed, "no trace of the original plot remained." From such absurdities Reinhardt was saved by his modesty, his indifference to style as such, and his abnormally sensitive reaction to the *dominant flavor* of a masterpiece. In so far as his method may be summed up in a phrase, it was to discover this dominant flavor first of all and then to intensify it by every means at his disposal; and this method, while it laid him open to the charge of inconsistency and eclecticism, was undoubtedly responsible for his eternal freshness, the constant surprises which interested and stimulated his public, while the methods of some of his competitors hardened into a formula and wearied by unending repetition.

Reinhardt's doctrine of absolute loyalty to the intention of the dramatist did not mean any attempt at archæological reconstruction. "Our standard," he declared, "must not be to act a play as it was acted in the days of its author. How to make a play live in our time, that is decisive for us." Yet obviously, an old play lives much more completely on the modern stage if it is somehow possible to suggest the whole aura of its period, to use what historical sense the audience may possess to reënforce its mood. "Every masterpiece has its own style, in action as well as in decoration," and it is the business of the producer to evoke this style, taking advantage of the emotional atmosphere created in men's minds by the very names of Shakespeare, Molière, Wilde, Courteline, and Wedekind.

It was at the Kleines Theater, Berlin, in the autumn of 1902 that Reinhardt started his career as a serious producer. His repertoire included works by Strindberg, Wilde, Wedekind, and Gorky, and it was his production of Gorky's *Nachtasyl* (*The Lower Depths*) which first awakened the Berlin public to his quality. The method of presentation was realistic, the common lodging-house in which the action takes place being shown in all its detail. At the Neues Theater, in the following spring, he produced Maeterlinck's *Pelléas et Mélisande,* and for the next two years kept both theaters going together, enlarging his repertoire to include such writers of the French school as Henri Becque and Robert de Flers, the Russians, represented by Tolstoy's *The Fruits of Enlightenment* and Chekhov's *A Bear,* the Scandinavians including Ibsen and Björnson, the German classics, *Minna von Barnhelm* of Lessing and Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe,* plays by the modern German authors Schnitzler, Hartleben, Hermann Bahr, and Max Halbe, Euripides' *Medea,* several plays by Shakespeare, and Shaw's *Candida* and *The Man of Destiny.* Amidst this amazing torrent of interesting productions, *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* presented at the Neues Theater in 1905, stands out by its blend of realism and fantasy, a realism which substituted for the usual painted cut-cloths, plastic trees and a carpet of tall grass; and a fantasy which breathed new life into old conventions, Puck, till then a ballet-girl, becoming a real creature of the woods, and Oberon and Titania spirits of another but credible world.

In the autumn of 1905 Reinhardt assumed control of the Deutsches Theater and so arrived at the very center of Berlin's theatrical life. At the Deutsches and the Neues he continued his policy of offering to the public a cosmopolitan repertoire, revivals of the classics mingled with plays by modern authors. Kleist's *Käthchen von Heilbronn* was followed by *The Merchant of Venice,* Maurice Donnay's *Amants* by Wilde's *A Florentine Tragedy* and Synge's *The Well of the Saints,* two plays of Courteline's by Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra, Tartuffe* by

Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers*. The feat was of course only made possible by the German system of a more or less permanent company, reënforced by the school which Reinhardt was careful to establish at the Deutsches as soon as he assumed control.

The list of his actors is as impressive as his list of plays. In 1905 he had already gathered round him a company which included Eysoldt, Durieux, Schildkraut, Heims, and Moissi, and the absence of the star system enabled him to employ distinguished actors and actresses in small parts as well as large. From the first he took infinite pains with his ensemble, and in his management of crowds and minor characters rivaled the triumphs of Stanislavsky.

The talent of his decorators was no less remarkable. He believed in employing artists who were not primarily scenic artists so long as their style was capable of translation into terms of the stage. It was, perhaps, playing for safety to entrust the costumes for *Minna von Barnhelm* to the veteran Menzel, but for his first *Merchant of Venice* he brought in Emil Orlik and for *Œdipus and the Sphinx* he employed Alfred Roller. Lovis Corinth and Karl Walser both worked for him during his first season at the Deutsches, and, at the very end of the season, in his production of Offenbach's *Orphée,* we see for the first time the hand of Ernst Stern, a brilliantly imaginative artist who was to become Reinhardt's favorite decorator.

For the next season he gave up the Neues Theater, but, feeling the need of a really intimate playhouse, opened the Kammerspiel, and produced there, among other pieces, Wedekind's *Frühlingserwachen* and Shaw's *Man and Superman.* Shaw's European reputation may be said to date from this Berlin production, and to owe not a little to the vision and enterprise of Reinhardt.

Meanwhile Reinhardt's own reputation was expanding, and in 1909 he was invited to Budapest, Breslau, Munich, and Frankfurt to produce *The Doctor's Dilemma,* three Shakespearean plays, Schiller's *The Robbers,* and Aristophanes' *Lysistrata.* This tour spread Reinhardt's fame throughout Germany and beyond, and henceforth hardly a year passed without a series of important productions away from his headquarters. *Œdipus Rex* was produced first in Vienna in October, 1910, then in Budapest, and in the following month in Berlin, and was an important milestone in Reinhardt's development. For, instead of staging it at the Deutsches Theater, he chose to present it in the vast Zirkus Schumann.

The hall was capable of seating some five thousand spectators. There was no proscenium arch, and the scenery was of the simplest: the huge four-pillared façade of a primitive Greek palace, with a door in the center of the back wall. A flight of steps, divided in the middle by a kind of promontory forming a rostrum, descended to the

floor of the circus, the acting-space of which was flanked by two semi-circular wings. The rest was a matter of lighting and the handling of crowds, which Reinhardt trained with a care unknown before, except at the Moscow Art Theater. He treated the crowd as an orchestra, giving each small group a different phrase to be spoken in a different tone, with the result that the crowd was both intensely real and dramatically significant. The whole production was purposely pre-Hellenic in feeling, savage and primitive like the old myth itself, and it not only made a great impression on the public, but revealed to Reinhardt infinite possibilities for the future.

The success of *Œdipus Rex* determined a whole series of Reinhardt's later productions. He had seen the possibilities of the circus theater, the power which it gave the producer of stepping outside the frame of the proscenium, and reuniting the stage of today with the theater of the Greeks and with the great Baroque pageants. Reinhardt now turned his attention to the theater of the Middle Ages in the hope that the new methods he had discovered would prove equally valuable in the revival of the moralities and mystery plays. Hugo von Hoffmannsthal adapted for him the old drama of *Everyman,* and this was given in the Zirkus Schumann at the beginning of December, 1911. It was not the most suitable stage for the old morality—Reinhardt was later to offer a more striking production in an altogether more impressive setting—but it was a necessary part of his progress, for it led directly to the most famous of all his productions—*The Miracle.* As *The Miracle* was a mime play there was no difficulty in transporting it to foreign countries, and Reinhardt found the most suitable building for its presentation, not in Germany, but in London, at Olympia.

It is hardly necessary to do more than revive the memories of this famous theatrical event. Reinhardt had always been fascinated by the pageantry of the Catholic Church, and his study of the medieval drama had inspired him with the desire to produce a play in a cathedral—if necessary built for the purpose—where there should be no gulf between actors and audience but only such division as exists between the celebrants of a mystery and the faithful who play a silent but none the less real part in religious rites. There was to be no audience at Olympia, only a single communion. *The Miracle* was to be performed in the midst of a believing multitude, and those who were present are almost unanimous in declaring that a miracle really happened. The whole course of the action was interpreted and reënforced by music, and the eye was led on from one impressive pageant to another, until the spectacle culminated in the return of the Madonna to her pedestal and the final triumph.

Of the religious value of *The Miracle* opinion will probably always be divided; there could be no disputing its effectiveness as a piece of

dramatic production. London flocked to see it, and the immense cost of staging the piece was quickly repaid. *Œdipus Rex,* given at Covent Garden early in 1912, was not quite so successful, as the theater was unsuitable, but productions of the piece quickly followed at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Riga, Warsaw, Kieff, Odessa and Stockholm, and Reinhardt's reputation became European. *Sumurûn,* a mime play like *The Miracle,* extended his fame to America; it had already been given at the Coliseum, London, the only theater in England which at that time possessed a revolving stage.

The use of this device is so closely bound up with Reinhardt's methods that it is necessary to say something of the manner in which it was handled. The simplest way to use the revolving stage is to divide it into two by a cloth and to employ an army of scene shifters to set the scene behind while the previous scene is being played in front. For Reinhardt the revolving stage became a kind of Chinese puzzle, as many as four scenes being set upon it at once, the main architectural features of one forming the subsidiary architectural features of another. For *Penthesilea* the setting consisted of two solid hills divided by a deep valley, and a change of scene was made by turning different parts of this geological formation towards the audience. For Shakespeare's Italian plays a regular miniature town was constructed, enabling the actor to walk direct from piazza to senate house, from terraced garden to palace interior. Ernst Stern was an acknowledged master of this kind of ingenuity and the little drawings and plans at the end of his book on Reinhardt give a far clearer idea of his methods than could be gained from a whole volume of descriptions.

Reinhardt, however, while he made such good use of the revolving stage, did not become its victim and was perfectly willing to abandon it, if he thought the spirit of a play demanded something different. *Georges Dandin* was played before the permanent setting of a little Louis Quatorze pavilion set in a formal garden; and the revolving stage was naturally useless for *Œdipus Rex* and *The Miracle,* the essential quality of which was due to the abolition of the proscenium arch.

These great spectacles absorbed so much attention that it is sometimes forgotten that during their staging all over Europe the ordinary seasons at the Deutsches Theater and the Kammerspiel continued uninterrupted, with a constant expansion of repertoire and an unending search for new talent. The new authors, up to the 1914 season, included Sternheim, Thomas Mann, Knut Hamsun and Sacha Guitry, and the new plays, *The Blue Bird, The Yellow Jacket* and *Androcles and the Lion*; and in addition the plays of Shakespeare, Lessing, Ibsen and Strindberg continued to be revived in a series of productions, every one of which was marked by some stroke of originality.

The European War cut Reinhardt off from the allied countries,

but in 1915 he organized at Stockholm and Christiania a season which included two plays by Shakespeare as well as works by Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and Strindberg. A very similar repertoire was presented the following year in Holland and in 1917 in Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, and Bucharest. The end of hostilities enabled him to revive his more grandiose schemes and, in the newly built Grosses Schauspielhaus in Berlin, he was able to present the *Oresteia* of Æschylus, Hasenclever's *Antigone,* Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar,* and most important of all, Romain Rolland's *Danton.* In the last named the whole theater became the revolutionary assembly with actors in costume sitting among the audience, and with the tribune, from which Danton made his defense, pushed right out into the center of the stalls.

The Grosses Schauspielhaus, however, did not prove entirely satisfactory and Reinhardt was already dreaming of moving out of the theater altogether into the open air. For this project he returned as if by a natural instinct to Salzburg, and in August, 1920, *Everyman* was presented for the first time in the Domplatz against the Baroque façade of the cathedral. The Archbishop and the Chapter collaborated; there was a choir in the cathedral, the organ played and bells of all the churches in the city pealed out at the appropriate moment. Criers were stationed on the church towers, on the summit of the citadel and on a neighboring hill; the Devil entered from among the spectators, the Angel from the cathedral itself. The theater had returned to the very doors of the church.

In 1922 it was actually inside it, for the Archbishop allowed the Kollegienkirche to be used for the production of Calderon's *Great World-Theater* in a version by Hoffmannsthal. Voices of angels were heard from the balconies, and the choir sang Gregorian chants. The audience was indistinguishable from a congregation participating in a real religious rite.

Reinhardt planned for Salzburg a great festival playhouse which should attract visitors from all over the world, but this project, in the difficult times following the war, proved impossible to realize. The old riding school in the inner city was used as a temporary substitute and, having made Schloss Leopoldskron his headquarters, Reinhardt staged there an intimate and completely satisfactory production of *Le Malade Imaginaire.*

Once more in the heart of the Baroque tradition he turned naturally enough to Vienna, where the fall of the Hapsburgs enabled the city authorities to turn over to him the Redoutensaal, the old ballroom in the Hofburg, in which he erected a formalized, permanent stage harmonizing with the character of the room, and presented on it *The Marriage of Figaro, The Barber of Seville,* two plays by Goethe, one by Calderon, and one by Rey. For the right kind of play the Re-

doutensaal offered the perfect setting, but its scope was obviously extremely limited. A more extended repertoire was possible in the Theater in der Josefstadt.

So many interests in Salzburg and Vienna naturally made it impossible for Reinhardt to devote much of his attention to the Deutsches Theater in Berlin, but he returned there in October, 1924, with a production of Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan,* with Elizabeth Bergner in the title rôle. The rest of his work, during the 1924-5 season consisted for the most part of revivals, the exception being Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author,* at the Kammerspiel, a theater of a size particularly well suited to the intimate psychological method of the Italian dramatist. In the next season he added *Der Kreidekreis* and *Juarez and Maximilian,* as well as plays by Galsworthy and Maugham, but for the greater part of the time for the next few years the Deutsches was given over to other producers, and the history of this theater is no longer the history of Reinhardt.

However, early in 1929, after a tour to America with the Deutsches ensemble, he took over the personal direction in Berlin once more, his first production being a version of *Die Fledermaus.* The piece was largely rewritten, and the *décor* by Ludwig Kainer emphasized the epoch of the action by a brilliant series of stylized scenes: the cloakroom, the buffet, the garden, the ballroom in Prince Orlovsky's palace, the last of which, with its Viennese ball of 1850 danced on the revolving stage, proved one of the most successful of all Reinhardt's theatrical effects.

*Die Fledermaus* was closely followed by Shaw's *The Apple Cart,* played in Germany under the title of *Der Kaiser von Amerika*; and at the new Komödie Theater built by Reinhardt, he produced plays by Knut Hamsun, Bruckner, and Somerset Maugham.

During all this time Reinhardt seems scarcely ever to have repeated himself. A revival of a play meant nearly always an entirely different method of approach. One has only to compare the 1904 production of Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra,* decorated by Karl Walser, with that of 1924, decorated by George Gross. He produced *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in classical manner with Stern, and in the Baroque style with Strand. Walser's *Romeo and Juliet* of 1907 differs profoundly from Ernst's Schütte's staging of the same piece in 1928.

It is interesting, in turning over the photographs of Reinhardt's productions, to note the number of innovations for which he has been largely if not entirely responsible, never allowing any of these to dominate his future style or to become an obsession. Solid trees mounted on the revolving stage appear in Orlik's design for *The Robbers* in 1908; the semipermanent setting in the same year; simultaneous settings—two rooms and a street shown together—in 1907. The runway

was employed for *Sumurûn* and never used again. *Hamlet* was produced in modern costume in 1920 and started a large number of similar attempts all over the world. Reinhardt's importance, however, lies less in his actual innovations than his capacity for using all the possible means of theatrical presentation, each at its appropriate moment, in order to get the maximum effect from each piece, and to fuse the manifold ingredients of theatrical production into a single jewel.

Such then, during the space of a whole generation, has been his whole ambition in the theater, and if it be asked what, after all, is the importance of the theater—mere entertainment for idle moments—among the great events of the world, one can only reply that the theater, as Reinhardt understands it, is not *mere* entertainment but the sum of contemporary culture. The writer on Reinhardt is tempted to reiterate to the point of weariness the list of those authors of all countries for whom he has provided a platform, the artists (mostly, but not entirely, German, from Menzel to Gross) who have designed his scenes, the musicians he has inspired. Richard Strauss, at any rate, might never have turned to opera at all, and there would have been no *Elektra* and no *Rosenkavalier* without his encouragement. His theater has been the mirror of almost every movement of importance in thought and taste during the last thirty years.

But it has been more than that, for Reinhardt never forgot that the theater, while reflecting every aspect of actual life, is also an escape into a world of enchantment, a world in which even Realism has its place so soon as it is lifted from mere actuality to play its part in the great theatrical design. It is an enlarging of the sensibility, a purging of the emotions, the stimulus of wit, the cleansing of laughter. It is larger than life, although only a part of it, and by an even more startling paradox, in its distorting mirror men see themselves more clearly. The lesson of the Baroque, which Reinhardt learned at Salzburg, he has never forgotten: that the Theater is larger than any theater, even the Theater of the Five Thousand, for it can embrace a nation, and be at once a festival and a rite.

Note.—There is no lack of material for the study of Reinhardt. The principal authorities are: "The Theatre of Max Reinhardt," by Huntly Carter, London (1914); "Max Reinhardt," von Max Epstein, Berlin (1918); "Reinhardt und seine Bühne" herausgegeben von E. Stern und H. Herald, Berlin (1920); "Max Reinhardt and his Theatre," edited by O. M. Sayler, New York (1924); and "Max Reinhardt, 25 Jahre Deutsches Theatre," von Hans Rothe, Munich (1930).

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